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ENGLISH AND SCOTTISH

BALLADS

EDITED BY

FRANCIS JAMES CHILD

EIGHT VOLUMES IN FOUR
VOL. IV

BOSTON
HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN AND COMPANY
The Riverside Press, Cambridge

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BOOK VII.

CONTINUED.

THE BATTLE OF OTTERBOURNE.

In the twelfth year of Richard II. (1388,) the Scots assembled an extensive army, with the intention of invading England on a grand scale, in revenge for a previous incursion made by that sovereign. But information having been received that the Northumbrians were gathering in considerable force for a counter-invasion, it was thought prudent not to attempt to carry out the original enterprise. While, therefore, the main body of the army, commanded by the Earl of Fife, the Scottish king's second son, ravaged the western borders of England, a detachment of three or four thousand chosen men, under the Earl of Douglas, penetrated by a swift march into the Bishopric of Durham, and laid waste the country with fire and sword. Returning in triumph from this inroad, Douglas passed insultingly before the gates of Newcastle, where Sir Harry Percy lay in garrison. This fiery warrior, though he could not venture to cope with forces far superior to his own, sallied out to break a lance with his hereditary foe. In a skirmish before the town he lost his spear and pennon, which Douglas swore he would plant as a trophy on the highest tower of his castle, unless it should be that very night retaken by the owner. Hotspur was deterred from

accepting this challenge immediately, by the apprehension that Douglas would be able to effect a union with the main body of the Scottish army before he could be overtaken, but when he learned, the second day, that the Earl was retreating with ostentatious slowness, he hastily got together a company of eight or ten thousand men, and set forth in pursuit.

The English forces, under the command of Hotspur and his brother, Sir Ralph Percy, came up with the Scots at Otterbourne, a small village about thirty miles from Newcastle, on the evening of the 15th of August. Their numbers were more than double the Scots, but they were fatigued with a long march. Percy fell at once on the camp of Douglas, and a desperate action ensued. The victory seemed to be inclining to the English, when the Scottish leader, as the last means of reanimating his followers, rushed on the advancing enemy with heroic daring, and cleared a way with his battle-axe into the middle of their ranks. All but alone and unsupported, Douglas was overpowered by numbers, and sunk beneath three mortal wounds. The Scots, encouraged by the furious charge of their chieftain, and ignorant of his fate, renewed the struggle with vigor. Ralph Percy was made prisoner by the Earl Mareschal, and soon after Hotspur himself by Lord Montgomery. Many other Englishmen of rank had the same fate. After a long fight, maintained with extraordinary bravery on both sides, the English retired and left the Scots masters of the field. (See Sir W. Scott's *History of Scotland*, i. 225.)

The ballad which follows, printed from the fourth or revised edition of Percy's *Reliques* (vol. i. p. 21), was derived from a manuscript in the Cotton library

(Cleopatra, c. iv. fol. 64), thought to be written about the middle of the sixteenth century. In the earlier editions, a less perfect copy, from the Harleian collection, had been used. Hume of Godscroft, speaking of the songs made on the battle of Otterbourne, says, "the Scots song made of Otterbourne telleth the time—about Lammas; and also the occasion—to take preys out of England; also the dividing armies betwixt the Earls of Fife and Douglas, and their several journeys, almost as in the authentic history," and proceeds to quote the first stanza of the present ballad. Again, it is said that at Lammas, when the Scotch husbandmen are busy at getting in their hay, the season has been over for a month in most parts of England. From these circumstances, and the occurrence of certain Scottish words, the first part of *The Battle of Otterbourne* has been regarded as a Scottish composition, retouched by an English hand.

A somewhat mutilated version of this ballad was published in Herd's *Scottish Songs*. This, though defective, well deserves a place in our Appendix. Sir Walter Scott inserted in the *Minstrelsy* another edition made up by him from two copies obtained from the recitation of old persons residing in Ettrick Forest, and it is here subjoined to Percy's version.

Genealogical notices of the personages mentioned in this and the following ballad will be found in Percy's *Reliques* and in Scott's *Minstrelsy*.

Yt felle abowght the Lamasse tyde,
Whan husbonds wynn ther haye,
The dowghtye Dowglasse bowynd hym to ryde,
In Ynglond to take a praye.

The yerlle of Fyffe, withowghten stryffe,
He bowynd hym over Sulway[1]:
The grete wolde ever together ryde;
That race they may rue for aye.

Over Ottercap hyll[2] they came in,
And so dowyn by Rodelyffe cragge,
Upon Grene Leyton they lyghted dowyn,
Styrande many a stagge[3];

And boldely brent Northomberlonde,
And haryed many a towyn;
They dyd owr Ynglyssh men grete wrange,
To battell that were not bowyn.

[1] i. e. over Solway frith. This evidently refers to the other division of the Scottish army, which came in by way of Carlisle.—PERCY.

[2] sc. the Earl of Douglas and his party.—The several stations here mentioned are well-known places in Northumberland. Ottercap-hill is in the parish of Kirk-Whelpington, in Tynedale-ward. Rodeliffe- (or, as it is more usually pronounced, Rodeley-) Cragge is a noted cliff near Rodeley, a small village in the parish of Hartburn, in Morpeth-ward. Green Leyton is another small village in the same parish of Hartburn, and is southeast of Rodeley. Both the original MSS. read here, corruptly, Hoppertop and Lynton.—P.

[3] Many a styrande stage, in both MSS. Motherwell would retain this reading, because stagge signifies in Scotland a young stallion, and by supplying "off" the line would make sense. It was one of the Border laws, he remarks, that the Scottish array of battle should be on foot (see v. 15 of the Second Part). Horses were used but for a retreat or pursuit.

Than spake a berne upon the bent,
Of comforte that was not colde,
And sayd, "We have brent Northomberlond,
We have all welth in holde.

"Now we have haryed all Bamboroweshyre,
All the welth in the worlde have wee;
I rede we ryde to Newe Castell,
So styll and stalwurthlye."

Uppon the morowe, when it was daye,
The standards schone fulle bryght;
To the Newe Castelle the toke the waye,
And thether they cam fulle ryght.

Sir Henry Percy laye at the Newe Castelle,
I telle yow withowtten drede;
He had byn a march-man all hys dayes,
And kepte Barwyke upon Twede.

To the Newe Castell when they cam,
The Skottes they cryde on hyght,
"Syr Harye Percy, and thow byste within,
Com to the fylde, and fyght:

For we have brente Northomberlonde,
Thy eritage good and ryght;
And syne my logeyng I have take,
With my brande dubbyd many a knyght."

Sir Harry Percy cam to the walles,
The Skottyssh oste for to se;
"And thow hast brente Northomberlond,
Full sore it rewyth me.

"Yf thou hast haryed all Bambarowe shyre,
Thow hast done me grete envye;
For the trespasse thow hast me done,
The tone of us schall dye."

"Where schall I byde the?" sayd the Dowglas,
"Or where wylte thow come to me?"
"At Otterborne in the hygh way,
Ther maist thow well logeed be.

"The roo full rekeles ther sche rinnes,
To make the game and glee;
The fawkon and the fesaunt both,
Amonge the holtes on hye.

"Ther maist thow have thy welth at wyll,
Well looged ther maist be;
Yt schall not be long or I com the tyll,"
Sayd Syr Harry Percye.

"Ther schall I byde the," sayd the Dowglas,
"By the fayth of my bodye:"
"Thether schall I com," sayd Syr Harry Percy
"My trowth I plyght to the."

A pype of wyne he gave them over the walles,
For soth, as I yow saye;
Ther he mayd the Douglas drynke,
And all hys oste that daye.

The Dowglas turnyd hym homewarde agayne,
For soth withowghten naye;
He tooke his logeyng at Oterborne
Uppon a Wedynsday.

And there he pyght hys standerd dowyn,
Hys gettyng more and lesse,
And syne he warned hys men to goo
To chose ther geldyngs gresse.

A Skottysshe knyght hoved upon the bent,[1]
A wache I dare well saye;
So was he ware on the noble Percy
In the dawnynge of the daye.

He prycked to his pavyleon dore,
As faste as he myght ronne;
"Awaken, Dowglas," cryed the knyght,
"For hys love, that syttes yn trone.

"Awaken, Dowglas," cryed the knyght,
"For thow maiste waken wyth wynne;
Yender have I spyed the prowde Percy,
And seven standardes wyth hym."

[1] the best bent, MS.

"Nay by my trowth," the Douglas sayed,
"It ys but a fayned taylle;
He durste not loke on my bred banner,
For all Ynglonde so haylle.

"Was I not yesterdaye at the Newe Castell,
That stonds so fayre on Tyne?
For all the men the Percy hade,
He cowde not garre me ones to dyne."

He stepped owt at hys pavelyon dore,
To loke and it were lesse;
"Araye yow, lordyngs, one and all,
For here bygynnes no peysse.

"The yerle of Mentayne,[1] thow art my eme,
The forwarde I gyve to the:
The yerlle of Huntlay[2] cawte and kene,
He schall wyth the be.

"The lorde of Bowghan,[3] in armure bryght,
On the other hand he schall be;

[1] The Earl of Menteith. At the time of the battle the earldom of Menteith was possessed by Robert Earl of Fife, who was in command of the main body of the army, and consequently not with Douglas.

[2] The reference is to Sir John Gordon. The use of this designation shows, says Percy, that the ballad was not composed before 1449. In that year the title of Earl of Huntly was first conferred on Alexander Seaton, who married the grand-daughter of the Gordon of Otterbourne.

[3] The Earl of Buchan fourth son of King Robert II.

Lord Jhonstone and Lorde Maxwell,
They to schall be wyth me.

"Swynton, fayre fylde upon your pryde!
To batell make yow bowen,
Syr Davy Scotte, Syr Walter Stewarde,
Syr Jhon of Agurstone!"

A FYTTE.

[THE SECOND PART.]

THE Perssy came byfore hys oste,
Wych was ever a gentyll knyght;
Upon the Dowglas lowde can he crye,
"I wyll holde that I have hyght.

"For thow haste brente Northumberlonde,
And done me grete envye;
For thys trespasse thou hast me done,
The tone of us schall dye."

The Dowglas answerde hym agayne
With grete wurds up on hye,
And sayd, "I have twenty agaynst the one,
Byholde, and thow maiste see."

Wyth that the Percye was grevyd sore,
For sothe as I yow saye;

He lyghted dowyn upon his fote,
And schoote his horsse clene away.

Every man sawe that he dyd soo,
That ryall was ever in rowght;
Every man schoote hys horsse him froo,
And lyght hym rowynde abowght.

Thus Syr Hary Percye toke the fylde,
For soth, as I yow saye;
Jesu Cryste in hevyn on hyght
Dyd helpe hym well that daye.

But nyne thowzand, ther was no moo,
The cronykle wyll not layne;
Forty thowsande Skottes and fowre
That day fowght them agayne.

But when the batell byganne to joyne,
In hast ther came a knyght;
Then' letters fayre furth hath he tayne,
And thus he sayd full ryght:

"My lorde, your father he gretes yow well
Wyth many a noble knyght;
He desyres yow to byde
That he may see thys fyght.

'The Baron of Grastoke ys com owt of the west
With him a noble companye;

All they loge at your fathers thys nyght,
And the battell fayne wold they see.

"For Jesus love," sayd Syr Harye Percy,
"That dyed for yow and me,
Wende to my lorde my father agayne,
And saye thou saw me not with yee.

"My trowth ys plyght to yonne Skottysh knyght,
It nedes me not to layne,
That I schulde byde hym upon thys bent,
And I have hys trowth agayne.

"And if that I wende off thys grownde,
For soth, unfoughten awaye,
He wolde me call but a kowarde knyght
In hys londe another daye.

"Yet had I lever to be rynde and rente,
By Mary, that mykel maye,
Then ever my manhod schulde be reprovyd
Wyth a Skotte another daye.

"Wherefore schote, archars, for my sake,
And let scharpe arowes flee;
Mynstrells, play up for your waryson,
And well quyt it schall be.

"Every man thynke on hys trewe love,
And marke hym to the Trenite;

For to God I make myne avowe
Thys day wyll I not fle."

The blodye harte in the Dowglas armes,
Hys standerde stode on hye;
That every man myght full well knowe;
By syde stode starres thre.

The whyte lyon on the Ynglysh parte,
Forsoth, as I yow sayne,
The lucetts and the cressawnts both;
The Skotts faught them agayne.

Uppon Sent Andrewe lowde cane they crye,
And thrysse they schowte on hyght,
And syne marked them one owr Ynglysshe men,
As I have tolde yow ryght.

Sent George the bryght, owr ladyes knyght,
To name they were full fayne;
Owr Ynglysshe men they cryde on hyght,
And thrysse the schowtte agayne.

Wyth that, scharpe arowes bygan to flee,
I tell yow in sertayne;
Men of armes byganne to joyne,
Many a dowghty man was ther slayne.

The Percy and the Dowglas mette,
That ether of other was fayne;

They schapped together, whyll that the swette,
With swords of fyne collayne;

Tyll the bloode from ther bassonnetts ranne,
As the roke doth in the rayne;
"Yelde the to me," sayd the Dowglas,
"Or ells thow schalt be slayne.

"For I see by thy bryght bassonet,
Thow art sum man of myght;
And so I do by thy burnysshed brande;
Thow art an yerle, or ells a knyght."[1]

"By my good faythe," sayd the noble Percy,
"Now haste thou rede full ryght;
Yet wyll I never yelde me to the,
Whyll I may stonde and fyght."

They swapped together, whyll that they swette,
Wyth swordes scharpe and long;
Ych on other so faste they beette,
Tyll ther helmes cam in peyses dowyn.

The Percy was a man of strenghth,
I tell yow in thys stounde;
He smote the Dowglas at the swordes length,
That he felle to the growynde.

[1] Being all in armour he could not know him.—P.

The sworde was scharpe, and sore can byte,
I tell yow in sertayne;
To the harte he cowde hym smyte,
Thus was the Dowglas slayne.

The stonderds stode styll on eke syde,
With many a grevous grone;
Ther the fowght the day, and all the nyght,
And many a dowghty man was slayne.

Ther was no freke that ther wolde flye,
But styffly in stowre can stond,
Ychone hewyng on other whyll they myght dryc
Wyth many a bayllefull bronde.

Ther was slayne upon the Skottes syde,
For soth and sertenly,
Syr James a Dowglas ther was slayne,
That daye that he cowde dye.

The yerle of Mentaye he was slayne,
Grysely groned uppon the growynd;
Syr Davy Scotte, Syr Walter Steward,
Syr John of Agurstonne.[1]

Syr Charlles Morrey in that place,
That never a fote wold flye;

[1] Both the MSS. read here *Sir James*, but see above Pt. I. p 11.—P.

Sir Hughe Maxwelle, a lorde he was,
With the Dowglas dyd he dye.

Ther was slayne upon the Skottes syde,
For soth as I yow saye,
Of fowre and forty thowsande Scotts
Went but eyghtene awaye.

Ther was slayne upon the Ynglysshe syde,
For soth and sertenlye,
A gentell knyght, Sir John Fitz-hughe,
Yt was the more petye.

Syr James Harebotell ther was slayne,
For hym ther hartes were sore;
The gentyll Lovelle[1] ther was slayne,
That the Percyes standerd bore.

Ther was slayne uppon the Ynglyssh perte,
For soth as I yow saye,
Of nyne thowsand Ynglyssh men
Fyve hondert cam awaye.

The other were slayne in the fylde;
Cryste kepe their sowles from wo!
Seying ther was so few fryndes
Agaynst so many a foo.

1 Covelle, MS.

Then one the morne they mayd them beeres
Of byrch, and haysell graye;
Many a wydowe with wepyng teyres
Ther makes they fette awaye.

Thys fraye bygan at Otterborne,
Bytwene the nyghte and the day:
Ther the Dowglas lost hys lyfe,
And the Percy was lede awaye.

Then was ther a Scottyshe prisoner tayne,
Syr Hughe Mongomery[1] was hys name;
For soth as I yow saye,
He borowed the Percy home agayne.

Now let us all for the Percy praye
To Jesu most of myght,
To bryng hys sowle to the blysse of heven,
For he was a gentyll knyght.

[1] Supposed to be son of Lord John Montgomery, who took Hotspur prisoner. In *The Hunting of the Cheviot* this Sir Hugh is said to have been slain with an arrow.

THE BATTLE OF OTTERBOURNE.

From *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*, i. 354. In the *Complaynt of Scotland* (1548), "The Persee and the Mongumrye met," (v. 117 of this piece,) occurs as the title, or rather the catchword, of one of the popular songs of the time.

It fell about the Lammas tide,
When the muir-men win their hay,
The doughty Douglas bound him to ride
Into England, to drive a prey.

He chose the Gordons and the Græmes,
With them the Lindesays, light and gay[1];
But the Jardines[2] wald not with him ride,
And they rue it to this day.

And he has burn'd the dales of Tyne,
And part of Bambroughshire;

1 "Light" is the appropriated designation of the Lindsays, as "gay" is that of the Gordons.

2 The Jardines were a clan of hardy West-Border men. Their chief was Jardine of Applegirth. Their refusal to ride with Douglas was, probably, the result of one of those perpetual feuds, which usually rent to pieces a Scottish army.—S.

And three good towers on Reidswire fells
He left them all on fire.

And he march'd up to Newcastle,
And rode it round about;
"O wha's the lord of this castle,
Or wha's the lady o't?"

But up spake proud Lord Percy then,
And O but he spake hie!
"I am the lord of this castle,
My wife's the lady gay."

"If thou'rt the lord of this castle,
Sae weel it pleases me!
For, ere I cross the Border fells,
The tane of us shall die."

He took a lang spear in his hand,
Shod with the metal free,
And for to meet the Douglas there,
He rode right furiouslie.

But O how pale his lady look'd,
Frae aff the castle wa',
When down before the Scottish spear
She saw proud Percy fa'.

"Had we twa been upon the green,
And never an eye to see,

I wad hae had you, flesh and fell[1];
But your sword sall gae wi' me."

"But gae ye up to Otterbourne,
And wait there dayis three;
And if I come not ere three dayis end,
A fause knight ca' ye me."

"The Otterbourne's a bonnie burn;
'Tis pleasant there to be;
But there is nought at Otterbourne,
To feed my men and me.

"The deer rins wild on hill and dale,
The birds fly wild from tree to tree
But there is neither bread nor kale,
To fend my men and me.

"Yet I will stay at Otterbourne,
Where you shall welcome be;
And if ye come not at three dayis end,
A fause lord I'll ca' thee."

"Thither will I come," proud Percy said,
"By the might of Our Ladye!"
"There will I bide thee," said the Douglas,
"My troth I plight to thee."

1 Douglas insinuates that Percy was rescued by his soldiers.—S.

They lighted high on Otterbourne,
  Upon the bent sae brown;
They lighted high on Otterbourne,
  And threw their pallions down.

And he that had a bonnie boy,
  Sent out his horse to grass;
And he that had not a bonnie boy,
  His ain servant he was.

But up then spake a little page,
  Before the peep of dawn—
"O waken ye, waken ye, my good lord,
  For Percy's hard at hand."

"Ye lie, ye lie, ye liar loud!
  Sae loud I hear ye lie:
For Percy had not men yestreen
  To dight my men and me.

"But I have dream'd a dreary dream,
  Beyond the Isle of Sky;
I saw a dead man win a fight,
  And I think that man was I."

He belted on his guid braid sword,
  And to the field he ran;
But he forgot the helmet good,
  That should have kept his brain.

When Percy wi' the Douglas met,
I wat he was fu' fain;
They swakked their swords, till sair they swat,
And the blood ran down like rain.

But Percy with his good broad sword,
That could so sharply wound,
Has wounded Douglas on the brow,
Till he fell to the ground.

Then he call'd on his little foot-page,
And said—"Run speedilie,
And fetch my ain dear sister's son,
Sir Hugh Montgomery.

"My nephew good," the Douglas said,
"What recks the death of ane!
Last night I dream'd a dreary dream,
And I ken the day's thy ain.

"My wound is deep; I fain would sleep;
Take thou the vanguard of the three,
And hide me by the braken bush,
That grows on yonder lilye lee.

'O bury me by the braken bush,
Beneath the blooming brier,
Let never living mortal ken
That ere a kindly Scot lies here.'

He lifted up that noble lord,
  Wi' the saut tear in his ee;
He hid him in the braken bush,
  That his merrie-men might not see.

The moon was clear, the day drew near,
  The spears in flinders flew,
But mony a gallant Englishman
  Ere day the Scotsmen slew.

The Gordons good, in English blood
  They steep'd their hose and shoon;
The Lindsays flew like fire about,
  Till all the fray was done.

The Percy and Montgomery met,
  That either of other were fain;
They swapped swords, and they twa swat,
  And aye the blood ran down between.

"Now yield thee, yield thee, Percy," he said,
  "Or else I vow I'll lay thee low!"
"To whom must I yield," quoth Earl Percy,
  "Now that I see it must be so?"

"Thou shalt not yield to lord nor loun,
  Nor yet shalt thou yield to me;
But yield thee to the braken bush,
  That grows upon yon lilye lee."

"I will not yield to a braken bush,
Nor yet will I yield to a brier;
But I would yield to Earl Douglas,
Or Sir Hugh the Montgomery, if he were here."

As soon as he knew it was Montgomery,
He struck his sword's point in the gronde;
The Montgomery was a courteous knight,
And quickly took him by the honde.

This deed was done at the Otterbourne,
About the breaking of the day;
Earl Douglas was buried at the braken bush
And the Percy led captive away.[1]

* * * * *

THE HUNTING OF THE CHEVIOT.

In *the Battle of Otterbourne* the story is told with all the usual accuracy of tradition, and the usual fairness of partizans. Not so with the following ballad, which is founded on the same event. "That which is commonly sung of the *Hunting of Cheviot*," says Hume of Godscroft truly, "seemeth indeed poetical, and a

[1] Douglas was really buried in Melrose Abbey, where his tomb is still to be seen.

mere fiction, perhaps to stir up virtue; yet a fiction whereof there is no mention either in the Scottish or English chronicle." When this ballad arose we do not know, but we may suppose that a considerable time would elapse before a minstrel would venture to treat an historical event with so much freedom.

We must, however, allow some force to these remarks of Percy: "With regard to the subject of this ballad, although it has no countenance from history, there is room to think it had originally some foundation in fact. It was one of the laws of the Marches, frequently renewed between the nations, that neither party should hunt in the other's borders, without leave from the proprietors or their deputies. There had long been a rivalship between the two martial families of Percy and Douglas, which, heightened by the national quarrel, must have produced frequent challenges and struggles for superiority, petty invasions of their respective domains, and sharp contests for the point of honour; which would not always be recorded in history. Something of this kind, we may suppose, gave rise to the ancient ballad of the *Hunting a' the Cheviat.* Percy Earl of Northumberland had vowed to hunt for three days in the Scottish border, without condescending to ask leave from Earl Douglas, who was either lord of the soil, or lord warden of the Marches. Douglas would not fail to resent the insult, and endeavour to repel the intruders by force: this would naturally produce a sharp conflict between the two parties; something of which, it is probable, did really happen, though not attended with the tragical circumstances recorded in the ballad: for these are evidently borrowed from the Battle of Otter

bourn, a very different event, but which aftertimes would easily confound with it." *

The ballad as here printed is of the same age as the preceding. It is extracted from Hearne's Preface to the *History* of Guilielmus Neubrigensis, p. lxxxii. Hearne derived his copy from a manuscript in the Ashmolean collection at Oxford, and printed the text in long lines, which, according to custom, are now broken up into two.

The manuscript copy is subscribed at the end "Explicetb quoth Rychard Sheale." Richard Sheale (it has been shown by a writer in the *British Bibliographer*, vol. iv. p. 97–105) was a minstrel by profession, and several other pieces in the same MS. have a like signature with this. On this ground it has been very strangely concluded that Sheale was not, as Percy and Ritson supposed, the transcriber, but the actual author of this noble ballad. The glaring objection of the antiquity of the language has

* The Editor of the *Reliques* afterwards met with the following passage in Collins's *Peerage*, which he thought might throw some light on the question of the origin of the ballad

"In this . . . . year, 1436, according to Hector Boethius, was fought the battle of Pepperden, not far from the Cheviot Hills, between the Earl of Northumberland [IId Earl, son of Hotspur], and Earl William Douglas, of Angus, with a small army of about four thousand men each, in which the latter had the advantage. As this seems to have been a private conflict between these two great Chieftains of the Borders, rather than a national war, it has been thought to have given rise to the celebrated old ballad of Chevy-Chase; which to render it more pathetic and interesting, has been heightened with tragical incidents wholly fictitious."

been met, first, by the supposition that the author belonged to the north of England, and afterwards, when it appeared that Sheale lived at Tamworth, about a hundred miles from London, by the allegation that the language of a person in humble life in Warwickshire or Staffordshire would be very far behind the current speech of the metropolis. It happens, however, that the language of the ballad is very much older than the other compositions of Sheale, as a moment's inspection will show. Besides, Sheale's poetical abilities were manifestly of the lowest order, and although he styles himself "minstrel," we have no reason to think that he ever composed ballads. He speaks of his memory being at one time so decayed that he "could neither sing nor talk." Being a mere ballad-*singer* and story-teller, he would naturally be dependent on that faculty. The fact is very obvious, that Richard Sheale was a mere reciter of songs and tales; at any rate, that all we have to thank him for in the matter of *Chevy Chase* is for committing to paper the only old copy that has come down to our times.*

The *Hunting of the Cheviot* is mentioned in the *Complaynt of Scotland* with other, very ancient, ballads. It was consequently popular in Scotland in 1548, ten years before the time that we *know* Sheale to have written anything. The mention of James the Scottish King forbids us to assign this piece an earlier date than the reign of Henry VI.

It has been customary to understand Sidney's

* We regret that even Dr. Rimbault has hastily sanctioned this ascription of *Chevy-Chase* to the "sely" minstrel of Tamworth.

saying of the "old song of Percy and Douglas"—that it moved his heart more than a trumpet—exclusively of *Chevy Chase*. There is no question which ballad would stand higher in the estimation of the gentle knight, but the terms by which the war-song he admired is described are of course equally applicable to *The Battle of Otterbourne*. By the way we may remark that if we do understand Sidney to have meant *Chevy Chase*, then, whatever opinion writers of our day may have of its antiquity, and however probable it may seem to them that *Chevy Chase* was written by a contemporary of Sir Philip, it appeared to the author of the *Defence of Poetry* to be "evil apparelled in the dust and cobweb of an uncivil age"!

THE FIRST FIT.

The Persè owt off Northombarlande,
And a vowe to God mayd he,
That he wold hunte in the mountayns
Off Chyviat within days thre,
In the mauger[1] of doughtè Dogles,
And all that ever with him be.

The fattiste hartes in all Cheviat
He sayd he wold kill, and cary them away:
"Be my feth," sayd the doughetì Doglas agayn,
"I wyll let that hontyng yf that I may."

[1] magger

Then[1] the Persè owt of Banborowe cam,
With him a myghtee meany;
With fifteen hondrith archares bold off blood and bone,
The wear chosen owt of shyars thre.[2]

This began on a Monday at morn,
In Cheviat the hillys so he;
The chyld may rue that ys un-born,
It was the mor pittè.

The dryvars throrowe the woodès went,
For to reas the dear;
Bomen byckarte uppone the bent
With ther browd aras cleare.

Then the wyld thorowe the woodès went,
On every sydè shear;
Grea-hondes thorowe the grevis glent,
For to kyll thear dear.

The began in Chyviat the hyls above,
Yerly on a Monnyn day;

[1] The the. [2] archardes.

[3] By these *shyars thre* is probably meant three districts in Northumberland, which still go by the name of *shires*, and are all in the neighbourhood of Cheviot. These are *Islandshire*, being the district so named from Holy-Island: *Norehamshire*, so called from the town and castle of Norehain (or Norham): and *Bamborroughshire*, the ward or hundred belonging to Bamborough-castle and town.—PERCY.

Be that it drewe to the oware off none,
A hondrith fat hartes ded ther lay.

The blewe a mort[1] uppone the bent,
The semblyd on sydis shear;
To the quyrry then the Persè went,
To se the bryttlynge off the deare.

He sayd, "It was the Duglas promys
This day to met me hear;
But I wyste he wold faylle, verament:"
A great oth the Persè swear.

At the laste a squyar of Northombelonde
Lokyde at his hand full ny;
He was war a' the[2] doughetie Doglas comynge,
With him a myghttè meany;

Both with spear, byll,[3] and brande;
Yt was a myghti sight to se;
Hardyar men, both off hart nar hande,
Wear not in Christiantè.

The wear twenty hondrith spear-men good,
Withowtè any feale;
The wear borne along be the watter a Twyde,
Yth' bowndes of Tividale.

[1] blwe a mot. [2] ath the.
[3] brylly.

"Leave of the brytlyng of the dear," he sayde,
"And to your bowys[1] look ye tayk good heed;
For never sithe ye wear on your mothars borne
Had ye never so mickle ned."

The dougheti Dogglas on a stede
He rode att his men beforne;
His armor glytteryde as dyd a glede;
A bolder barne was never born.

"Tell me whos men ye ar," he says,
"Or whos men that ye be:
Who gave youe leave to hunte in this Chyviat chays,
In the spyt of me?"

The first mane that ever him an answear mayd,
Yt was the good lord Persè:
"We wyll not tell the whoys men we ar," he says,
"Nor whos men that we be;
But we wyll hount hear in this chays,
In the spyt of thyne and of the.

"The fattiste hartes in all Chyviat
We have kyld, and cast to carry them a-way:
"Be my troth," sayd the doughtè Dogglas agayn,[2]
"Ther-for the ton of us shall de this day."

[1] boys. [2] agay.

Then sayd the doughtè Doglas
Unto the lord Persè:
"To kyll all thes giltles men,
Alas, it wear great pittè!

"But, Persè, thowe art a lord of lande,
I am a yerle callyd within my contrè;
Let all our men uppone a parti stande,
And do the battell off the and of me."

"Nowe Cri-stes cors on his crowne," sayd the[1] lord Persè,
"Whosoever ther-to says nay;
Be my troth, doughttè Doglas," he says,
"Thow shalt never se that day.

"Nethar in Ynglonde, Skottlonde, nar France,
Nor for no man of a woman born,
But, and fortune be my chance,
I dar met him, on man for on."

Then bespayke a squyar off Northombarlonde,
Richard Wytharyngton was him nam;
"It shall never be told in Sothe-Ynglonde," he says,
"To kyng Herry the fourth for sham.

[1] sayd the the.

"I wat youe byn great lordes twaw,
I am a poor squyar of lande;
I wyll never se my captayne fyght on a fylde,
And stande myselffe, and loocke on,
But whyll I may my weppone welde,
I wyll not [fayl] both hart and hande."

That day, that day, that dredfull day![1]
The first fit here I fynde;
And youe wyll here any mor a' the hountyng a the Chyviat,
Yet ys ther mor behynd.

THE SECOND FIT.

THE Ynglyshe men hade ther bowys yebent,[2]
Ther hartes were good yenoughe;
The first off arros that the shote off,
Seven skore spear-men the sloughe.

[1] "That day, that day, that gentil day," is cited in *The Complaynt of Scotland*, (ii. 101,) not, we imagine, as the *title* of a ballad (any more than "The Persee and the Monngumrye met," *ante*, p. 19,) but as a line by which the song containing it might be recalled.

[2] It is well known that the ancient English weapon was the long-bow, and that this nation excelled all others in archery, while the Scottish warriors chiefly depended on the use of the spear. This characteristic difference never escapes our ancient bard.—PERCY.

Yet byddys the yerle Doglas uppon the bent,
A captayne good yenoughe,
And that was sene verament,
For he wrought hom both woo and wouche.

The Dogglas pertyd his ost or thre,
Lyk a cheffe cheften off pryde,
With suar spears off myghttè tre,
The cum in on every syde:

Thrughe our Ynglyshe archery
Gave many a wounde full wyde;
Many a doughete the garde to dy,
Which ganyde them no pryde.

The Ynglyshe men let thear bowys[1] be,
And pulde owt brandes that wer bright[2];
It was a hevy syght to se
Bryght swordes on basnites lyght.

Throrowe ryche male and myneyeple,
Many sterne the stroke downe[3] streght;
Many a freyke that was full fre,
Ther undar foot dyd lyght.

At last the Duglas and the Persè met,
Lyk to[4] captayns of myght and of mayne;

[1] boys. [2] briggt.
[3] done. [4] to, i. e. tow.

The swapte togethar tyll the both swat,
With swordes that wear of fyn myllàn.

Thes worthè freckys for to fyght,
Ther-to the wear full fayne,
Tyll the bloode owte off thear basnetes spı ente,
As ever dyd heal or rayne.[1]

"Holde[2] the, Persè," sayde the Doglas,
"And i' feth I shall the brynge
Wher thowe shalte have a yerls wagis
Of Jamy our Scottish[3] kynge.

"Thoue shalte have thy ransom fre,
I hight the hear this thinge,
For the manfullyste man yet art thowe,
That ever I conqueryd in filde fightyng."

"Nay," sayd the lord Persè,
"I tolde it the beforne,
That I wolde never yeldyde be
To no man of a woman born."

With that ther cam an arrowe[4] hastely,
Forthe off a myghttè wane;
Hit hathe strekene the yerle Duglas
In at the brest bane.

[1] ran. [2] helde. [3] Scottih.
[4] a narrowe. So again in v. 83, and a nowar in v. 96 This transference of final n to the succeeding word is of common occurrence in old poetry.

Throroue lyvar and longs, bathe
The sharp arrowe ys gane,
That never after in all his lyffe-days,
He spayke mo wordes but ane: [may,
That was, "Fyghe ye, my myrry men, whyllys ye
For my lyff-days ben gan."

The Persè leanyde on his brande,
And sawe the Duglas de;
He tooke the dede mane be the hande,
And sayd, "Wo ys me for the!

"To have savyde thy lyffe, I wolde have pertyde with
My landes for years thre,
For a better man, of hart nare of hande,
Was not in all the north contrè."

Off all that se a Skottishe knyght,
Was callyd Sir Hewe the Monggonbyrry;
He sawe the Duglas to the deth was dyght,
He spendyd a spear, a trusti tre:—

He rod uppon a corsiare
Throughe a hondrith archery:
He never stynttyde, nar never blane,
Tyll he cam to the good lord Persè.

He set uppone the lord Persè
A dynte that was full soare:

With a suar spear of a myghttè tre
Clean thorow the body he the Persè ber,

A'the tothar syde that a man myght se
A large cloth yard and mare:
'Towe bettar captayns wear nat in Cristiantè,
Then that day slain wear ther.

An archar off Northomberlonde
Say slean was the lord Persè;
He bar a bende-bowe in his hand,
Was made off trusti tre.

An arow, that a cloth yarde was lang,
To th' harde stele haylde he;
A dynt that was both sad and soar,
He sat on Sir Hewe the Monggonbyrry.

The dynt yt was both sad and soar,[1]
That he on[2] Monggonberry sete;
The swane-fethars, that his arrowe bar,
With his hart-blood the wear wete.

Ther was never a freake wone foot wolde fle,
But still in stour dyd stand,
Heawyng on yche othar, whyll the myght dre,
With many a balfull brande.

[1] sar.

This battell begane in Chyviat
An owar befor the none.
And when even-song bell was rang,
The battell was nat half done.

The tooke on ethar hand[1]
Be the lyght off the mone;
Many hade no strenght for to stande,
In Chyviat the hillys aboun.[2]

Of fifteen hondrith archars of Ynglonde
Went away but fifti and thre;
Of twenty hondrith spear-men of Skotlonde,
But even five and fifti:

But all wear slayne Cheviat within;
The hade no strenge to stand on hy;
The chylde may rue that ys unborne,
It was the mor pittè.

Thear was slayne withe the lord Persè,
Sir John of Agerstone,
Sir Rogar, the hinde Hartly,
Sir Wyllyam, the bolde Hearone.

Sir Jorg, the worthè Lovele,[3]
A knyght of great renowen,
Sir Raff, the ryche Rugbè,
With dyntes wear beaten dowene.

[1] A word has dropped out [2] abou. [3] loūle.

For Wetharryngton my harte was wo,
That ever he slayne shulde be;
For when both his leggis wear hewyne in to,
Yet he knyled and fought on hys kny.

Ther was slayne with the dougheti Duglas,
Sir Hewe the Monggonbyrry,
Sir Davy Lwdale,[1] that worthè was,
His sistars son was he:

His Charls a Murrè in that place,
That never a foot wolde fle;
Sir Hewe Maxwell, a lorde he was,
With the Doglas dyd he dey.

So on the morrowe the mayde them byears
Off birch and hasell so gray[2];
Many wedous with wepyng tears
Cam to fach ther makys away.

Tivydale may carpe off care,
Northombarlond may mayk grat mon,
For towe such captayns as slayne wear thear,
On the March-perti shall never be non.

Word ys commen to Eddenburrowe,
To Jamy the Skottishe kyng,
That dougheti Duglas, lyff-tenant of the Merches
He lay slean Chyviot with-in.

[1] Lwdale, i. e. Liddel. [2] gay.

His handdes dyd he weal and wryng,
He sayd, "Alas, and woe ys me!"
Such an othar captayn Skotland within,
He sayd, ye-feth shuld never be.

Worde ys commyn to lovly Londone,
Till the fourth Harry our kyng,
That lord Persè, leyff-tenante[1] of the Merchis,
He lay slayne Chyviat within.

"God have merci on his soll," sayd kyng Harry,
"Good lord, yf thy will it be!
I have a hondrith captayns in Ynglonde," he sayd,
"As good as ever was he:
But Persè, and I brook my lyffe,
Thy deth well quyte shall be."

As our noble kyng mayd his a-vowe,
Lyke a noble prince of renowen,
For the deth of the lord Persè
He dyde the batell of Hombyll-down:

Wher syx and thritté Skottishe knyghtes
On a day wear beaten down:
Glendale[2] glytteryde on ther armor bryght,
Over castill, towar, and town.

1 cheyff.

2 Glendale is one of the seven wards of Northumberland. In this district the village of Homildown is situated about a mile from Wooler. On the 14th of September, 1402

This was the Hontynge off the Cheviat;
That tear begane this spurn:
Old men that knowen the grownde well yenoughe,
Call it the Battell of Otterburn.

At Otterburn began this spurne
Uppon a Monnyn[1] day:
Ther was the dougghtè Doglas slean,
The Persè never went away.

Ther was never a tym on the March-partes
Sen the Doglas and the Persè met,
But yt was marvele, and the rede blude ronne not,
As the reane doys in the stret.

Jhesue Christ our ballys bete,
And to the blys us brynge!
Thus was the Hountynge of the Chivyat:
God send us all good endyng!

a battle was fought at this place between the Percys and Archibald, Earl of Douglas, in which the Scots were totally routed, and Douglas taken prisoner.

[1] Nonnyn.

CHEVY-CHACE.

The text of this later ballad of *Chevy-Chace* is given as it appears in *Old Ballads* (1723), vol. i. p. 111, and in Durfey's *Pills to Purge Melancholy*, vol. iv. p. 289, and differs very slightly from that of the *Reliques* (i. 265), where the ballad was printed from the folio MS., compared with two other black-letter copies.

The age of this version of the story is not known, but it is certainly not later, says Dr. Rimbault, than the reign of Charles the Second. Addison's papers in the *Spectator* (Nos. 70 and 74) evince so true a perception of the merits of this ballad, shorn as it is of the most striking beauties of the grand original, that we cannot but deeply regret his never having seen the ancient and genuine copy, which was published by Hearne only a few days after Addison died. Well might the Spectator dissent from the judgment of Sidney, if *this* were the rude and ill-apparelled song of a barbarous age.

God prosper long our noble king,
Our lives and safeties all;
A woful hunting once there did
In Chevy-Chace befall.

To drive the deer with hound and horn,
Erle Piercy took his way;
The child may rue that is unborn,
The hunting of that day.

The stout Earl of Northumberland
A vow to God did make,
His pleasure in the Scottish woods
Three summer's days to take;

The chiefest harts in Chevy-Chace
To kill and bear away:
The tidings to Earl Douglas came,
In Scotland where he lay.

Who sent Earl Piercy present word,
He would prevent his sport;
The English earl not fearing this,
Did to the woods resort,

With fifteen hundred bow-men bold
All chosen men of might,
Who knew full well in time of need
To aim their shafts aright.

The gallant greyhounds swiftly ran,
To chase the fallow deer;
On Monday they began to hunt,
When day-light did appear.

And long before high noon they had
An hundred fat bucks slain;
Then having din'd, the drovers went
To rouze them up again.

The bow-men muster'd on the hills,
Well able to endure;
Their backsides all, with special care,
That day were guarded sure.

The hounds ran swiftly thro' the woods,
The nimble deer to take,
And with their cries the hills and dales
An eccho shrill did make.

Lord Piercy to the quarry went,
To view the tender deere;
Quoth he, "Earl Douglas promised
This day to meet me heer.

"If that I thought he would not come,
No longer would I stay."
With that, a brave young gentleman
Thus to the Earl did say:

"Lo, yonder doth Earl Douglas come,
His men in armour bright;
Full twenty hundred Scottish spears,
All marching in our sight.

"All men of pleasant Tividale,
Fast by the river Tweed:"
"Then cease your sport," Erle Piercy said,
"And take your bows with speed.

"And now with me, my countrymen,
Your courage forth advance;
For there was never champion yet
In Scotland or in France,

"That ever did on horseback come,
But, if my hap it were,[1]
I durst encounter man for man,
With him to break a spear."

Earl Douglas on his milk-white steed,
Most like a baron bold,
Rode foremost of the company,
Whose armour shone like gold.

"Show me," he said, "whose men you be,
That hunt so boldly here,
That, without my consent, do chase
And kill my fallow-deer."

The man that first did answer make
Was noble Piercy he;
Who said, "We list not to declare,
Nor show whose men we be.

"Yet we will spend our dearest blood,
Thy chiefest hart to slay;"
Then Douglas swore a solemn oath,
And thus in rage did say;

[1] since.—O. B.

"Ere thus I will out-braved be,
One of us two shall dye:
I know thee well, an earl thou art;
Lord Piercy, so am I.

"But trust me, Piercy, pity it were,
And great offence, to kill
Any of these our harmless men,
For they have done no ill.

"Let thou and I the battel try,
And set our men aside:
"Accurs'd be he," Lord Piercy said,
"By whom this is deny'd."

Then stept a gallant squire forth,
(Witherington was his name)
Who said, "I would not have it told
To Henry our king for shame,

"That ere my captaine fought on foot,
And I stood looking on:
You be two earls," said Witherington,
"And I a squire alone.

"I'll do the best that do I may,
While I have power to stand;
While I have power to wield my sword,
I'll fight with heart and hand."

Our English archers bent their bows,
Their hearts were good and true:
At the first flight of arrows sent,
Full three score Scots they slew.

To drive the deer with hound and horn,
Earl Douglas had the bent;
A captain mov'd with mickle pride
The spears to shivers sent.

They clos'd full fast on every side,
No slacknes there was found;
And many a gallant gentleman
Lay gasping on the ground.

O Christ! it was a grief to see,
And likewise for to hear,
The cries of men lying in their gore,
And scatter'd here and there.

At last these two stout earls did meet
Like captains of great might;
Like lions mov'd[1] they laid on load,
And made a cruel fight.

They fought until they both did sweat,
With swords of temper'd steel;
Until the blood, like drops of rain,
They trickling down did feel.

[1] Percy has *lions wood.*

"Yield thee, Lord Piercy," Douglas said;
"In faith I will thee bring,
Where thou shalt high advanced be
By James, our Scottish king.

"Thy ransom I will freely give,
And thus report of thee,
Thou art the most couragious knight
That ever I did see.

"No,[1] Douglas," quoth Earl Piercy then,
"Thy proffer I do scorn;
I will not yield to any Scot
That ever yet was born."

With that, there came an arrow keen
Out of an English bow,
Which struck Earl Douglas to the heart,
A deep and deadly blow:

Who never spoke more words than these,
"Fight on, my merry men all;
For why, my life is at an end,
Lord Piercy sees my fall."

Then leaving life, Earl Piercy took
The dead man by the hand;
And said, "Earl Douglas, for thy life
Would I had lost my land!

[1] To.

"O Christ! my very heart doth bleed
With sorrow for thy sake;
For sure, a more renowned knight
Mischance did never take."

A knight amongst the Scots there was,
Which saw Earl Douglas dye,
Who straight in wrath did vow revenge
Upon the Earl Piercy.

Sir Hugh Montgomery was he call'd,
Who, with a spear most bright,
Well-mounted on a gallant steed,
Ran fiercely thro' the fight;

And pass'd the English archers all,
Without all dread or fear,
And through Earl Piercy's body then
He thrust his hateful spear.

With such a veh'ment force and might
He did his body gore,
The spear ran through the other side
A large cloth-yard, and more.

So thus did both these nobles dye,
Whose courage none could stain;
An English archer then perceiv'd
The noble earl was slain.

He had a bow bent in his hand,
Made of a trusty tree;
An arrow of a cloth-yard long
Up to the head drew he.

Against Sir Hugh Montgomery
So right his shaft he set,
The grey goose-wing that was thereon
In his heart's blood was wet.

This fight did last from break of day
Till setting of the sun;
For when they rung the evening-bell,[1]
The battel scarce was done.

With the Earl Piercy, there was slain
Sir John of Ogerton,
Sir Robert Ratcliff, and Sir John,
Sir James, that bold baron.

And with Sir George and good Sir James,
Both knights of good account,
Good Sir Ralph Rabby there was slain,
Whose prowess did surmount.

[1] Sc. the Curfew bell, usually rung at eight o'clock; to which the modernizer apparently alludes, instead of the "Evensong bell," or bell for vespers of the original author before the Reformation.—PERCY.

For Witherington needs must I wail,
As one in doleful dumps[1];
For when his legs were smitten off,
He fought upon his stumps.

And with Earl Douglas, there was slain
Sir Hugh Montgomery,
Sir Charles Currel, that from the field
One foot would never fly.

Sir Charles Murrel, of Ratcliff, too,
His sister's son was he;
Sir David Lamb, so well esteem'd,
Yet saved could not bee.

And the Lord Maxwell in like wise
Did with Earl Douglas dye;
Of twenty hundred Scottish spears
Scarce fifty-five did fly.

Of fifteen hundred Englishmen,
Went home but fifty-three;
The rest were slain in Chevy-Chace,
Under the green-wood tree.

[1] "I, as one in deep concern, must lament." The construction here has generally been misunderstood.—P.

This phrase may help us to determine the date of the authorship of the ballad. "Doleful dumps" suggested nothing ludicrous to a writer of the age of Elizabeth, but not long after became burlesque. The observation is Percy's.

Next day did many widows come,
Their husbands to bewail;
They wash'd their wounds in brinish tears,
But[1] all would not prevail.

Their bodies, bath'd in purple blood,
They bore with them away:
They kiss'd them dead a thousand times,
When they were clad in clay.

This news was brought to Edinburgh,
Where Scotland's king did reign,
That brave Earl Douglas suddenly
Was with an arrow slain.

"O heavy news," King James did say,
"Scotland can witness be,
I have not any captain more
Of such account as he."

Like tidings to King Henry came,
Within as short a space,
That Piercy of Northumberland
Was slaine in Chevy-Chace.

"Now God be with him," said our king,
"Sith 't will no better be;
I trust I have within my realm
Five hundred as good as he.

[1] They.—O. B.

"Yet shall not Scot nor Scotland say,
But I will vengeance take,
And be revenged on them all,
For brave Earl Piercy's sake."

This vow full well the king perform'd,
After, on Humbledown;
In one day, fifty knights were slain,
With lords of great renown.

And of the rest, of small account,
Did many thousands dye:
Thus endeth the hunting of Chevy-Chace,
Made by the Earl Piercy.

God save the king, and bless the land
In plenty, joy, and peace;
And grant henceforth, that foul debate
'Twixt noblemen may cease!

SIR ANDREW BARTON.

From Percy's *Reliques*, ii. 193.

"The transactions which did the greatest honour to the Earl of Surrey and his family at this time [A. D. 1511], was their behaviour in the case of Barton, a Scotch sea-officer. This gentleman's father having suffered by sea from the Portuguese, he had obtained letters of marque for his two sons to make reprisals upon the subjects of Portugal. It is extremely probable, that the court of Scotland granted these letters with no very honest intention. The council-board of England, at which the Earl of Surrey held the chief place, was daily pestered with complaints from the sailors and merchants, that Barton, who was called Sir Andrew Barton, under pretence of searching for Portuguese goods, interrupted the English navigation. Henry's situation at that time rendered him backward from breaking with Scotland, so that their complaints were but coldly received. The Earl of Surrey, however, could not smother his indignation, but gallantly declared at the council-board, that while he had an estate that could furnish out a ship, or a son that was capable of commanding one, the narrow seas should not be infested.

"Sir Andrew Barton, who commanded the two Scotch ships, had the reputation of being one of the ablest sea officers of his time. By his depredations,

he had amassed great wealth, and his ships were very richly laden. Henry, notwithstanding his situation, could not refuse the generous offer made by the Earl of Surrey. Two ships were immediately fitted out, and put to sea with letters of marque, under his two sons, Sir Thomas and Sir Edward Howard. After encountering a great deal of foul weather, Sir Thomas came up with the Lion, which was commanded by Sir Andrew Barton in person; and Sir Edward came up with the Union, Barton's other ship [called by Hall, the Bark of Scotland]. The engagement which ensued was extremely obstinate on both sides; but at last the fortune of the Howards prevailed. Sir Andrew was killed, fighting bravely, and encouraging his men with his whistle, to hold out to the last; and the two Scotch ships, with their crews, were carried into the River Thames [Aug. 2, 1511]." (Guthrie's *Peerage*, as quoted by Percy.)

An old copy in the precious Manuscript furnished the foundation for Percy's edition of this noble ballad. The editor states that the text of the original was so incorrect as to require emendations from black-letter copies and from conjecture. These emendations, where they are noted, we have for the most part disregarded. We would fain believe that nothing except a defect in the manuscript could have reconciled the Bishop to adopting the four lines with which the ballad now begins.

The common, or black-letter copies, are somewhat abridged as well as modernized. One of these is given in the Appendix.

THE FIRST PART.

When Flora with her fragrant flowers
  Bedeckt the earth so trim and gaye,
And Neptune with his daintye showers
  Came to present the monthe of Maye,
King Henrye rode to take the ayre,
  Over the river of Thames past hee;
When eighty merchants of London came,
  And downe they knelt upon their knee.

"O yee are welcome, rich merchànts,
  Good saylors, welcome unto mee:"
They swore by the rood, they were saylors good,
  But rich merchànts they cold not bee.
"To France nor Flanders dare we pass,
  Nor Bordeaux voyage dare we fare;
And all for a robber that lyes on the seas,
  Who robbs us of our merchant ware."

King Henrye frownd, and turned him rounde,
  And swore by the Lord that was mickle of might,
"I thought he had not beene in the world,
  Durst have wrought England such unright."
The merchants sighed, and said, "Alas!"
  And thus they did their answer frame;

1–4. from the printed copy.

"He is a proud Scott, that robbs on the seas,
And Sir Andrewe Barton is his name."

The king lookt over his left shoulder,
And an angrye look then looked hee;
"Have I never a lorde in all my realme,
Will feitch yond traytor unto mee?"
"Yea, that dare I," Lord Charles Howard sayes;
"Yea, that dare I, with heart and hand;
If it please your grace to give me leave,
Myselfe will be the only man."

"Thou art but yong," the kyng replyed,
"Yond Scott hath numbred manye a yeare:"
"Trust me, my liege, Ile make him quail,
Or before my prince I will never appeare."
"Then bowemen and gunners thou shalt have,
And chuse them over my realme so free;
Besides good mariners, and shipp-boyes,
To guide the great shipp on the sea."

The first man that Lord Howard chose,
Was the ablest gunner in all the realm,
Thoughe he was threescore yeeres and ten;
Good Peter Simon was his name.
"Peter," sais hee, "I must to the sea,
To bring home a traytor live or dead;
Before all others I have chosen thee,
Of a hundred gunners to be the head."

"If you, my lord, have chosen mee
Of a hundred gunners to be the head,
Then hang me up on your maine-mast tree,
If I misse my marke one shilling bread."
My lord then chose a boweman rare,
Whose active hands had gained fame[1];
In Yorkshire was this gentleman borne,
And William Horseley was his name.

"Horsley," sayd he, "I must with speede
Go seeke a traytor on the sea,
And now of a hundred bowemen brave
To be the head I have chosen thee."
"If you," quoth hee, "have chosen mee
Of a hundred bowemen to be the head,
On your main-mast Ile hanged bee,
If I miss twelvescore one penny bread."

With pikes, and gunnes, and bowemen bold,
This noble Howard is gone to the sea;
With a valyant heart and a pleasant cheare,
Out at Thames mouth sayled he.
And days he scant had sayled three,
Upon the journey he tooke in hand,
But there he mett with a noble shipp,
And stoutely made itt stay and stand.

"Thou must tell me," Lord Howard said,
"Now who thou art, and what's thy name;

[1] From the printed copy.

And shewe me where thy dwelling is,
And whither bound, and whence thou came."
"My name is Henry Hunt," quoth hee,
With a heavye heart, and a carefull mind;
"I and my shipp doe both belong
To the Newcastle that stands upon Tyne."

"Hast thou not heard, nowe, Henrye Hunt,
As thou hast sayled by daye and by night,
Of a Scottish robber on the seas;
Men call him Sir Andrew Barton, knight?"
Then ever he sighed, and sayd "Alas!"
With a grieved mind, and well-away,
"But over-well I knowe that wight;
I was his prisoner yesterday.

"As I was sayling uppon the sea,
A Burdeaux voyage for to fare,
To his hach-borde[1] he clasped me,
And robd me of all my merchant ware.
And mickle debts, God wot, I owe,
And every man will have his owne,
And I am nowe to London bounde,
Of our gracious king to beg a boone."

"That shall not need," Lord Howard sais;
"Lett me but once that robber see,
For every penny tane thee froe

[1] The MS. has here archborde, but in Part II. v. 5 hachebord.

It shall be doubled shillings three."
"Nowe Gode forefend," the merchant said,
"That you shold seek soe far amisse!
God keepe you out of that traitors hands!
Full litle ye wott what a man hee is.

"Hee is brasse within, and steele without,
With beames on his topcastle stronge;
And eighteen pieces of ordinance
He carries on each side along.
And he hath a pinnace deerlye dight,
St. Andrewes crosse, that is his guide;
His pinnace beareth ninescore men,
And fifteen canons on each side.

"Were ye twentye shippes, and he but one,
I sweare by kirke, and bower, and hall,
He wold overcome them everye one,[1]
If once his beames they doe downe fall."
"This is cold comfort," sais my lord,
"To wellcome a stranger thus to the sea:

[1] It should seem from hence, that before our marine artillery was brought to its present perfection, some naval commanders had recourse to instruments or machines, similar in use, though perhaps unlike in construction, to the heavy Dolphins made of lead or iron used by the ancient Greeks; which they suspended from beams or yards fastened to the mast, and which they precipitately let fall on the enemies' ships, in order to sink them, by beating holes through the bottoms of their unlecked triremes, or otherwise damaging them.—PERCY.

Yet Ile bring him and his shipp to shore,
Or to Scotland hee shall carrye mee."

"Then a noble gunner you must have,
And he must aim well with his ee,
And sinke his pinnace into the sea,
Or else hee never orecome will bee.
And if you chance his shipp to borde,
This counsel I must give withall,
Let no man to his topcastle goe
To strive to let his beams downe fall.

"And seven pieces of ordinance,
I pray your honour lend to mee,
On each side of my shipp along,
And I will lead you on the sea.
A glasse Ile sett, that may be seene,
Whether you sayle by day or night;
And to-morrowe, I sweare, by nine of the clocke,
You shall meet with Sir Andrewe Barton, knight."

THE SECOND PART.

The merchant sett my lorde a glasse,
Soe well apparent in his sight,
And on the morrowe, by nine of the clocke,
He shewed him Sir Andrewe Barton, knight.

His hachebord it was hached with gold,
Soe deerlye dight it dazzled the ee;
"Nowe by my faith," Lord Howarde sais,
"This is a gallant sight to see.

"Take in your ancyents, standards eke,
So close that no man may them see;
And put me forth a white willowe wand,
As merchants use to sayle the sea."
But they stirred neither top nor mast[1];
Stoutly they past Sir Andrew by;
"What English churles are yonder," he sayd,
"That can soe litle curtesye?

"Now by the roode, three yeares and more
I have been admirall over the sea,
And never an English nor Portingall
Without my leave can passe this way."
Then called he forth his stout pinnàce;
"Fetch backe yond pedlars nowe to mee:
I sweare by the masse, yon English churles
Shall all hang att my maine-mast tree."

With that the pinnace itt shott off;
Full well Lord Howard might it ken;
For itt stroke down my lord's fore-mast,
And killed fourteen of his men.
"Come hither, Simon," sayes my lord,

[1] i. e. did not salute.

"Looke that thy word be true, thou said;
For at my main-mast thou shalt hang,
If thou misse thy marke one shilling bread."

Simon was old, but his heart itt was bold;
His ordinance he laid right lowe,
He put in chaine full nine yardes long,
With other great shott, lesse and moe,
And he lette goe his great gunnes shott;
Soe well he settled itt with his ee,
The first sight that Sir Andrew sawe,
He see his pinnace sunke in the sea.

And when he saw his pinnace sunke,
Lord, how his heart with rage did swell!
"Nowe cutt my ropes, itt is time to be gon;
Ile fetch yond pedlars backe mysell."
When my lord sawe Sir Andrewe loose,
Within his heart hee was full faine;
"Nowe spread your ancyents, strike up drummes,
Sound all your trumpetts out amaine."

"Fight on, my men," Sir Andrewe sais,
"Weale, howsoever this geere will sway;
Itt is my lord admirall of Englànd,
Is come to seeke mee on the sea."
Simon had a sonne, who shott right well,
That did Sir Andrewe mickle scare;
In att his decke he gave a shott,
Killed threescore of his men of warre.

Then Henrye Hunt, with rigour hott,
Came bravely on the other side;
Soone he drove downe his fore-mast tree,
And killed fourscore men beside.
"Nowe, out alas!" Sir Andrewe cryed,
"What may a man now thinke or say?
Yonder merchant theefe, that pierceth mee,
He was my prisoner yesterday.

"Come hither to me, thou Gordon good,
That aye wast readye att my call;
I will give thee three hundred pounds,
If thou wilt let my beames downe fall."
Lord Howard hee then calld in haste,
"Horselye, see thou be true in stead;
For thou shalt at the maine-mast hang,
If thou misse twelvescore one penny bread."

Then Gordon swarved the maine-mast tree,
He swarved it with might and maine;
But Horseley with a bearing arrowe,
Stroke the Gordon through the braine;
And he fell unto the haches again,
And sore his deadlye wounde did bleede:
Then word went through Sir Andrews men,
How that the Gordon hee was dead.

"Come hither to mee, James Hambilton,
Thou art my only sisters sonne;
If thou wilt let my beames downe fall,

Six hundred nobles[1] thou hast wonne."
With that he swarved the main-mast tree,
He swarved it with nimble art;
But Horseley with a broad arrowe
Pierced the Hambilton thorough the heart.

And downe he fell upon the deck,
That with his blood did streame amaine:
Then every Scott cryed, "Well-away!
Alas a comelye youth is slaine!"
All woe begone was Sir Andrew then,
With griefe and rage his heart did swell;
"Go fetch me forth my armour of proofe,
For I will to the topcastle mysell.

"Goe fetch me forth my armour of proofe,
That gilded is with gold soe cleare;
God be with my brother John of Barton!
Against the Portingalls hee it ware.
And when he had on this armour of proofe,
He was a gallant sight to see;
Ah! nere didst thou meet with living wight,
My deere brothèr, could cope with thee."

"Come hither, Horseley," sayes my lord,
"And looke your shaft that itt goe right;
Shoot a good shoote in time of need,
And for it thou shalt be made a knight."

[1] pounds. MS.

"Ile shoot my best," quoth Horseley then,
"Your honour shall see, with might and maine;
But if I were hanged at your maine-mast,
I have now left but arrowes twaine."

Sir Andrew he did swarve the tree,
With right good will he swarved then,
Upon his breast did Horseley hitt,
But the arrow bounded back agen.
Then Horseley spyed a privye place,
With a perfect eye, in a secrette part;
Under the spole of his right arme
He smote Sir Andrew to the heart.

"Fight on, my men," Sir Andrew sayes,
"A little I me hurt, but yett not slaine;
Ile but lye downe and bleede a while,
And then Ile rise and fight againe.[1]
Fight on, my men," Sir Andrew sayes,
"And never flinche before the foe;
And stand fast by St. Andrewes crosse,
Untill you heare my whistle blowe."

They never heard his whistle blow,
Which made their hearts waxe sore adread:
Then Horseley sayd, "Aboard, my lord,
For well I wott Sir Andrew's dead."

[1] This stanza occurs also in *Johnie Armstrang*, vol. vi. p. 44.

They boarded then his noble shipp,
  They boarded it with might and maine;
Eighteen score Scots alive they found,
  The rest were either maimed or slaine.

Lord Howard tooke a sword in hand,
  And off he smote Sir Andrewes head;
'I must have left England many a daye,
  If thou wert alive as thou art dead."
He caused his body to be cast
  Over the hatchbord into the sea,
And about his middle three hundred crownes:
  "Wherever thou land, this will bury thee."

Thus from the warres Lord Howard came,
  And backe he sayled ore the maine;
With mickle joy and triumphing
  Into Thames mouth he came againe.
Lord Howard then a letter wrote,
  And sealed it with seale and ring;
"Such a noble prize have I brought to your grace
  As never did subject to a king.

"Sir Andrewes shipp I bring with mee,
  A braver shipp was never none;
Nowe hath your grace two shipps of warr
  Before in England was but one.[1]"

[1] That is the Great Harry, built in 1504, at an expense of fourteen thousand pounds. "She was," says Hume, "properly speaking, the first ship in the English navy. Be-

King Henryes grace with royall cheere
Welcomed the noble Howard home;
"And where," said he, "is this rover stout,
That I myselfe may give the doome?"

"The rover, he is safe, my leige,
Full many a fadom in the sea;
If he were alive as he is dead,
I must have left England many a day.
And your grace may thank four men i' the ship
For the victory wee have wonne;
These are William Horseley, Henry Hunt,
And Peter Simon, and his sonne."

"To Henry Hunt," the king then sayd,
"In lieu of what was from thee tane,
A noble a day now thou shalt have,
Sir Andrewes jewels and his chayne.
And Horseley thou shalt be a knight,
And lands and livings shalt have store;
Howard shall be Erle Surrye hight,
As Howards erst have beene before.[1]

'Nowe, Peter Simon, thou art old,
I will maintaine thee and thy sonne;

fore this period, when the prince wanted a fleet, he had no other expedient than hiring or pressing ships from the merchants."

[1] . . . . . Erle of Nottingham, And soe was never, &c. MS.

And the men shall have five hundred markes
For the good service they have done."
Then in came the queene with ladyes fair,
To see Sir Andrewe Barton, knight;
They weend that hee were brought on shore,
And thought to have seen a gallant sight.

But when they see his deadlye face,
And eyes soe hollow in his head,
"I wold give," quoth the king, "a thousand markes,
This man were alive as hee is dead.
Yett for the manfull part hee playd,
Which fought soe well with heart and hand,
His men shall have twelvepence a day,
Till they come to my brother kings high land."

FLODDEN FIELD.

From Ritson's *Ancient Songs*, ii. 70.

"The battle of Flodden, in Northumberland, was fought the 9th of September, 1513, being the fifth year of King Henry the Eighth (who, with a great army, was then before Terouen in France), between Thomas Howard, Earl of Surrey, commander-in-chief of the English forces, and James the Fourth, King of Scots, with an inferior army of 15,000 men, who were entirely routed with great slaughter, their heroic sovereign being left dead upon the field.

"The following ballad may possibly be as ancient as any thing we have on the subject. It is given from *The most pleasant and delectible history of John Winchcomb, otherwise called Jack of Newberry*, written by Thomas Deloney, who thus speaks of it: 'In disgrace of the Scots, and in remembrance of the famous atchieved victory, the commons of England made this song, which to this day is not forgotten of many.'"

This ballad is very evidently not the work of Deloney, but derived by him from tradition.

There is a piece called *Flodden Field* in Herd's *Scottish Songs*, i. 86. It is made up of certain ridiculous anonymous verses, and of the stanzas written by Miss Jane Elliot and by Mrs. Cockburn to the old air *The Flowers of the Forest*,—"I've heard them lilting," and "I've seen the smiling." The first and last lines of the first stanza of Miss Elliot's verses are from an ancient and now forgotten song.

"I've heard them lilting at the ewes milking
. . . . . .
. . . . . .
The flowers of the forest are a' wede away."

A lady repeated to Sir Walter Scott another fragment of the original ballad.

"I ride single on my saddle,
For the flowers of the forest are a' wede away."
Minstrelsy, iii. 393

King Jamie hath made a vow,
Keep it well if he may!
That he will be at lovely London
Upon Saint James his day.

"Upon Saint James his day at noon,
At fair London will I be,
And all the lords in merry Scotland,
They shall dine there with me."

Then bespake good Queen Margaret,
The tears fell from her eye:
"Leave off these wars, most noble king,
Keep your fidelity.

"The water runs swift and wondrous deep
From bottom unto the brim;
My brother Henry hath men good enough,
England is hard to win."

"Away," quoth he, "with this silly fool!
In prison fast let her lye:
For she is come of the English blood,
And for these words she shall die."

With that bespake Lord Thomas Howard,
The Queens chamberlain that day;
"If that you put Queen Margaret to death,
Scotland shall rue it alway."

Then in a rage King Jamie did say,
"Away with this foolish mome!
He shall be hang'd, and the other burn'd,
So soon as I come home."

At Flodden-field the Scots came in,
Which made our Englishmen fain;
At Bramstone-green this battel was seen,
There was King Jamie slain.

Then presently the Scots did fly,
Their cannons they left behind;
Their ensigns gay were won all away,
Our souldiers did beat them blind.

To tell you plain, twelve thousand were slain
That to the fight did stand,
And many a prisoner took that day,
The best in all Scotland.

That day made many a fatherless child,[1]
And many a widow poor,
And many a Scottish gay lady
Sate weeping[2] in her bower.

Jack with a fether was lapt all in lether,
His boastings were all in vain;
He had such a chance with [a] new morrice-dance,
He never went home again.

QUEEN JEANIE.

Jane Seymour, queen of Henry VIII., died shortly after giving birth to Prince Edward (Oct. 1537). There was a report that the Cæsarian operation had been necessary to effect the delivery, and on this story the present ballad is founded.

There is a woful ditty on this subject in *The Crown Garland of Golden Roses*, Percy Society, vol. vi. p. 29 (or *Collection of Old Ballads*, ii. 115). The following piece is popular throughout Scotland. It is taken from Kinloch's *Ancient Scottish Ballads*, p. 116. A fragment had been previously published in Jamieson's *Popular Ballads*, i. 182. We have added another, but imperfect, version from a recent publication.

[1] This stanza is the sixth in Deloney's copy, and is there clearly misplaced.

[2] sweeping.

QUEEN JEANIE, Queen Jeanie, travel'd six weeks and more,
Till women and midwives had quite gi'en her o'er;
"O if ye were women as women should be,
Ye would send for a doctor, a doctor to me!"

The doctor was called for and set by her bedside,
"What aileth thee, my ladie, thine eyes seem so red?"
"O doctor, O doctor, will ye do this for me,
To rip up my two sides, and save my babie?"

"Queen Jeanie, Queen Jeanie, that's the thing I'll ne'er do,
To rip up your two sides to save your babie:"
Queen Jeanie, Queen Jeanie, travel'd six weeks and more,
Till midwives and doctors had quite gi'en her o'er.

"O if ye were doctors as doctors should be,
Ye would send for King Henry, King Henry to me:"
King Henry was called for, and sat by her bedside,
'What aileth thee, Jeanie, what aileth my bride?"

"King Henry, King Henry, will ye do this for me,
To rip up my two sides, and save my babie?"

"Queen Jeanie, Queen Jeanie, that's what I'll never do,
To rip up your two sides to save your babie."

But with sighing and sobbing she's fallen in a swoon,
Her side it was ript up, and her babie was found;
At this bonie babie's christ'ning there was meikle joy and mirth,
But bonnie Queen Jeanie lies cold in the earth.

Six and six coaches, and six and six more,
And royal King Henry went mourning before;
O two and two gentlemen carried her away,
But royal King Henry went weeping away.

O black were their stockings, and black were their bands,
And black were the weapons they held in their hands;
O black were their mufflers, and black were their shoes,
And black were the cheverons they drew on their luves.

They mourned in the kitchen, and they mourn'd in the ha',
But royal King Henry mourn'd langest of a'.
Farewell to fair England, farewell for evermore,
For the fair flower of England will never shine more!

THE DEATH OF QUEEN JANE.

From *Ancient Poems, Ballads, and Songs of the Peasantry of England*, edited by Robert Bell. p. 113. Taken down from the singing of a young gipsy girl.

Queen Jane was in travail for six weeks or more,
Till the women grew tired and fain would give o'er,
"O women, O women, good wives if ye be,
Go send for King Henrie, and bring him to me!"

King Henrie was sent for, he came with all speed,
In a gownd of green velvet from heel to the head;
"King Henrie, King Henrie, if kind Henrie you be,
Send for a surgeon, and bring him to me!"

The surgeon was sent for, he came with all speed,
In a gownd of black velvet from heel to the head;
He gave her rich caudle, but the death-sleep slept she,
Then her right side was opened, and the babe was set free.

The babe it was christened, and put out and nursed,
While the royal Queen Jane she lay cold in the dust.

* * * * *

So black was the mourning, and white were the wands,
Yellow, yellow the torches they bore in their hands;
The bells they were muffled, and mournful did play,
While the royal Queen Jane she lay cold in the clay.

Six knights and six lords bore her corpse through the grounds,
Six dukes followed after, in black mourning gownds,
The flower of Old England was laid in cold clay,
Whilst the royal King Henrie came weeping away.

THE MURDER OF THE KING OF SCOTS.

Reliques of Ancient English Poetry, ii. 210.

"The catastrophe of Henry Stewart, Lord Darnley, the unfortunate husband of Mary Queen of Scots, is the subject of this ballad. It is here related in that partial imperfect manner, in which such an event would naturally strike the subjects of another kingdom, of which he was a native. Henry appears to have been a vain, capricious, worthless young man,

of weak understanding, and dissolute morals. But the beauty of his person, and the inexperience of his youth, would dispose mankind to treat him with an indulgence, which the cruelty of his murder would afterwards convert into the most tender pity and regret: and then imagination would not fail to adorn his memory with all those virtues he ought to have possessed.

"Darnley, who had been born and educated in England, was but in his 21st year when he was murdered, Feb. 9, 1567–8. This crime was perpetrated by the Earl of Bothwell, not out of respect to the memory of Riccio, but in order to pave the way for his own marriage with the queen.

"This ballad (printed, with a few corrections, from the Editor's folio MS.) seems to have been written soon after Mary's escape into England in 1568, see p. 82.—It will be remembered, at v. 5, that this princess was Queen Dowager of France, having been first married to Francis II., who died Dec. 4, 1560.—PERCY.

WOE worth, woe worth thee, false Scotlànde!
For thou hast ever wrought by sleight;
The worthyest prince that ever was borne,
You hanged under a cloud by night.

The Queene of France a letter wrote,
And sealed itt with harte and ringe;
And bade him come Scotland within,
And shee wold marry and crowne him kinge.

To be a king is a pleasant thing,
To bee a prince unto a peere:
But you have heard, and soe have I too,
A man may well buy gold too deare.

There was an Italyan in that place,
Was as well beloved as ever was hee,
Lord David [Rizzio] was his name,
Chamberlaine to the queene was hee.

If the king had risen forth of his place,
He wold have sate him downe in the cheare,
And tho itt beseemed him not so well,
Altho the kinge had beene present there.

Some lords in Scotlande waxed wrothe,
And quarrelled with him for the nonce;
I shall you tell how it befell,
Twelve daggers were in him att once.

When the queene saw her chamberlaine was slaine,
For him her faire cheeks shee did weete,
And made a vowe, for a yeare and a day
The king and shee wold not come in one sheete.

Then some of the lords they waxed wrothe,
And made their vow all vehementlye,
For the death of the queenes chamberlaine,
The king himselfe, how he shall dye.

With gun-powder they strewed his roome,
And layd greene rushes in his way;
For the traitors thought that very night
This worthye king for to betray.

To bedd the king he made him bowne;
To take his rest was his desire;
He was noe sooner cast on sleepe,
But his chamber was on a blasing fire.

Up he lope, and the window brake,
And hee had thirtye foote to fall;
Lord Bodwell kept a privy watch,
Underneath his castle wall.

"Who have wee here?" Lord Bodwell sayd;
"Now answer me, that I may know."
"King Henry the eighth my uncle was;
For his sweete sake some pitty show."

"Who have we here?" Lord Bodwell sayd;
"Now answer me when I doe speake."
"Ah, Lord Bodwell, I know thee well;
Some pitty on me I pray thee take."

"Ile pitty thee as much," he sayd,
"And as much favor show to thee,
As thou didst to the queenes chamberlaine,
That day thou deemedst him to die."

Through halls and towers the king they ledd,
  Through towers and castles that were nye,
Through an arbor into an orchàrd,
  There on a peare-tree hanged him hye.

When the governor of Scotland heard
  How that the worthye king was slaine,
He persued the queen so bitterlye,
  That in Scotland shee dare not remaine.

But shee is fledd into merry England,
  And here her residence hath taine,
And through the Queene of Englands grace,
  In England now shee doth remaine.

THE RISING IN THE NORTH.

Percy's *Reliques*, i. 285.

THE subject of this ballad is the insurrection of the Earls of Northumberland and Westmoreland, in the twelfth year of Queen Elizabeth, 1569.

These two noblemen were the leaders of the Catholic party in the North of England, and interested themselves warmly in various projects to restore Mary

Stuart to her liberty. When a marriage was proposed between the Duke of Norfolk and the Scottish Queen, they, with many of the first persons in the kingdom, entered zealously into the scheme, having the ulterior view, according to Hume, of placing Mary on the throne of England. Norfolk endeavored to conceal his plans from Elizabeth, until he should form a combination powerful enough to extort her consent, but the Queen received information betimes, and committed the Duke to the Tower. Several of his abettors were also taken into custody, and the two Northern Earls were summoned to appear at court, to answer to the charge of an intended rebellion. They had proceeded too far to trust themselves willingly in the hands of their enraged sovereign, and the summons precipitated them into an insurrection for which they were not prepared. They hastily gathered their followers, and published a manifesto, in which they declared that they maintained an unshaken allegiance to the Queen, and sought only to reëstablish the religion of their ancestors, and to restore the Duke of Norfolk to liberty and to the Queen's favor.

"Their common banner (on which was displayed the cross, together with the five wounds of Christ,) was borne by an ancient gentleman, Richard Norton, Esq., of Norton-Conyers: who with his sons (among whom, Christopher, Marmaduke, and Thomas, are expressly named by Camden) distinguished himself on this occasion. Having entered Durham, they tore the Bible, &c., and caused mass to be said there: they then marched on to Clifford Moor near Wetherbye, where they mustered their men. Their intention was to have proceeded on to York; but, altering their

minds, they fell upon Barnard's castle, which Sir George Bowes held out against them for eleven days." —PERCY.

The insurgents' army amounted to about six thousand men. The Earl of Sussex, supported by Lord Hunsdon and others, marched against them with seven thousand, and the Earl of Warwick with still greater forces. Before these superior numbers the rebels dispersed without striking a blow. Northumberland fled to the Scots, by whom, as we shall see in the next ballad, he was betrayed to Elizabeth. The Earl of Westmoreland escaped to Flanders, and died there in penury.

Another outbreak following close upon the above was suppressed by Lord Hunsdon. Great cruelties were exercised by the victorious party, no less than eight hundred having, it is said, suffered by the hands of the executioner.

The ballad was printed by Percy from two MS. copies, one of them in the editor's folio collection. "They contained considerable variations, out of which such readings were chosen as seemed most poetical and consonant to history."

"The Fate of the Nortons," we need hardly say forms the subject of Wordsworth's *White Doe of Rylstone.*

LISTEN, lively lordlings all,
Lithe and listen unto mee,
And I will sing of a noble earle,
The noblest earle in the north countrie.

Earle Percy is into his garden gone,
And after him walkes his faire ladie:
"I heard a bird sing in mine eare,
That I must either fight or flee."

"Now heaven forefend, my dearest lord,
That ever such harm should hap to thee;
But goe to London to the court,
And faire fall truth and honestie."

"Now nay, now nay, my ladye gay,
Alas! thy counsell suits not mee;
Mine enemies prevail so fast,
That at the court I may not bee."

"O goe to the court yet, good my lord,
And take thy gallant men with thee;
If any dare to doe you wrong,
Then your warrant they may bee."

"Now nay, now nay, thou lady faire,
The court is full of subtiltie;
And if I goe to the court, lady,
Never more I may thee see."

"Yet goe to the court, my lord," she sayes,
"And I myselfe will ride wi' thee:
At court then for my dearest lord,
His faithfull borrowe I will bee."

Now nay, now nay, my lady deare;
Far lever had I lose my life,
Than leave among my cruell foes
My love in jeopardy and strife.

"But come thou hither, my little foot-page,
Come thou hither unto mee;
To maister Norton thou must goe
In all the haste that ever may bee.

"Commend me to that gentleman,
And beare this letter here fro mee;
And say that earnestly I praye,
He will ryde in my companie."

One while the little foot-page went,
And another while he ran;
Untill he came to his journeys end
The little foot-page never blan.

When to that gentleman he came,
Down he kneeled on his knee,
And tooke the letter betwixt his hands
And lett the gentleman it see.

And when the letter it was redd
Affore that goodlye companye,
I-wis, if you the truthe wold know,
There was many a weepynge eye.

He sayd, "Come hither, Christopher Norton,
A gallant youth thou seemst to bee;
What doest thou counsell me, my sonne,
Now that good erle's in jeopardy?"

"Father, my counselle's fair and free;
That erle he is a noble lord,
And whatsoever to him you hight,
I wold not have you breake your word."

"Gramercy, Christopher, my sonne,
Thy counsell well it liketh mee,
And if we speed and scape with life,
Well advanced shalt thou bee."

"Come you hither, mine nine good sonnes,[1]
Gallant men I trowe you bee:
How many of you, my children deare,
Will stand by that good erle and mee?"

Eight of them did answer make,
Eight of them spake hastilie,
"O father, till the daye we dye
We'll stand by that good erle and thee."

[1] The Act of Attainder, 13th Elizabeth, only mentions Richard Norton, the father, and *seven* sons, and in "a list of the rebels in the late Northern rebellion that are fled beyond seas," the same seven sons are named. Richard Norton, the father, was living long after the rebellion in Spanish Flanders. See Sharp's *Bishoprick Garland*, p. 10.

"Gramercy now, my children deare,
You showe yourselves right bold and brave;
And whethersoe'er I live or dye,
A fathers blessing you shal have."

"But what sayst thou, O Francis Norton?
Thou art mine oldest sonn and heire;
Somewhat lyes brooding in thy breast;
Whatever it bee, to mee declare."

"Father, you are an aged man;
Your head is white, your bearde is gray;
It were a shame at these your yeares
For you to ryse in such a fray."

"Now fye upon thee, coward Francis,
Thou never learnedst this of mee;
When thou wert yong and tender of age,
Why did I make soe much of thee?"

"But, father, I will wend with you,
Unarm'd and naked will I bee;
And he that strikes against the crowne,
Ever an ill death may he dee."

Then rose that reverend gentleman,
And with him came a goodlye band,
To join with the brave Erle Percy,
And all the flower o' Northumberland.

With them the noble Nevill came,
The erle of Westmorland was hee:
At Wetherbye they mustred their host,
Thirteen thousand faire to see.

Lord Westmorland his ancyent raisde,
The Dun Bull[1] he rays'd on hye,
And three Dogs with golden collars
Were there sett out most royallye.

Erle Percy there his ancyent spred,
The Halfe-Moone[2] shining all soe faire:

[1] The supporters of the Nevilles Earls of Westmoreland were two bulls argent, ducally collar'd gold, armed or, &c. But I have not discovered the device mentioned in the ballad, among the badges, &c., given by that house. This however is certain, that, among those of the Nevilles, Lord Abergavenny (who were of the same family), is a dun cow with a golden collar; and the Nevilles of Chyte in Yorkshire (of the Westmoreland branch), gave for their crest, in 1513, a dog's (greyhound's) head erased.—So that it is not improbable but Charles Neville, the unhappy Earl of Westmoreland here mentioned, might on this occasion give the above device on his banner.—After all, our old minstrel's verses here may have undergone some corruption; for, in another ballad in the same folio MS., and apparently written by the same hand, containing the sequel of this Lord Westmoreland's history, his banner is thus described, more conformable to his known bearings:

"*Sett me up my faire Dun Bull,*
With Gilden Hornes, hee beares all soe hye."—P.

[2] The Silver Crescent is a well-known crest or badge of the Northumberland family. It was probably brought home from some of the crusades against the Sarazens.—P.

The Nortons ancyent had the crosse,
And the five wounds our Lord did beare.

Then Sir George Bowes he straitwaye rose,
After them some spoyle to make;
Those noble erles turn'd backe againe,
And aye they vowed that knight to take.

That baron he to his castle fled
To Barnard castle then fled hee;
The uttermost walles were eathe to win,
The earles have won them presentlie.

The uttermost walles were lime and bricke,
But thoughe they won them soon anone,
Long e'er they wan the innermost walles,
For they were cut in rocke of stone.

Then newes unto leeve London came,
In all the speede that ever might bee,
And word is brought to our royall queene
Of the rysing in the North countrie.

Her grace she turned her round about,
And like a royall queene shee swore,
"I will ordayne them such a breakfast,
As never was in the North before."

Shee caus'd thirty thousand men be rays'd,
With horse and harneis faire to see;

She caused thirty thousand men be raised,
To take the earles i' th' North countrie.

Wi' them the false Erle Warwick went,
Th' Erle Sussex and the Lord Hunsden;
Untill they to Yorke castle came,
I-wiss they never stint ne blan.

Now spred thy ancyent, Westmorland,
Thy dun bull faine would we spye:
And thou, the Erle o' Northumberland,
Now rayse thy half moone up on hye.

But the dun bulle is fled and gone,
And the halfe moone vanished away:
The erles, though they were brave and bold,
Against soe many could not stay.

Thee, Norton, wi' thine eight good sonnes,
They doom'd to dye, alas for ruth!
Thy reverend lockes thee could not save,
Nor them their faire and blooming youthe.

Wi' them full many a gallant wight
They cruellye bereav'd of life:
And many a childe made fatherlesse,
And widowed many a tender wife.

NORTHUMBERLAND BETRAYED BY DOUGLAS.

Percy's *Reliques*, i. 295.

The Earls of Northumberland and Westmoreland, after the dispersion of their forces took refuge with the Scots on the Borders. The Elliots drove them from Liddesdale, and they sought the protection of the Armstrongs in the Debatable Land. Northumberland took up his residence with a man of that tribe called Hector of Harlaw, relying on his plighted faith and on his gratitude for many past favors. By this miscreant the Earl was betrayed for money to the Regent Murray. He was confined in Lochleven Castle until 1572, when he was handed over to Lord Hunsden, and executed at York.

We are assured that this Hector, who had been rich, fell into poverty after his treachery, and became so infamous that "to take Hector's cloak" was a proverb for a man who betrayed his friend.

In Pinkerton's *Poems from the Maitland MS.* (pp. 219–234) are three bitter invectives on this subject. In one of these we are told that the traitor Eckie of Harlaw said he sold the Earl "to redeem his pledge," that is, says Scott, the pledge which had been exacted from him for his peaceable demeanor.

"The interposal of the Witch-Lady (v. 53)" hath some countenance from history; for, about twenty-five

years before, the Lady Jane Douglas, Lady Glamis, sister of the Earl of Angus, and nearly related to Douglas of Lough-leven, had suffered death for the pretended crime of witchcraft; who, it is presumed, is the witch-lady alluded to in verse 133.

"The following is selected (like the former) from two copies, which contained great variations; one of them in the Editor's folio MS. In the other copy some of the stanzas at the beginning of this ballad are nearly the same with what in that MS. are made to begin another ballad on the escape of the Earl of Westmoreland, who got safe into Flanders, and is feigned in the ballad to have undergone a great variety of adventures."—PERCY.

"How long shall fortune faile me nowe,
And harrowe me with fear and dread?
How long shall I in bale abide,
In misery my life to lead?

"To fall from my bliss, alas the while!
It was my sore and heavye lott;
And I must leave my native land,
And I must live a man forgot.

"One gentle Armstrong I doe ken,
A Scot he is, much bound to mee;
He dwelleth on the Border side,
To him I'll goe right privilie."

Thus did the noble Percy 'plaine,
With a heavy heart and wel-away,
When he with all his gallant men
On Bramham moor had lost the day.

But when he to the Armstrongs came,
They dealt with him all treacherouslye;
For they did strip that noble earle,
And ever an ill death may they dye!

False Hector to Earl Murray sent,
To shew him where his guest did hide,
Who sent him to the Lough-levèn,
With William Douglas to abide.

And when he to the Douglas came,
He halched him right courteouslie;
Say'd, "Welcome, welcome, noble earle,
Here thou shalt safelye bide with mee."

When he had in Lough-leven been
Many a month and many a day,
To the regent the lord warden sent,
That bannisht earle for to betray.

He offered him great store of gold,
And wrote a letter fair to see,
Saying, "Good my lord, grant me my boon,
And yield that banisht man to mee."

Earle Percy at the supper sate,
With many a goodly gentleman;
The wylie Douglas then bespake,
And thus to flyte with him began.

"What makes you be so sad, my lord,
And in your mind so sorrowfullye?
To-morrow a shootinge will bee held
Among the lords of the North countrye.

"The butts are sett, the shooting's made,
And there will be great royaltye;
And I am sworne into my bille,
Thither to bring my Lord Percye."

"I'll give thee my hand, thou gentle Douglas,
And here by my true faith," quoth hee,
"If thou wilt ryde to the worldes end
I will ryde in thy companye."

And then bespake a lady faire,
Mary à Douglas was her name;
"You shall byde here, good English lord,
My brother is a traiterous man.

"He is a traitor stout and stronge,
As I tell you in privitie;
For he hath tane liverance of the erle,[1]
Into England nowe to 'liver thee."

[1] Of the Earl of Morton, the Regent.—P.

"Now nay, now nay, thou goodly lady,
The regent is a noble lord:
Ne for the gold in all Englànd
The Douglas wold not break his word.

"When the regent was a banisht man,
With me he did faire welcome find;
And whether weal or woe betide,
I still shall find him true and kind.

"Between England and Scotland it wold breake truce,
And friends againe they wold never bee,
If they shold 'liver a banisht erle,
Was driven out of his own countrie."

"Alas! alas! my lord," she sayes,
"Nowe mickle is their traitorie;
Then lett my brother ryde his wayes,
And tell those English lords from thee,

"How that you cannot with him ryde,
Because you are in an ile of the sea,[1]
Then ere my brother come againe,
To Edenborow castle Ile carry thee.

[1] i. e. Lake of Leven, which hath communication with the sea. Edinburgh was at that time in the hands of the opposite faction.—P.

"To the Lord Hume I will thee bring;
He is well knowne a true Scots lord,
And he will lose both land and life,
Ere he with thee will break his word."

"Much is my woe," Lord Percy sayd,
"When I thinke on my own countrie,
When I thinke on the heavye happe
My friends have suffered there for mee.

"Much is my woe," Lord Percy sayd,
"And sore those wars my minde distresse;
Where many a widow lost her mate,
And many a child was fatherlesse.

"And now that I a banisht man
Shold bring such evil happe with mee,
To cause my faire and noble friends
To be suspect of treacherie,

"This rives my heart with double woe;
And lever had I dye this day,
Than thinke a Douglas can be false,
Or ever he will his guest betray."

If you'll give me no trust, my lord,
Nor unto mee no credence yield,
Yet step one moment here aside,
Ile showe you all your foes in field"

"Lady, I never loved witchcraft,
Never dealt in privy wyle;
But evermore held the high-waye
Of truth and honour, free from guile."

"If you'll not come yourselfe, my lorde,
Yet send your chamberlaine with mee,
Let me but speak three words with him,
And he shall come again to thee."

James Swynard with that lady went,
She showed him through the weme of her ring
How many English lords there were
Waiting for his master and him.

"And who walkes yonder, my good lady,
So royallye on yonder greene?"
"O yonder is the Lord Hunsden[1]:
Alas! he'll doe you drie and teene"

"And who beth yonder, thou gay ladye,
That walkes so proudly him beside?"
"That is Sir William Drury,"[2] shee sayd,
"A keene captaine hee is and tryde."

"How many miles is itt, madàme,
Betwixt yond English lords and mee?"

[1] The Lord Warden of the East Marches.—P.
[2] Governor of Berwick.—P.

"Marry, it is thrice fifty miles,
To saile to them upon the sea.

"I never was on English ground,
Ne never sawe it with mine eye,
But as my book it sheweth mee,
And through my ring I may descrye.

"My mother shee was a witch ladye,
And of her skille she learned mee;
She wold let me see out of Lough-leven
What they did in London citìe."

"But who is yond, thou lady faire,
That looketh with sic an austerne face?"
"Yonder is Sir John Foster,"[1] quoth shee,
"Alas! he'll do ye sore disgrace."

He pulled his hatt downe over his browe;
He wept, in his heart he was full of woe;
And he is gone to his noble lord,
Those sorrowful tidings him to show.

"Now nay, now nay, good James Swynàrd,
I may not believe that witch ladìe;
The Douglasses were ever true,
And they can ne'er prove false to mee.

[1] Warden of the Middle-march.—P

"I have now in Lough-leven been
The most part of these years three,
Yett have I never had noe outrake,
Ne no good games that I cold see.

"Therefore I'll to yond shooting wend,
As to the Douglas I have hight:
Betide me weale, betide me woe,
He ne'er shall find my promise light."

He writhe a gold ring from his finger,
And gave itt to that gay ladie:
Sayes, "It was all that I cold save,
In Harley woods where I cold bee."

"And wilt thou goe, thou noble lord?
Then farewell truth and honestie,
And farewell heart, and farewell hand,
For never more I shall thee see."

The wind was faire, the boatmen call'd,
And all the saylors were on borde;
Then William Douglas took to his boat,
And with him went that noble lord.

Then he cast up a silver wand,
Says, "Gentle lady, fare thee well!"
The lady fett a sigh soe deep,
And in a dead swoone down shee fell.

"Now let us goe back, Douglas," he sayd,
"A sickness hath taken yond faire ladìe;
If ought befall yond lady but good,
Then blamed for ever I shall bee."

"Come on, come on, my lord," he sayes,
"Come on, come on, and let her bee;
There's ladyes enow in Lough-leven
For to cheere that gay ladìe."

"If you'll not turne yourself, my lord,
Let me goe with my chamberlaine;
We will but comfort that faire lady,
And wee will return to you againe."

"Come on, come on, my lord," he sayes,
"Come on, come on, and let her bee;
My sister is craftye, and wold beguile
A thousand such as you and mee."

'When they had sayled fifty myle,
Now fifty mile upon the sea,
Hee sent his man to ask the Douglas,
When they shold that shooting see."

'Faire words," quoth he, "they make fooles faine,
And that by thee and thy lord is seen;
You may hap to thinke itt soone enough,
Ere you that shooting reach, I ween."

Jamye his hatt pulled over his browe,
He thought his lord then was betray'd;
And he is to Erle Percy againe,
To tell him what the Douglas sayd.

"Hold upp thy head, man," quoth his lord,
"Nor therefore lett thy courage fayle;
He did it but to prove thy heart,
To see if he cold make it quail."

When they had other fifty sayld,
Other fifty mile upon the sea,
Lord Percy called to Douglas himselfe,
Sayd, "What wilt thou nowe doe with mee?"

"Looke that your brydle be wight, my lord,
And your horse goe swift as shipp att sea;
Looke that your spurres be bright and sharpe,
That you may prieke her while shee'll away."

"What needeth this, Douglas?" he sayth;
"What needest thou to flyte with mee?
For I was counted a horseman good
Before that ever I mett with thee.

"A false Hector hath my horse,
Who dealt with mee so treacherouslie;
A false Armstrong hath my spurres,
And all the geere belongs to mee."

When they had sayled other fifty mile,
Other fifty mile upon the sea,
They landed low by Berwicke side,
A deputed laird[1] landed Lord Percye.

Then he at Yorke was doomde to die,
It was, alas! a sorrowful sight;
Thus they betrayed that noble earle,
Who ever was a gallant wight.

KING OF SCOTS AND ANDREW BROWNE.

From *Reliques of English Poetry*, ii. 217.

"This ballad is a proof of the little intercourse that subsisted between the Scots and English, before the accession of James I. to the crown of England. The tale which is here so circumstantially related, does not appear to have had the least foundation in history, but was probably built upon some confused hearsay report of the tumults in Scotland during the minority of that prince, and of the conspiracies formed by different factions to get possession of his person. It should seem from ver. 97 to have been written during the regency, or at least before the death, of the Earl of Morton, who was condemned and executed June 2, 1581; when James was in his fifteenth year.

"The original copy (preserved in the archives of

[1] fol. MS. reads *land*, and has not the following stanza.

the Antiquarian Society, London,) is entitled, *A new ballad, declaring the great treason conspired against the young king of Scots, and how one Andrew Browne, an English-man, which was the king's chamberlaine, prevented the same. To the tune of Milfield, or els to Green-sleeves.* At the end is subjoined the name of the author, W. Elderton. 'Imprinted at London for Yarathe James, dwelling in Newgate Market, over against Ch. Church,' in black-letter folio."—PERCY.

This ballad was licensed to James on the 30th of May, 1581.

OUT alas! what a griefe is this,
That princes subjects cannot be true,
But still the devill hath some of his,
Will play their parts whatsoever ensue;
Forgetting what a grievous thing
It is to offend the anointed king!
Alas for woe, why should it be so?
This makes a sorrowful heigh ho.

In Scotland is a bonnie kinge,
As proper a youth as neede to be,
Well given to every happy thing,
That can be in a kinge to see:
Yet that unluckie country still,
Hath people given to craftie will.
Alas for woe, &c.

On Whitsun eve it so befell,
A posset was made to give the king,

Whereof his ladie nurse hard tell,
And that it was a poysoned thing:
She cryed, and called piteouslie,
"Now help, or else the king shall die!"
Alas for woe, &c.

One Browne, that was an English man,
And hard the ladies piteous crye,
Out with his sword, and bestir'd him than,
Out of the doores in haste to flie;
But all the doores were made so fast,
Out of a window he got at last.
Alas for woe, &c.

He met the bishop coming fast,
Having the posset in his hande:
The sight of Browne made him aghast,
Who bad him stoutly staie and stand.
With him were two that ranne awa,
For feare that Browne would make a fray.
Alas, for woe, &c.

"Bishop," quoth Browne, "what hast thou there?"
"Nothing at all, my friend," sayde he,
"But a posset to make the king good cheere."
"Is it so?" sayd Browne, "that will I see.
First I will have thyself begin,
Before thou go any further in;
Be it weale or woe, it shall be so.
This makes a sorrowful heigh ho."

The bishop sayde, "Browne, I doo know,
Thou art a young man poore and bare;
Livings on thee I will bestowe;
Let me go on, take thou no care."
"No, no," quoth Browne, "I will not be
A traitour for all Christiantie:
Happe well or woe, it shall be so.
Drink now with a sorrowfull," &c.

The bishop dranke, and by and by
His belly burst and he fell downe·
A just rewarde for his traitery!
"This was a posset indeed," quoth Brown.
He serched the bishop, and found the keyes,
To come to the kinge when he did please.
Alas for woe, &c.

As soon as the king got word of this,
He humbly fell uppon his knee,
And praysed God that he did misse
To tast of that extremity:
For that he did perceive and know,
His clergie would betray him so:
Alas for woe, &c.

"Alas," he said, "unhappie realme,
"My father, and grandfather slaine[1]:

[1] His father was Henry Lord Darnley. His grandfather, the old Earl of Lenox, regent of Scotland, and father of Lord Darnley, was murdered at Stirling, Sept. 5, 1571.—P.

My mother banished, O extreame
Unhappy fate, and bitter bayne!
And now like treason wrought for me—
What more unhappie realme can be!"
Alas for woe, &c.

The king did call his nurse to his grace,
And gave her twenty poundes a yeere;
And trustie Browne too in like case,
He knighted him with gallant geere,
And gave him lands and livings great,
For dooing such a manly feat,
As he did showe, to the bishop's woe,
Which made, &c.

When all this treason done and past
Tooke not effect of traytery,
Another treason at the last,
They sought against his majestie;
How they might make their kinge away
By a privie banket on a daye.
Alas for woe, &c.

Another time' to sell the king
Beyonde the seas they had decreede:
Three noble Earles heard of this thing,
And did prevent the same with speede.
For a letter came, with such a charme,
That they should doo their king no harme:
For further woe, if they did soe,
Would make a sorrowful heigh hoe.

The Earle Mourton told the Douglas then,
"Take heede you do not offend the king;
But shew yourselves like honest men
Obediently in every thing;
For his godmother[1] will not see
Her noble child misus'd to be
With any woe; for if it be so,
She will make," &c.

God graunt all subjects may be true,
In England, Scotland, every where,
That no such daunger may ensue,
To put the prince or state in feare:
That God, the highest king, may see
Obedience as it ought to be.
In wealth or woe, God graunt it be so,
To avoide the sorrowful heigh ho.

MARY AMBREE.

Reliques of Ancient English Poetry, ii. 230.

"In the year 1584, the Spaniards, under the command of Alexander Farnese, Prince of Parma, began to gain great advantages in Flanders and Brabant, by recovering many strongholds and cities from the

[1] Queen Elizabeth.

Hollanders, as Ghent (called then by the English Gaunt), Antwerp, Mechlin, &c. See Stow's *Annals*, p. 711. Some attempt made with the assistance of English volunteers to retrieve the former of those places, probably gave occasion to this ballad. I can find no mention of our heroine in history, but the following rhymes rendered her famous among our poets. Ben Jonson often mentions her, and calls any remarkable virago by her name. See his *Epicœne*, first acted in 1609, Act 4, sc. 2: his *Tale of a Tub*, Act 4, sc. 4: and his masque entitled *The Fortunate Isles*, 1626, where he quotes the very words of the ballad,

—— Mary Ambree,
(Who marched so free
To the siege of Gau..t,
And death could not daunt,
As the ballad doth vaunt)
Were a braver wight, &c.

She is also mentioned in Fletcher's *Scornful Lady*, Act 5, *sub finem*.

"This ballad is printed from a black-letter copy in the Pepys Collection, improved from the Editor's folio MS., and by conjecture. The full title is, "*The valourous acts performed at Gaunt by the brave bonnie lass Mary Ambree, who, in revenge of her lovers death, did play her part most gallantly. The tune is*, The blind beggar, &c."—Percy.

When captaines couragious, whom death cold not
daunte,
Did march to the siege of the citty of Gaunt,

They mustred their souldiers by two and by three,
And the formost in battle was Mary Ambree.

When [the][1] brave sergeant-major was slaine in her sight,
Who was her true lover, her joy, and delight,
Because he was slaine most treacherouslie,
Then vowd to revenge him Mary Ambree.

She clothed herselfe from the top to the toe,
In buffe of the bravest, most seemelye to showe;
A faire shirt of male then slipped on shee:
Was not this a brave bonny lass, Mary Ambree?

A helmett of proofe shee strait did provide,
A stronge arminge-sword shee girt by her side,
On her hand a goodly faire gauntlett put shee:
Was not this a brave bonny lass, Mary Ambree?

Then tooke shee her sworde and her targett in hand,
Bidding all such, as wold, [to] bee of her band;
To wayte on her person came thousand and three:
Was not this a brave bonny lass, Mary Ambree?

"My soldiers," she saith, "soe valliant and bold,
Nowe followe your captaine, whom you doe beholde;

[1] So P. C. Sir John Major in MS.

Still formost in battell myselfe will I bee:"
Was not this a brave bonny lasse, Mary Ambree?

Then cryed out her souldiers, and loude they did say,
"Soe well thou becomest this gallant array,
Thy harte and thy weapons so well do agree,
Noe mayden was ever like Mary Ambree."

Shee cheared her souldiers, that foughten for life,
With ancyent and standard, with drum and with fife,
With brave clanging trumpetts, that sounded so free;
Was not this a brave bonny lasse, Mary Ambree?

"Before I will see the worst of you all
To come into danger of death or of thrall,
This hand and this life I will venture so free:"
Was not this a brave bonny lasse, Mary Ambree?

Shee ledd upp her souldiers in battaile array,
Gainst three times theyr number by breake of the daye;
Seven howers in skirmish continued shee:
Was not this a brave bonny lasse, Mary Ambree?

She filled the skyes with the smoke of her shott,
And her enemyes bodyes with bullets so hott;
For one of her owne men a score killed shee:
Was not this a brave bonny lasse, Mary Ambree?

And when her false gunner, to spoyle her intent,
Away all her pellets and powder had sent,
Straight with her keen weapon shee slasht him in three:
Was not this a brave bonny lasse, Mary Ambree?

Being falselye betrayed for lucre of hyre,
At length she was forced to make a retyre;
Then her souldiers into a strong castle drew shee:
Was not this a brave bonny lassee, Mary Ambree?

Her foes they besett her on everye side,
As thinking close siege shee cold never abide;
To beate down the walles they all did decree:
But stoutlye deffyd them brave Mary Ambree.

Then tooke shee her sword and her targett in hand,
And mounting the walls all undaunted did stand,
There daring their captaines to match any three:
O what a brave captaine was Mary Ambree!

"Now saye, English captaine, what woldest thou give
To ransome thy selfe, which else must not live?
Come yield thy selfe quicklye, or slaine thou must bee:"
Then smiled sweetlye brave Mary Ambree.

"Ye captaines couragious, of valour so bold,
Whom thinke you before you now you doe behold?"
"A knight, sir, of England, and captaine see free,
Who shortleye with us a prisoner must bee."

"No captaine of England; behold in your sight
Two brests in my bosome, and therfore no knight:
Noe knight, sirs, of England, nor captaine you see,
But a poor simple mayden called Mary Ambree."

"But art thou a woman, as thou dost declare,
Whose valor hath proved so undaunted in warre?
If England doth yield such brave mayden as thee,
Full well may they conquer, faire Mary Ambree."

The prince of Great Parma heard of her renowne
Who long had advanced for Englands faire crowne;
Hee wooed her and sued her his mistress to bee,
And offerd rich presents to Mary Ambree.

But this virtuous mayden despised them all:
"Ile nere sell my honour for purple nor pall;
A mayden of England, sir, never will bee
The whore of a monarcke," quoth Mary Ambree.

Then to her owne country shee backe did returne,
Still holding the foes of faire England in scorne;
Therfore English captaines of every degree
Sing forth the brave valours of Mary Ambree.

BRAVE LORD WILLOUGHBEY.

Percy's *Reliques*, ii. 235.

"PEREGRINE BERTIE, Lord Willoughby of Eresby, had, in the year 1586, distinguished himself at the siege of Zutphen, in the Low Countries. He was the year after made general of the English forces in the United Provinces, in room of the Earl of Leicester, who was recalled. This gave him an opportunity of signalizing his courage and military skill in several actions against the Spaniards. One of these, greatly exaggerated by popular report, is probably the subject of this old ballad, which, on account of its flattering encomiums on English valour, hath always been a favourite with the people.

"Lord Willoughbie died in 1601.—Both Norris and Turner were famous among the military men of that age.

"The subject of this ballad (which is printed from an old black-letter copy, with some conjectural emendations) may possibly receive illustration from what Chapman says in the dedication to his version of Homer's *Frogs and Mice*, concerning the brave and

memorable retreat of Sir John Norris, with only 1000 men, through the whole Spanish army, under the Duke of Parma, for three miles together." PERCY.

Lord Willoughby was son of that Duchess of Suffolk, whose extraordinary adventures, while in exile on the continent during the reign of Queen Mary, are the subject of an often-printed ballad called the *Duchess of Suffolk's Calamity*. See *Strange Histories*, Percy Society, iii. 17, and the Appendix to this volume.

THE fifteenth day of July,
With glistering spear and shield,
A famous fight in Flanders
Was foughten in the field:
The most couragious officers
Were English captains three;
But the bravest man in battel
Was brave Lord Willoughbèy.

The next was Captain Norris,
A valiant man was hee;
The other Captain Turner,
From field would never flee.
With fifteen hundred fighting men,
Alas! there were no more,
They fought with fourteen thousand then,
Upon the bloody shore.

"Stand to it, noble pikemen,
And look you round about:

And shoot you right, you bow-men,
And we will keep them out.
You musquet and caliver men,
Do you prove true to me:
I'le be the formost man in fight,"
Says brave Lord Willoughbèy.

And then the bloody enemy
They fiercely did assail,
And fought it out most furiously,
Not doubting to prevail.
The wounded men on both sides fell,
Most pitious for to see,
Yet nothing could the courage quell
Of brave Lord Willoughbèy.

For seven hours, to all mens view,
This fight endured sore,
Until our men so feeble grew
That they could fight no more;
And then upon dead horses,
Full savourly they eat,
And drank the puddle water,
They could no better get.

When they had fed so freely,
They kneeled on the ground,
And praised God devoutly
For the favour they had found;
And beating up their colours,

The fight they did renew,
And turning tow'rds the Spaniard,
A thousand more they slew.

The sharp steel-pointed arrows,
And bullets thick did fly;
Then did our valiant soldiers
Charge on most furiously:
Which made the Spaniards waver;
They thought it best to flee;
They fear'd the stout behaviour
Of brave Lord Willoughbèy.

Then quoth the Spanish general,
"Come, let us march away;
I fear we shall be spoiled all
If here we longer stay;
For yonder comes Lord Willoughbey,
With courage fierce and fell;
He will not give one inch of way
For all the devils in hell."

And then the fearful enemy
Was quickly put to flight,
Our men persued couragiously,
And caught their forces quite;
But at [the] last they gave a shout,
Which ecchoed through the sky;
"God and St. George for England!"
The conquerers did cry.

This news was brought to England
With all the speed might be,
And soon our gracious queen was told
Of this same victory.
"O this is brave Lord Willoughbey,
My love that ever won;
Of all the lords of honour,
'Tis he great deeds hath done."

To the souldiers that were maimed
And wounded in the fray,
The queen allowed a pension
Of fifteen pence a day;
And from all costs and charges
She quit and set them free:
And this she did all for the sake
Of brave Lord Willoughbèy.

Then courage, noble Englishmen,
And never be dismaid;
If that we be but one to ten,
We will not be afraid
To fight with foraign enemies,
And set our nation free:
And thus I end the bloody bout
Of brave Lord Willoughbèy.

THE BONNY EARL OF MURRAY.

From *The Tea-Table Miscellany*, ii. 188

In consequence of a suspicion that the Earl of Murray had been party to an attempt of his cousin, the notorious Bothwell, against the person of the King (James VI.), a commission was issued for bringing Murray before the sovereign for examination. The arrest was inconsiderately entrusted to the Earl of Huntly, Murray's mortal enemy. The young earl was at that time peacefully residing at Dunnibirsel, the house of his mother, Lady Downe. Huntly surrounded the place and summoned the inmates to surrender, and the demand not being complied with, set fire to the mansion. Murray escaped from the flames, but was overtaken by his foes and savagely slain. The event took place on the night of the 7th of February, 1592.

The youth, beauty, and accomplishments of the victim of this outrage made him a favourite with the people, and there was a universal clamor for revenge. On the 10th of the month, proclamation was made for all noblemen and barons, in a great number of shires, to rise in arms, to join the King for the pursuit of the Earl of Huntly, who, however, surrendered himself, and was dismissed, on security for his appearance to answer for the crime. The moderation of James gave rise to a scandalous report, that the king countenanced

the murderer, out of jealousy for the favor with which the bonny earl was regarded by the Queen.

The ballad of *Young Waters* (vol. iii. p. 89) has, without convincing reasons, been supposed to be founded on the story of the Earl of Murray.

The first of the two pieces which follow is from Ramsay's *Tea-Table Miscellany*. The second, which may perhaps be a part of the same ballad, was first printed in Finlay's collection.

Ye Highlands, and ye Lawlands,
O where have you been?
They have slain the Earl of Murray,
And they laid him on the green.

"Now wae be to thee, Huntly!
And wherefore did you sae?
I bade you bring him wi' you,
But forbade you him to slay."

He was a braw gallant,
And he rid at the ring;
And the bonny Earl of Murray,
O he might hae been a king.

He was a braw gallant,
And he play'd at the ba';
And the bonny Earl of Murray
Was the flower amang them a'.

He was a braw gallant,
And he play'd at the glove;
And the bonny Earl of Murray,
O he was the Queen's love

O lang will his lady
Look o'er the castle Down,
Ere she see the Earl of Murray
Come sounding thro' the town.

THE BONNIE EARL O' MURRAY.

From Finlay's *Scottish Ballads*, ii. 21.

"OPEN the gates,
And let him come in;
He is my brother Huntly,
He'll do him nae harm."

The gates they were opent,
They let him come in;
But fause traitor Huntly,
He did him great harm.

He's ben and ben,
And ben to his bed;
And with a sharp rapier
He stabbed him dead.

The lady came down the stair,
Wringing her hands;
"He has slain the Earl o' Murray,
The flower o' Scotland."

But Huntly lap on his horse,
Rade to the king:
"Ye're welcome hame, Huntly,
And whare hae ye been?

"Whare hae ye been?
And how hae ye sped?"
"I've killed the Earl o' Murray,
Dead in his bed."

"Foul fa' you, Huntly!
And why did ye so?
You might have ta'en the Earl o' Murray
And saved his life too."

"Her bread it's to bake,
Her yill is to brew;
My sister's a widow,
And sair do I rue.

"Her corn grows ripe,
Her meadows grow green,
But in bonny Dinnibristle
I darena be seen."

THE WINNING OF CALES.

This is one of many exulting effusions which were called forth by the taking of Cadiz (vulgarly called Cales). The town was captured on the 21st of June, 1596, the Earl of Effingham being high-admiral of the fleet, and Essex general of the land forces. Sir W. Raleigh, Lord Thomas Howard, and other distinguished soldiers had commands in the expedition. The praise here bestowed on Essex's humanity was richly deserved, and the booty taken by the conquerors is not exaggerated. The whole loss of the Spaniards, in their city and their fleet, was estimated at twenty millions of ducats.

We give this ballad from Deloney's *Garland of Good Will*, as reprinted by the Percy Society, vol. xxx. p. 113. The copy in the *Reliques* (ii. 241), which was corrected by the editor, differs but slightly from the present

Long had the proud Spaniards
  Advancèd to conquer us,
Threatening our country
  With fire and sword;
Often preparing
  Their navy most sumptuous,
With all the provision
  That Spain could afford.

Dub a-dub, dub,
Thus strike the drums,
Tan-ta-ra, ta-ra-ra,
The Englishman comes.

To the seas presently
Went our lord admiral,
With knights couragious,
And captains full good;
The earl of Essex,
A prosperous general,
With him preparèd
To pass the salt flood.
Dub a-dub, &c.

At Plymouth speedily,
Took they ships valiantly;
Braver ships never
Were seen under sail;
With their fair colours spread,
And streamers o'er their head;
Now, bragging Spaniards,
Take heed of your tail.
Dub a-dub, &c.

Unto Cales cunningly,
Came we most happily.
Where the kings navy
Did secretly ride;
Being upon their backs,
Piercing their buts of sack,

Ere that the Spaniards
Our coming descry'd.
Tan-ta-ra, ta-ra-ra,
The Englishman comes;
Bounce a-bounce, bounce a-bounce,
Off went the guns.

Great was the crying,
Running and riding,
Which at that season
Was made at that place;
Then beacons were firèd,
As need was requirèd;
To hide their great treasure,
They had little space:
"Alas!" they cryèd,
"English men comes."

There you might see the ships,
How they were firèd fast,
And how the men drown'd
Themselves in the sea;
There you may hear them cry,
Wail and weep piteously;
When as they saw no shift
To escape thence away.
Dub a-dub, &c.

The great Saint Philip,
The pride of the Spaniards,

Was burnt to the bottom,
And sunk in the sea;
But the Saint Andrew,
And eke the Saint Matthew,
We took in fight manfully,
And brought them away.
Dub a-dub, &c.

The earl of Essex,
Most valiant and hardy,
With horsemen and footmen
March'd towards the town;
The enemies which saw them,
Full greatly affrighted,
Did fly for their safeguard,
And durst not come down.
Dub a-dub, &c.

"Now," quoth the noble earl,
"Courage, my soldiers all!
Fight, and be valiant,
And spoil you shall have;
And well rewarded all,
From the great to the small;
But look that the women
And children you save."
Dub a-dub, &c.

The Spaniards at that sight,
Saw 'twas in vain to fight,

Hung up their flags of truce,
  Yielding the town;
We march'd in presently,
  Decking the walls on high
With our English colours,
  Which purchas'd renown.
    Dub a-dub, &c.

Ent'ring the houses taen,
  And of the richest men,
For gold and treasure
  We searchèd each day;
In some places we did find
  Pye baking in the oven,
Meat at the fire roasting,
  And men run away.
    Dub a-dub, &c.

Full of rich merchandise,
  Every shop we did see,
Damask and sattins
  And velvet full fair;
Which soldiers measure out
  By the length of their swords
Of all commodities,
  Each one hath share.
    Dub a-dub, &c.

Thus Cales was taken,
  And our brave general

March'd to the market-place,
  There he did stand·
There many prisoners
  Of good account were took
Many crav'd mercy,
  And mercy they found.
    Dub a-dub, &c.

When as our general
  Saw they delayèd time,
And would not ransom
  The town as they said,
With their fair wainscots,
  Their presses and bedsteads,
Their joint-stools and tables,
  A fire we made:
And when the town burnt in a flame,
  With tan-ta-ra, tan-ta-ra-ra,
From thence we came.

SIR JOHN SUCKLING'S CAMPAIGN.

"When the Scottish Covenanters rose up in arms, and advanced to the English borders in 1639, many of the courtiers complimented the king by raising forces at their own expense. Among these none were more distinguished than the gallant Sir John Suck-

ling, who raised a troop of horse, so richly accoutred, that it cost him 12,000*l.* The like expensive equipment of other parts of the army made the king remark, that "the Scots would fight stoutly, if it were but for the Englishmen's fine cloaths." When they came to action, the rugged Scots proved more than a match for the fine showy English: many of whom behaved remarkably ill, and among the rest this splendid troop of Sir John Suckling's." PERCY.

This scoffing ballad, sometimes attributed to Suckling himself, is taken from the *Musarum Deliciæ* of Sir John Mennis and Dr. James Smith (p. 81 of the reprint. *Upon Sir John Sucklings most warlike preparations for the Scotish warre*). The former is said by Wood to have been the author. Percy's copy (*Reliques*, ii. 341) has one or two different readings.—The first stanza is a parody on *John Dory*

SIR JOHN got him an ambling nag,
To Scotland for to ride-a,
With a hundred horse more, all his own he swore,
To guard him on every side-a.

No errant-knight ever went to fight
With halfe so gay a bravado,
Had you seen but his look, you'ld have sworn on a book,
Hee'ld have conquer'd a whole armado.

The ladies ran all to the windowes to see
So gallant and warlike a sight-a,

And as he pass'd by, they began to cry,
"Sir John, why will you go fight-a?"

But he, like a cruel knight, spurr'd on,
His heart did not relent-a;
For, till he came there, he shew'd no fear[1];
Till then why should he repent-a?

The king (God bless him!) had singular hopes
Of him and all his troop-a:
The borderers they, as they met him on the way
For joy did hollow and whoop-a.

None lik'd him so well as his own colonel,
Who took him for John de Weart-a[1];
But when there were shows of gunning and blows,
My gallant was nothing so peart-a.

For when the Scots army came within sight,
And all men prepared to fight-a,
He ran to his tent; they ask'd what he meant;
He swore he must needs goe s—— -a.

The colonel sent for him back agen,
To quarter him in the van-a,

[1] For till he came there, what had he to fear;
Or why should he repent-a? PERCY.

[2] John de Wert was a German general of reputation and the terror of the French in the reign of Louis XIII Hence his name became proverbial in France, where he was called De Vert. PERCY.

But Sir John did swear, he came not there
To be kill'd the very first man-a.

To cure his fear, he was sent to the rere,
Some ten miles back, and more-a;
Where he did play at tre trip for hay,
And ne'er saw the enemy more-a.

But now there is peace, he's returned to increase
His money, which lately he spent-a;
But his lost honor must still lye in the dust:
At Barwick away it went-a.

THE BATTLE OF PHILIPHAUGH.

From *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*, ii. 177.

By a rapid series of extraordinary victories, (see *The Haws of Cromdale*, and *The Battle of Alford* in the Appendix,) Montrose had subdued Scotland to the royal arms, from the Grampians to Edinburgh. After taking possession of the capital, he marched forward to the frontiers, with the intention of completing the subjugation of the southern provinces, and even of leading his wild array into England to the support of King Charles. Having traversed the Border, and strengthened his army (greatly diminished by the departure of the Irish and many of the Highlanders) with some small reinforcements, Montrose encamped on the 12th of September, 1645, at Philiphaugh, a large plain,

separated by the river Ettrick from the town of Selkirk, and extending in an easterly direction from a wooded hill, called the Harehead-wood, to a high ground which forms the banks of the river Tweed. Here the infantry were very conveniently disposed, while the general took up his quarters with all his cavalry at Selkirk, thus interposing a river between his horse and foot. This extraordinary error, whether rashness or oversight, was destined to be severely expiated. The very next morning, the Covenanters, under General David Lesly, recalled from England by the danger threatened their cause by the victories of Montrose, crossed the Ettrick and fell on the encampment of the infantry, unperceived by a single scout. A hopeless discomfiture was the natural consequence. Montrose, roused by the firing, arrived with a few of his cavalry too late to redeem the day, and beheld his army slaughtered, or scattered in a retreat in which he was himself fain to join. The fruit of all his victories was lost in this defeat, and he was never again able to make head in Scotland against the Covenanters.

The following ballad was first printed by Sir Walter Scott, with prefatory remarks which we have here abridged. It is preserved by tradition in Selkirkshire, and coincides closely with historical fact.

On Philiphaugh a fray began,
At Hairhead-wood it ended;
The Scots out o'er the Græmes they ran,
Sae merrily they bended.

Sir David frae the Border came,
Wi' heart an' hand came he;
Wi' him three thousand bonny Scots,
To bear him company.

Wi' him three thousand valiant men,
A noble sight to see!
A cloud o' mist them weel conceal'd,
As close as e'er might be.

When they came to the Shaw burn,[1]
Said he, "Sae weel we frame,
I think it is convenient
That we should sing a psalm."[2]

When they came to the Lingly burn,[3]
As daylight did appear,
They spy'd an aged father,
And he did draw them near.

"Come hither, aged father!"
Sir David he did cry,
"And tell me where Montrose lies,
With all his great army."

1 A small stream that joins the Ettrick near Selkirk, on the south side of the river. S.

2 Various reading: "That we should take a dram." S.

3 A brook which falls into the Ettrick, from the north, a little above the Shaw burn. S

"But first you must come tell to me,
If friends or foes you be;
I fear you are Montrose's men,
Come frae the north country.

"No, we are nane o' Montrose's men,
Nor e'er intend to be;
I am Sir David Lesly,
That's speaking unto thee."

"If you're Sir David Lesly,
As I think weel ye be,
I am sorry ye hae brought so few
Into your company.

"There's fifteen thousand armed men[1]
Encamped on yon lee;
Ye'll never be a bite to them,
For aught that I can see.

"But halve your men in equal parts,
Your purpose to fulfill;
Let ae half keep the water side,
The rest gae round the hill.

"Your nether party fire must,
Then beat a flying drum;

[1] Montrose's forces amounted to twelve or fifteen hundred foot, and about a thousand cavalry. Lesly had five or six thousand men, mostly horse.

And then they'll think the day's their ain,
  And frae the trench they'll come

"Then, those that are behind them, maun
  Gie shot, baith grit and sma';
And so, between your armies twa,
  Ye may make them to fa'."

"O were ye ever a soldier?"
  Sir David Lesly said;
"O yes; I was at Solway Flow,[1]
  Where we were all betray'd.

"Again I was at curst Dunbar,
  And was a pris'ner ta'en;
And many weary night and day
  In prison I hae lien."

"If ye will lead these men aright,
  Rewarded shall ye be;
But, if that ye a traitor prove,
  I'll hang thee on a tree."

"Sir, I will not a traitor prove;
  Montrose has plunder'd me;

[1] It is a strange anachronism, to make this aged father state himself to have been at the battle of Solway Flow, which was fought a hundred years before Philiphaugh; and a still stranger, to mention that of Dunbar, which did not take place till five years after Montrose's defeat. S.

I'll do my best to banish him
Away frae this country."

He halved his men in equal parts,
His purpose to fulfill;
The one part kept the water side,
The other gaed round the hill

The nether party fired brisk,
Then turn'd and seem'd to rin;
And then they a' came frae the trench,
And cry'd, "The day's our ain!"

The rest then ran into the trench,
And loosed their cannons a':
And thus, between his armies twa,
He made them fast to fa'.

Now let us a' for Lesly pray,
And his brave company,
For they hae vanquish'd great Montrose,
Our cruel enemy.

THE GALLANT GRAHAMS.

From *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*, ii. 187

In this lament for the melancholy fate of Montrose and his heroic companions, it was clearly the humble minstrel's aim to sketch the chief incidents in the great Marquis's career as the champion and the martyr of Royalty. The derangements and omissions which may be found in the verses as they now stand are but the natural effects of time. The ballad was first published in Scott's *Minstrelsy*, as obtained from tradition, with enlargements and corrections from an old printed copy (entitled *The Gallant Grahams of Scotland*) furnished by Ritson.

The summer following the rout at Philiphaugh, King Charles committed himself to the treacherous protection of the Presbyterians. They required of him that his faithful lieutenant should at once disband his forces and leave the country. During three years of exile, Montrose resided at various foreign courts, either quite inactive, or cultivating the friendship of the continental sovereigns, by whom he was overwhelmed with attentions and honors. The execution of the King drew from him a solemn oath "before God, angels, and men," that he would devote the rest of his life to the avenging the death of his master and reëstablishing his son on the throne. He received from Charles II. a renewal of his commission as Captain-General in Scotland, and while Charles was treating with the Commissioners of the Estates concerning his resto

ration (negotiations which Montrose regarded with no favor), set out for the Orkneys with a few hundred men, mostly Germans. His coming, even with this feeble band, struck a great terror into the Estates, and Lesly was ordered to march against him with four thousand men. Destitute of horse to bring him intelligence, Montrose was surprised at Corbiesdale, on the confines of Ross-shire, by a body of Covenanting cavalry under Colonel Strachan, which had been sent forward to check his progress. The whole of his little army was destroyed or made prisoners. Montrose escaped from the field after a desperate resistance, and finally gave himself up to Macleod of Assaint, who sold him to his enemies for four hundred bolls of meal!

"He was tried," says Scott, "for what was termed treason against the Estates of the Kingdom; and, despite the commission of Charles for his proceedings, he was condemned to die by a Parliament who acknowledged Charles to be their king, and whom, on that account only, Montrose acknowledged to be a Parliament.

(See Scott's *Minstrelsy*, Hume, ch. lx., and Napier's *Montrose and the Covenanters*.)

Now, fare thee well, sweet Ennerdale[1]
Baith kith and countrie I bid adieu;
For I maun away, and I may not stay,
To some uncouth land which I never knew.

[1] A corruption of Endrickdale. The principal and most ancient possessions of the Montrose family lie along the water of Endrick, in Dumbartonshire. S.

To wear the blue I think it best,[1]
Of all the colours that I see;
And I'll wear it for the gallant Grahams,
That are banished from their countrie.

I have no gold, I have no land,
I have no pearl nor precious stane;
But I wald sell my silken snood,
To see the gallant Grahams come hame.

In Wallace days, when they began,
Sir John the Graham[2] did bear the gree
Through all the lands of Scotland wide:
He was a lord of the south countrie.

And so was seen full many a time;
For the summer flowers did never spring,
But every Graham, in armour bright,
Would then appear before the king.

They were all drest in armour sheen,
Upon the pleasant banks of Tay;

[1] About the time when Montrose first occupied Aberdeen (1639) the Covenanters began to wear a blue ribbon, first as a scarf, afterwards in bunches in their caps. Hence the phrase of a true blue Whig. The blue ribbon was one of "Montrose's whimsies," and seems to have been retained by his followers (see p. 141) after he had left the Covenanters for the king.

[2] The faithful friend and adherent of the immortal Wallace, slain at the battle of Falkirk. S.

Before a king they might be seen,
These gallant Grahams in their array.

At the Goukhead our camp we set,
Our leaguer down there for to lay;
And, in the bonny summer light,
We rode our white horse and our gray.

Our false commander sold our king
Unto his deadly enemie,
Who was the traitor, Cromwell, then;
So I care not what they do with me.

They have betray'd our noble prince,
And banish'd him from his royal crown;
But the gallant Grahams have ta'en in hand
For to command those traitors down.

Glen-Prosen[1] we rendezvous'd,
March'd to Glenshie by night and day,
And took the town of Aberdeen,
And met the Campbells in their array.

Five thousand men, in armour strong,
Did meet the gallant Grahams that day
At Inverlochie, where war began,
And scarce two thousand men were they.

[1] Glen-Prosen is in Angus-shire. S.

Gallant Montrose, that chieftain bold,
Courageous in the best degree,
Did for the king fight well that day;
The Lord preserve his majestie!

Nathaniel Gordon,[1] stout and bold,
Did for King Charles wear the blue;
But the cavaliers they all were sold,
And brave Harthill,[2] a cavalier too.

And Newton-Gordon,[3] burd-alone,
And Dalgatie,[4] both stout and keen,
And gallant Veitch[5] upon the field,
A braver face was never seen.

[1] Of the family of Gicht in Aberdeenshire. He was taken at Philiphaugh, and executed the 6th of January, 1646.

[2] Leith, of Harthill, was a determined loyalist, and hated the Covenanters, by whom he had been severely treated. S.

[3] Newton, for obvious reasons, was a common appellation of an estate, or barony, where a new edifice had been erected. Hence, for distinction's sake, it was anciently compounded with the name of the proprietor; as, Newton-Edmonstone, Newton-Don, Newton-Gordon, &c. Of Newtown, I only observe, that he was, like all his clan, a steady loyalist, and a follower of Montrose. S.

[4] Sir Francis Hay, of Dalgatie, a steady cavalier, and a gentleman of great gallantry and accomplishments. He was a faithful follower of Montrose, and was taken prisoner with him at his last fatal battle. He was condemned to death with his illustrious general. S.

[5] I presume this gentleman to have been David Veitch, brother to Veitch of Dawick, who, with many other of the Peebles-shire gentry, was taken at Philiphaugh. S.

Now, fare ye weel, Sweet Ennerdale!
Countrie and kin I quit ye free;
Cheer up your hearts, brave cavaliers,
For the Grahams are gone to High Germany

Now brave Montrose he went to France,
And to Germany, to gather fame;
And bold Aboyne is to the sea,
Young Huntly[1] is his noble name.

Montrose again, that chieftain bold,
Back unto Scotland fair he came,
For to redeem fair Scotland's land,
The pleasant, gallant, worthy Graham!

At the water of Carron he did begin,
And fought the battle to the end;
Where there were kill'd, for our noble king,
Two thousand of our Danish men.[2]

Gilbert Menzies,[3] of high degree,
By whom the king's banner was borne;

1 James, Earl of Aboyne, who fled to France, and there died heart-broken. It is said his death was accelerated by the news of King Charles's execution. He became representative of the Gordon family (or Young Huntly, as the ballad expresses it) in consequence of the death of his elder brother, George, who fell in the battle of Alford. S.

2 Montrose's foreign auxiliaries, who, by the way, did not exceed 600 in all. S.

3 Gilbert Menzies, younger of Pitfoddels, carried the

For a brave cavalier was he,
But now to glory he is gone

Then woe to Strachan, and Hacket[1] baith!
And, Leslie, ill death may thou die!
For ye have betray'd the gallant Grahams,
Who aye were true to majestie.

And the Laird of Assaint has seized Montrose,
And had him into Edinburgh town;
And frae his body taken the head,
And quarter'd him upon a trone.

And Huntly's[2] gone the self-same way,
And our noble king is also gone;
He suffer'd death for our nation,
Our mourning tears can ne'er be done.

royal banner in Montrose's last battle. It bore the Leadless corpse of Charles I., with this motto, "*Judge and revenge my cause, O Lord!*" Menzies proved himself worthy of this noble trust, and, obstinately refusing quarter, died in defence of his charge. MONTROSE'S *Memoirs*. S.

[1] Sir Charles Hacket, an officer in the service of the Estates. S.

[2] George Gordon, second Marquis of Huntly, one of the very few nobles in Scotland who had uniformly adhered to the King from the very beginning of the troubles, was beheaded by the sentence of the Parliament of Scotland (so calling themselves) upon the 22d March, 1649, one month and twenty-two days after the martyrdom of his master. S.

But our brave young king is now come home,
King Charles the Second in degree;
The Lord send peace into his time,
And God preserve his majestie!

THE BATTLE OF LOUDON HILL.

Graham of Claverhouse and Balfour of Kinloch, commonly called Burly, the principal persons mentioned in this ballad, are characters well known to the readers of *Old Mortality*, in the earlier chapters of which the skirmish at Loudon Hill is described.

A few weeks after the memorable assassination of Archbishop Sharpe, Robert Hamilton, a fierce Cameronian, Burly, and a few others of the proscribed "Westlan' men" resolved to take up arms against the government. They began their demonstrations by entering the royal burgh of Rutherglen, on the 29th of May, 1679 (which, as the anniversary of the Restoration, was appointed by Parliament to be kept as a holyday) extinguishing the bonfires made in honor of the occasion, and burning at the cross certain acts in favor of Prelacy and for the suppression of Conventicles. After this exploit, and affixing to the cross a solemn protest against the obnoxious acts, they encamped at Loudon Hill, being by this time increased to the number of five or six hundred men. Claver-

house was in garrison at Glasgow, and immediately marched against the insurgents, with about a hundred and fifty cavalry. Hamilton, the commander of the Whigs, had skilfully posted his men in a boggy strait with a broad ditch in front, and the dragoons in attempting to charge were thrown into utter disorder. At this critical moment they were vigorously attacked by the rebels and easily routed. Claverhouse barely escaped being taken prisoner, and lost some twenty of his troopers, among them his cornet, Robert Graham, whose fate is alluded to in the ballad. Burly, though not the captain, was a prominent leader in this action. See SCOTT'S *Minstrelsy*, vol. ii. 206, *et seq.*

YOU'L. marvel when I tell ye o'
Our noble Burly and his train,
When last he march'd up through the land,
Wi' sax-and-twenty Westland men.

Than they I ne'er o' braver heard,
For they had a' baith wit and skill;
They proved right well, as I heard tell,
As they cam up o'er Loudon Hill.

Weel prosper a' the gospel lads,
That are into the west countrie,
Aye wicked Claver'se to demean,
And aye an ill deid may he die!

For he's drawn up i' battle rank,
An' that baith soon an' hastilie;
But they wha live till simmer come,
Some bludie days for this will see.

But up spak cruel Claver'se, then,
Wi' hastie wit, an' wicked skill;
"Gae fire on yon Westlan' men;
I think it is my sov'reign's will."

But up bespake his Cornet, then,
"It's be wi' nae consent o' me!
I ken I'll ne'er come back again,
An' mony mae as weel as me.

"There is not ane of a' yon men,
But wha is worthy other three;
There is na ane amang them a',
That in his cause will stap to die.

"An' as for Burly, him I knaw;
He's a man of honour, birth, and fame
Gie him a sword into his hand,
He'll fight thysell an' other ten.'

But up spake wicked Claver'se, then,
I wat his heart it raise fu' hie!
And he has cried that a' might hear,
"Man, ye hae sair deceived me.

'I never ken'd the like afore,
Na, never since I came frae hame,
That you sae cowardly here suld prove,
An' yet come of a noble Græme."

But up bespake his Cornet then,
"Since that it is your honour's will,
Mysell shall be the foremost man
That shall gie fire on Loudon Hill.

"At your command I'll lead them on,
But yet wi' nae consent o' me;
For weel I ken I'll ne'er return,
And mony mae as weel as me."

Then up he drew in battle rank;
I wat he had a bonny train!
But the first time that bullets flew,
Aye he lost twenty o' his men.

Then back he came the way he gaed,
I wat right soon and suddenly!
He gave command amang his men,
And sent them back, and bade them flee.

Then up came Burly, bauld an' stout,
Wi's little train o' Westland men,
Wha mair than either ainee or twice
In Edinburgh confined had been.

They hae been up to London sent,
An' yet they're a' come safely down;
Sax troop o' horsemen they hae beat,
And chased them into Glasgow town.

THE BATTLE OF BOTHWELL BRIDGE

From *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*, ii. 237.

The success of the Cameronians at Loudon Hill induced a considerable number of the moderate Presbyterians to join the army of the insurgents. But though increased numbers gave the revolt a more formidable appearance, they cannot be said to have added much to the strength of the rebels, since there was no concert between the two factions, each having its own set of officers, and issuing contrary orders at the same time. An army of ten thousand men under the Duke of Monmouth advanced from Edinburgh against these distracted allies, who, in all not more than four thousand, were encamped near Hamilton, on the western side of the Clyde, and had possession of the bridge between that point and the village of Bothwell. While the Duke was preparing to force a passage, the more moderate of the Whigs offered terms, and while they were debating the Duke's reply, the Cameronians, who bravely defended the bridge, were compelled to abandon their

post. The Duke's army then crossed the river without opposition, because the rebels were at that juncture occupied with cashiering their officers and electing new ones. The first discharge of Monmouth's cannon caused the cavalry of the Covenanters to wheel about, and their flight threw the foot into irrecoverable disorder. Four hundred of the rebels were killed, and a body of twelve hundred surrendered at discretion, and were preserved from death by the clemency of the Duke. This action took place on the 22d of June, 1679.

Scott informs us that there were two Gordons of Earlstoun engaged in the rebellion, a father and son. The former was not in the battle, but was met hastening to it by English dragoons, and was killed on his refusing to surrender. The son, who is supposed to be the person mentioned in the ballad, was of the milder Presbyterians, and fought only for freedom of conscience and relief from the tyrannical laws against non-conformists. He escaped from the battle, and after being several times condemned to die, was finally set at liberty, and restored to his forfeited estates.

In this ballad Claverhouse's unsparing pursuit of the fugitives is imputed to a desire to revenge the death of his kinsman at Loudon Hill, and his anger at being thwarted is, with great simplicity, asserted to have led to the execution of Monmouth.

Scott's copy of this ballad was given from recitation. In the First Series of Laing's *Fugitive Scottish Poetry*, there is an amusingly prosaic Covenanting ditty upon this subject, called *Bothwell Lines*, and in the Second Series, a Cavalier song, entitled *The Battell of Bodwell Bridge, or The Kings Cavileers Triumph.*

"O, BILLIE, billie, bonny billie,
Will ye go to the wood wi' me?
We'll ca' our horse hame masterless,
An' gar them trow slain men are we."

"O no, O no!" says Earlstoun,
"For that's the thing that mauna be;
For I am sworn to Bothwell Hill,
Where I maun either gae or die."

So Earlstoun rose in the morning,
An' mounted by the break o' day;
An' he has joined our Scottish lads,
As they were marching out the way.

"Now, farewell, father, and farewell, mother,
And fare ye weel, my sisters three;
An' fare ye weel, my Earlstoun,
For thee again I'll never see!"

So they're awa' to Bothwell Hill,
An' waly they rode bonnily!
When the Duke o' Monmouth saw them comin
He went to view their company.

"Ye're welcome, lads," the Monmouth said,
"Ye're welcome, brave Scots lads, to me;
And sae are you, brave Earlstoun,
The foremost o' your company!

"But yield your weapons ane an a',
O yield your weapons, lads, to me;
For gin ye'll yield your weapons up,
Ye'se a' gae hame to your country."

Out then spak a Lennox lad,
And waly but he spoke bonnily!
"I winna yield my weapons up,
To you nor nae man that I see."

Then he set up the flag o' red,
A' set about wi' bonny blue;
"Since ye'll no cease, and be at peace,
See that ye stand by ither true."

They stell'd their cannons on the height,
And showr'd their shot down in the howe;
An' beat our Scots lads even down,
Thick they lay slain on every knowe.

As e'er you saw the rain down fa',
Or yet the arrow frae the bow,—
Sae our Scottish lads fell even down,
An' they lay slain on every knowe.

"O hold your hand," then Monmouth cry'd,
"Gie quarters to yon men for me!"
But wicked Claver'se swore an oath,
His Cornet's death revenged sud be.

"O hold your hand," then Monmouth cry'd,
"If onything you'll do for me;
Hold up your hand, you cursed Græme,
Else a rebel to our king ye'll be."

Then wicked Claver'se turn'd about,
I wot an angry man was he;
And he has lifted up his hat,
And cry'd, "God bless his Majesty!"

Than he's awa' to London town,
Aye e'en as fast as he can dree;
Fause witnesses he has wi' him ta'en,
And ta'en Monmouth's head frae his body.

Alang the brae, beyond the brig,
Mony brave man lies cauld and still;
But lang we'll mind, and sair we'll rue,
The bloody battle of Bothwell Hill.

THE BATTLE OF KILLIECRANKIE.

This battle was fought on the evening of the 27th of July, 1689, a little to the north of the pass of Killiecrankie, in the Highlands of Perthshire, between King William's army under General Mackay, and a body of Highlanders under the renowned Claverhouse,

the bravest and most faithful adherent of the house of Stuart. Mackay's troops, which were partly Dutch and partly English, amounted to 4,500 foot and two companies of horse. The Highlanders were not much more than half as numerous. They consisted of the followers of Maclean, Macdonald of Sky, Clanronald, Sir Evan Cameron of Lochiel, and others, with a few Irish. The left wing of Mackay's army was almost instantly routed by a furious charge of the Macleans. The right wing stood their ground manfully, and even repulsed the assault of the Macdonalds, but being taken in flank by the Camerons and a part of the Macleans, they were forced to retire and suffered great loss. While directing the oblique movement of the Camerons, Claverhouse received a mortal wound under the arm, and with him fell the cause of King James.

This ballad, which is taken from Herd's *Scottish Songs*, i. 163, was printed as a broadside near the time of the battle. The author is unknown. There was an old song called *Killiecrankie*, which, with some alterations, was inserted in Johnson's *Museum* (p. 302). It is also found in Hogg's *Jacobite Relics*, i. 32, with an additional stanza. A contemporary Latin ballad on the same event by Herbert Kennedy, a professor in the University of Edinburgh, is given in the *Museum*, and may be seen in our Appendix.

Clavers and his Highlandmen
Came down upo' the raw, man,
Who being stout, gave mony a clout;
The lads began to claw then.

With sword and terge into their hand,
Wi which they were nae slaw, man,
Wi mony a fearful heavy sigh,
The lads began to claw then.

O'er bush, o'er bank, o'er ditch, o'er stank,
She flang amang them a', man;
The butter-box got mony knocks,
Their riggings paid for a' then.
They got their paiks, wi sudden straiks.
Which to their grief they saw, man:
Wi clinkum clankum o'er their crowns,
The lads began to fa' then.

Hur[1] skipt about, hur leapt about,
And flang amang them a', man;
The English blades got broken heads,
Their crowns were cleav'd in twa then.
The durk and door made their last hour,
And prov'd their final fa', man;
They thought the devil had been there,
That play'd them sic a paw then.

[1] The Highlanders have only one pronoun, and as it happens to resemble the English *her*, it has caused the Lowlanders to have a general impression that they mistake the feminine for the masculine gender. It has even become a sort of nickname for them, as in the present case, and in a subsequent verse, where it is extended to *her-nain-sell* CHAMBERS, *Scottish Songs*, p. 48.

The Solemn League and Covenant
Came whigging up the hills, man;
Thought Highland trews durst not refuse
For to subscribe their bills then.
In Willie's name, they thought nae ane
Durst stop their course at a', man,
But hur-nane-sell, wi mony a knock,
Cry'd, "Furich-Whigs awa'," man.

Sir Evan Du, and his men true,
Came linking up the brink, man;
The Hogan Dutch they feared such,
They bred a horrid stink then.
The true Maclean and his fierce men
Came in amang them a' man;
Nane durst withstand his heavy hand,
All fled and ran awa' then.

Oh' on a ri, Oh' on a ri,
Why should she lose King Shames, man?
Oh' rig in di, Oh' rig in di,
She shall break a' her banes then;
With *furichinish*, an' stay a while,
And speak a word or twa, man,
She's gi' a straike, out o'er the neck,
Before ye win awa' then.

O fy for shame, ye're three for ane,
Hur-nane-sell's won the day, man;
King Shames' red-coats should be hung up,

Because they ran awa' then.
Had bent their brows, like Highland trows,
And made as lang a stay, man,
They'd sav'd their king, that sacred thing,
And Willie'd ran awa' then.

THE BATTLE OF SHERIFF-MUIR.

Fought on the 13th of November, 1715, between the Duke of Argyle, general of the forces of King George the First, and the Earl of Mar, for the Chevalier de St. George. The right wing of both armies, led by the respective commanders, was successful, and the left wing of both was routed. Hence the victory was claimed by both sides. The Chevalier's army was much the larger of the two, and all the advantages of the contest remained with the other party.

This ballad is printed in Herd's *Scottish Songs*, i. 170, and in many subsequent collections. It is ascribed by Burns to the "Rev. Murdoch M'Lellan, minister of Crathie, Dee-side." Our copy is taken from Hogg's *Jacobite Relics*, ii. 1, where the stanzas in brackets appear for the first time. The notes are from Chambers's *Scottish Songs*, p. 408.

There are several other ballads upon this battle: *Up and war them a'*, *Willie*, Johnson's *Museum*, p. 195, and (different) Herd's *Scottish Songs*, ii. 234: *From Bogie Side, or, The Marquis's Raide*, a false and scurrilous party song, Hogg's *Jacobite Relics*, ii. 13: *A*

Dialogue between Will Lick-Ladle and Tom Clean-Cogue, &c., written by the Rev. John Barclay of Edinburgh, many years after the event: and *The Battle of Sherramoor*, altered and abridged by Burns from this last, for Johnson's *Museum*, (p. 290.) See Appendix.

THERE's some say that we wan, and some say that they wan,
And some say that nane wan at a', man;
But one thing I'm sure, that at Sherra-muir
A battle there was that I saw, man.
And we ran, and they ran, and they ran, and we ran,
But Florence[1] *ran fastest of a', man.*

Argyle and Belhaven,[2] not frighted like Leven,
Which Rothes and Haddington saw, man;
For they all, with Wightman, advanc'd on the right, man,
While others took flight, being raw, man.
And we ran, &c.

Lord Roxburgh[3] was there, in order to share
With Douglas, who stood not in awe, man;

[1] Florence was the Marquis of Huntly's horse. HOGG.

[2] Lord Belhaven, the Earl of Leven, and the Earls of Rothes and Haddington, who all bore arms as volunteers in the royal army. Major-General Joseph Wightman, who commanded the centre of the royal army.

[3] John, fifth Duke of Roxburgh, a loyal volunteer

Volunteerly to ramble with Lord Loudon Campbell,
Brave Ilay did suffer for a', man.
And we ran, &c.

Sir John Schaw,[1] that great knight, with broad sword most bright,
On horseback he briskly did charge, man;
A hero that's bold, none could him withhold,
He stoutly encounter'd the targemen.
And we ran, &c.

For the cowardly Whittam,[2] for fear they should cut him,
Seeing glittering broad swords with a pa', man,
And that in such thrang, made Baird edicang,
And from the brave clans ran awa, man.
And we ran, &c.

[The great Colonel Dow gade foremost, I trow,
When Whittam's dragoons ran awa, man;

Archibald, Duke of Douglas, who commanded a body of his vassals in the royal army. Hugh Campbell, third Earl of Loudoun, of the royal army. The Earl of Ilay, brother to the Duke of Argyle. He came up to the field only a few hours before the battle, and had the misfortune to be wounded.

[1] Sir John Shaw of Greenock, an officer in the troop of volunteers, noted for his keen Whiggish spirit.

[2] Major-General Whitham, who commanded the left wing of the King's army.

Except Sandy Baird, and Naughtan the laird,
Their horse shaw'd their heels to them a', man.
And we ran, &c.]

Brave Mar and Panmure[1] were firm, I am sure:
The latter was kidnapt awa, man;
With brisk men about, brave Harry retook
His brother, and laugh'd at them a', man.
And we ran, &c.

Brave Marshall,[2] and Lithgow, and Glengary's pith, too,
Assisted by brave Loggia, man,
And Gordons the bright, so boldly did fight,
That the redcoats took flight and awa, man.
And we ran, &c.

Strathmore[3] and Clanronald cried still, "Advance, Donald,"
Till both of these heroes did fa', man;
For there was such hashing, and broad swords a-clashing,
Brave Forfar himsel got a claw, man.
And we ran, &c.

1 James, Earl of Panmure. The Honourable Harry Maule of Kellie, brother to the foregoing, whom he recaptured after the engagement.

2 The Earls of Marischal and Linlithgow. The Chief of Glengary. Thomas Drummond of Logie Almond.

3 The Earl of Strathmore, killed in the battle. The Chief of Clanranald. The Earl of Forfar—on the King's side—wounded in the engagement.

Lord Perth[1] stood the storm, Seaforth but lukewarm,
Kilsyth, and Strathallan not slaw, man;
And Hamilton pled the men were not bred,
For he had no fancy to fa', man.
And we ran, &c.

Brave gen'rous Southesk,[2] Tullibardin was brisk,
Whose father indeed would not draw, man,
Into the same yoke, which serv'd for a cloak,
To keep the estate 'twixt them twa, man.
And we ran, &c.

Lord Rollo[3] not fear'd, Kintore and his beard,
Pitsligo and Ogilvie, a', man,
And brothers Balfours they stood the first show'rs,
Clackmannan and Burleigh did claw, man.
And we ran, &c.

[1] James, Lord Drummond, eldest son of the Earl of Perth, was Lieutenant-general of horse under Mar, and behaved with great gallantry. William Mackenzie, fifth Earl of Seaforth. The Viscount Kilsyth. The Viscount Strathallan. Lieutenant-general George Hamilton, commanding under the Earl of Mar.

[2] James, fifth Earl of Southesk. The Marquis of Tullibardine, eldest son of the Duke of Athole.

[3] Lord Rollo. The Earl of Kintore. Lord Pitsligo. Lord Ogilvie, son of the Earl of Airly. Bruce, Laird of Clackmannan — the husband, I believe, of the old lady who knighted Robert Burns with the sword of Bruce, at Clackmannan Tower. Lord Burleigh.

But Cleppan[1] fought pretty, and Strowan the witty,
A poet that pleases us a', man;
For mine is but rhyme in respect of what's fine,
Or what he is able to draw, man.
And we ran, &c.

For Huntly and Sinclair,[2] they both play'd the tinkler,
With consciences black as a craw, man;
Some Angus and Fife men, they ran for their life, man,
And ne'er a Lot's wife there at a', man.
And we ran, &c.

[3]Then Laurie the traitor, who betray'd his master,
His king, and his country, an' a', man,
Pretending Mar might give orders to fight,
To the right of the army awa, man.
And we ran, &c.

Then Laurie, for fear of what he might hear,
Took Drummond's best horse, and awa, man:
'Stead of going to Perth, he crossed the Firth,
Alongst Stirling bridge, and awa, man.
And we ran, &c.

[1] Major William Clephane. Alexander Robertson of Struan, chief of the Robertsons.

[2] Alexander, Marquis of Huntly, afterwards Duke of Gordon. The Master of Sinclair.

[3] These next four stanzas seem to refer to a circumstance

To London he press'd, and there he profess'd
That he behav'd best o' them a', man,
And so, without strife, got settled for life,
A hundred a-year to his fa', man.
And we ran, &c.

In Borrowstounness he resides with disgrace,
Till his neck stand in need of a thraw, man;
And then in a tether he'll swing from a ladder.
And go off the stage with a pa', man.
And we ran, &c.

Rob Roy[1] there stood watch on a hill, for to catch
The booty, for ought that I saw, man;
For he ne'er advanc'd from the place he was stanc'd,
Till no more was to do there at a', man.
And we ran, &c.

So we all took the flight, and Moubray the wright,
And Lethem the smith was a braw man,
For he took a fit of the gout, which was wit,
By judging it time to withdraw, man.
And we ran, &c.

reported at the time; namely, that a person had left the Duke of Argyle's army, and joined the Earl of Mar's, before the battle, intending to act as a spy; and that, being employed by Mar to inform the left wing that the right was victorious, he gave a contrary statement, and, after seeing them retire accordingly, went back again to the royal army.

[1] The celebrated Rob Roy. This redoubted hero was prevented, by mixed motives, from joining either party; he

And trumpet Maclean, whose breeks were not clean,
Through misfortune he happen'd to fa', man;
By saving his neck, his trumpet did break,
And came off without music at a', man.
And we ran, &c.

So there such a race was as ne'er in that place was,
And as little chace was at a', man;
From each other they run without touk of drum.
They did not make use of a paw, man.
And we ran, &c.

[Whether we ran, or they ran, or we wan, or they wan,
Or if there was winning at a', man,
There no man can tell, save our brave generell,[1]
Who first began running of a', man.
And we ran, &c.

Wi' the Earl o' Seaforth, and the Cock o' the North[2];
But Florence ran fastest of a', man,
Save the laird o' Phinaven, who sware to be even
W' any general or peer o' them a', man.]
And we ran, &c.

could not fight against the Earl of Mar, consistent with his conscience, nor could he oppose the Duke of Argyle, without forfeiting the protection of a powerful friend.

1 This point is made at the expense of a contradiction. See p. 159.

2 *The Cock of the North* is an honorary popular title of the Duke of Gordon. Carnegy of Finhaven.

LORD DERWENTWATER.

James Radcliff, Earl of Derwentwater, fell into the hands of the Whigs at the surrender of Preston, on the very day of the battle of Sheriff-Muir, and suffered death in February, 1716, for his participation in the rebellion. Smollet has described him as an amiable youth,—brave, open, generous, hospitable, and humane. "His fate drew tears from the spectators, and was a great misfortune to the country in which he lived. He gave bread to multitudes of people whom he employed on his estate;—the poor, the widow, and the orphan rejoiced in his bounty." (*History of England*, quoted by Cromek.) We are told that the *aurora borealis* was remarkably vivid on the night of the earl's execution, and that this phenomenon is consequently still known in the north by the name of "Lord Derwentwater's Lights."

Although this ballad is said to have been extremely popular in the North of England for a long time after the event which gave rise to it, no good copy has as yet been recovered. The following was obtained by Motherwell (*Minstrelsy*, p. 349) from the recitation of an old woman. Another copy, also from recitation but "restored to poetical propriety," is given in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, for June, 1825 (p. 489), and

fragments of a third in *Notes and Queries*, vol. xii. p. 492. Two spurious ballads on the death of Lord Derwentwater have been sometimes received as genuine: one by Allan Cunningham, first published in Cromek's *Nithsdale and Galloway Song*, p. 129, another (*Lord Derwentwater's Goodnight*) by Surtees, printed in Hogg's *Jacobite Relics*, ii. 31. Still another modern imitation is *Young Ratcliffe*, in Sheldon's *Minstrelsy of the English Border*, p. 401.

There is a ballad on the disgraceful capitulation of Preston in Hogg's *Jacobite Relics*, ii. 102, also, *Northumberland Garland*, p. 85, beginning "Mackintosh was a soldier brave."

Our King has wrote a long letter
And sealed it ower with gold;
He sent it to my lord Dunwaters,
To read it if he could.

He has not sent it with a boy,
Nor with any Scots lord;
But he's sent it with the noblest knight
E'er Scotland could afford.

The very first line that my lord did read,
He gave a smirkling smile;
Before he had the half of it read,
The tears from his eyes did fall.

"Come saddle to me my horse," he said,
"Come saddle to me with speed;

For I must away to fair London town,
For to me there was ne'er more need."

Out and spoke his lady gay,
In childbed where she lay:
"I would have you make your will, my lord Dunwaters,
Before you go away."

"I leave to you, my eldest son,
My houses and my land;
I leave to you, my youngest son,
Ten thousand pounds in hand.

"I leave to you, my lady gay,—
You are my wedded wife,—
I leave to you, the third of my estate,
That'll keep you in a lady's life."

They had not rode a mile but one,
Till his horse fell owre a stane:
"It's a warning good enough," my lord Dunwaters said,
"Alive I'll ne'er come hame."

When they came to fair London town,
Into the courtiers' hall,
The lords and knights of fair London town
Did him a traitor call.

A traitor! a traitor!" says my lord,
"A traitor! how can that be?
An it be nae for the keeping five thousand men,
To fight for King Jamie.

"O all you lords and knights in fair London town,
Come out and see me die;
O all you lords and knights in fair London town,
Be kind to my ladie.

"There's fifty pounds in my right pocket,
Divide it to the poor;
There's other fifty in my left pocket,
Divide it from door to door."

THE BATTLE OF TRANENT-MUIR, OR OF PRESTON-PANS.

Herd's *Scottish Songs*, i. 166: Ritson's *Scotish Songs*, ii. 76.

This ballad is the work of Adam Skirving, a clever and opulent farmer, father of Archibald Skirving, the portrait painter. It was printed shortly after the battle as a broadside, and next appeared in *The Charmer*, vol. ii. p. 349, Edinb. 1751. Neither of those editions contains the eleventh stanza. The foot-notes commonly attached to the subsequent re-

prints are found in *The Charmer*. (Laing in Johnson's *Museum*, iv. 189*.)

To Skirving is also attributed with great probability the excellent satirical song of *Johnnie Cope*, or *Cope are you waking yet*. The original words are in Ritson, *Scotish Songs*, ii. 84: another set at p. 82: a third, with alterations and additions by Burns, in Johnson's *Museum*, p. 242. Allan Cunningham once heard a peasant boast that he could sing *Johnnie Cope* with all its *nineteen* variations. See Appendix.

The battle took place on the 22d of September, 1745, between the villages of Tranent and Prestonpans, a few miles from Edinburgh. The king's lieutenant-general, Sir John Cope, was disgracefully defeated by the Highlanders under Charles Edward, and nearly all his army killed or taken. The details of the conflict are vividly described in the 46th and 47th chapters of Waverley.

THE Chevalier, being void of fear,
Did march up Birsle brae, man,
And thro' Tranent, e'er he did stent,
As fast as he could gae, man:
While General Cope did taunt and mock,
Wi' mony a loud huzza, man;
But e'er next morn proclaim'd the cock,
We heard another craw, man.

The brave Lochiel, as I heard tell,
Led Camerons on in clouds, man;
The morning fair, and clear the air,

They loos'd with devilish thuds, man.
Down guns they threw, and swords they drew
And soon did chace them aff, man;
On Seaton-Crafts they buft their chafts,
And gart them rin like daft, man.

The bluff dragoons swore blood and 'oons,
They'd make the rebels run, man;
And yet they flee when them they see,
And winna fire a gun, man:
They turn'd their back, the foot they brake,
Such terror seiz'd them a', man;
Some wet their cheeks, some fyl'd their breeks,
And some for fear did fa', man.

The volunteers prick'd up their ears,
And vow gin they were crouse, man;
But when the bairns saw't turn to earn'st,
They were not worth a louse man.
Maist feck gade hame; O fy for shame!
They'd better stay'd awa', man,
Than wi' cockade to make parade,
And do nae good at a', man.

Menteith the great,[1] when hersell sh—,
Un'wares did ding him o'er man;

[1] The minister of Longformacus, a volunteer; who, happening to come, the night before the battle, upon a Highlander easing nature at Preston, threw him over, and carried his gun as a trophy to Cope's camp.

Yet wad nae stand to bear a hand,
But aff fou fast did scour, man;
O'er Soutra hill, e'er he stood still,
Before he tasted meat, man:
Troth he may brag of his swift nag,
That bare him aff sae fleet, man.

And Simpson[1] keen, to clear the een
Of rebels far in wrang, man,
Did never strive wi' pistols five,
But gallop'd with the thrang, man:
He turn'd his back, and in a crack
Was cleanly out of sight man;
And thought it best; it was nae jest
W' Highlanders to fight, man.

'Mangst a' the gang nane bade the bang
But twa, and ane was tane, man;
For Campbell rade, but Myrie[2] staid,
And sair he paid the kain, man;
Fell skelps he got, was war than shot,
Frae the sharp-edg'd claymore, man;
Frae many a spout came running out
His reeking-het red gore, man.

[1] Another volunteer Presbyterian minister, who said he would convince the rebels of their error by the dint of his pistols; having, for that purpose, two in his pockets, two in his holsters, and one in his belt.

[2] Mr. Myrie was a student of physic, from Jamaica; he entered as a volunteer in Cope's army, and was miserably mangled by the broadswords.

But Gard'ner brave did still oehave
Like to a hero bright, man;
His courage true, like him were few
That still despised flight, man;
For king and laws, and country's cause,
In honour's bed he lay, man;
His life, but not his courage, fled,
While he had breath to draw, man.

And Major Bowle, that worthy soul,
Was brought down to the ground, man;
His horse being shot, it was his lot
For to get mony a wound, man:
Lieutenant Smith,[1] of Irish birth,
Frae whom he call'd for aid, man,
Being full of dread, lap o'er his head,
And wadna be gainsaid, man.

He made sic haste, sae spur'd his beast,
'Twas little there he saw, man;

[1] Liutenant Smith, who left Major Bowle when lying on the field of battle, and unable to move with his wound, was of Irish extraction. It is reported that after the publication of the ballad, he sent Mr. Skirving a challenge to meet him at Haddington, and answer for his conduct in treating him with such opprobrium. "Gang awa back," said Mr. Skirving to the messenger, "and tell Mr. Smith, I have nae leisure to gae to Haddington, but if he likes to come here, I'll tak a look o' him, and if I think I can fecht him, I'll fecht him, and if no—I'll just do as he did at Preston—I'll rin awa'." STENHOUSE.

To Berwick rade, and safely said,
The Scots were rebels a', man.
But let that end, for well 'tis kend
His use and wont to lie, man;
The Teague is naught, he never faught,
When he had room to flee, man.

And Caddell drest, amang the rest,
With gun and good claymore, man,
On gelding grey he rode that way,
With pistols set before, man;
The cause was good, he'd spend his blood,
Before that he would yield, man;
But the night before, he left the cor,
And never fac'd the field, man.

But gallant Roger, like a soger,
Stood and bravely fought, man;
I'm wae to tell, at last he fell,
But mae down wi' him brought, man
At point of death, wi' his last breath,
(Some standing round in ring, man,)
On's back lying flat, he wav'd his hat,
And cry'd, God save the King, man.

Some Highland rogues, like hungry dogs,
Neglecting to pursue, man,
About they fac'd, and in great haste
Upon the booty flew, man;
And they, as gain for all their pain,

Are deck'd wi' spoils of war, man;
Fu' bald can tell how hernainsell
Was ne'er sae pra before, man.

At the thorn-tree, which you may see
Bewest the meadow-mill, man,
There mony slain lay on the plain,
The clans pursuing still, man.
Sick unco' hacks, and deadly whacks,
I never saw the like, man;
Lost hands and heads cost them their deads,
That fell near Preston-dyke, man.

That afternoon, when a was done,
I gaed to see the fray, man;
But had I wist what after past,
I'd better staid away, man:
On Seaton sands, wi' nimble hands,
They pick'd my pockets bare, man;
But I wish ne'er to drie sick fear,
For a' the sum and mair, man.

APPENDIX.

THE BATTLE OF OTTERBURN. See p. 5.

In the versions of this ballad given in the body of this work, the Earl of Douglas is represented as falling by the hand of Harry Percy. In the ballad which follows, taken from Herd's *Scottish Songs*, i. 211, his death is ascribed to the revenge of an offended servant. Though there is not the slightest reason to give credence to this story, it has a certain foundation in tradition. Hume of Godscroft writes "there are that say, that he [Douglas] was not slain by the enemy, but by one of his own men, a groom of his chamber, whom he had struck the day before with a truncheon, in ordering of the battle, because he saw him make somewhat slowly to. And they name this man John Bickerton of Luffness, who left a part of his armour behind unfastened, and when he was in the greatest conflict, this servant of his came behind his back, and slew him thereat." Wintown says that the Earl was so intent on marshalling his forces, and so eager to be at the foe, that he neglected to arm himself carefully.—SCOTT'S *Minstrelsy*, i. 350.

It fell, and about the Lammas time,
When husbandmen do win their hay,
Earl Douglas is to the English woods,
And a' with him to fetch a prey.

He has chosen the Lindsays light,
With them the gallant Gordons gay,
And the Earl of Fyfe, withouten strife,
And Sir Hugh Montgomery upon a grey.

They hae taken Northumberland,
And sae hae they the North-shire,
And the Otter-dale, they burnt it hale,
And set it a' into the fire.

Out then spack a bonny boy,[1]
That serv'd ane o' Earl Douglas kin,
"Methinks I see an English host,
A-coming branken us upon."

"If this be true, my little boy,
An it be troth that thou tells me,
The brawest bower in Otterburn
This day shall be thy morning fee.

"But if it be false, my little boy,
But and a lie that thou tells me,

[1] At this place a recited copy, quoted by Finlay (*Scottish Ballads*, I. p. xviii.), has the following stanzas: —

Then out an spak a little wee boy,
And he was near o' Percy's kin,
"Methinks I see the English host,
A-coming branking us upon;

Wi' nine waggons scaling wide,
And seven banners bearing high;
It wad do any living gude
To see their bonny colours fly.

On the highest tree that's in Otterburn
With my awin hands I'll hing thee hie."

The boy's taen out his little penknife,
That hanget low down by his gare,
And he gae Earl Douglas a deadly wound,
Alas, a deep wound and a sare!

Earl Douglas said to Sir Hugh Montgomery,
"Tack thou the vanguard o' the three,
And bury me at yon bracken bush,
That stands upon yon lilly lee."

Then Percy and Montgomery met,
And weel I wat they war na fain;
They swapped swords, and they twa swat,
And ay the blood ran down between.

"O yield thee, yield thee, Percy," he said,
"Or else I vow I'll lay thee low;
"Whom to shall I yield," said Earl Percy,
"Now that I see it maun be so?"

"O yield thee to yon braken bush,
That grows upon yon lilly lee;
[1]For there liesaneth yon braken bush
What aft has conquer'd mae than thee."

"I winna yield to a braken bush,
Nor yet will I unto a brier;
But I wald yield to Earl Douglas,
Or Sir Hugh Montgomery, if he was here."

[1] Supplied by Motherwell from a recited copy

As soon as he knew it was Montgomery,
He stuck his sword's point in the ground,
And Sir Hugh Montgomery was a courteous knight.
And he quickly caught him by the hand.

This deed was done at Otterburn,
About the breaking o' the day;
Earl Douglas was buried at the braken bush,
And Percy led captive away.

THE BATTLE OF HARLAW.

From Ramsay's *Evergreen*, i. 78.

This battle took place at Harlaw, near Aberdeen, on the 24th of July, 1411. The conflict was occasioned by a dispute concerning the succession to the earldom of Ross, between Donald, Lord of the Isles, and the son of the Regent, Robert, Duke of Albany, whose claim was supported by Alexander Stewart, Earl of Mar. The consequences of this battle were of the highest importance, inasmuch as the wild Celts of the Highlands and Islands received such a check that they never again combined for the conquest of the civilized parts of Scotland.

The *Battle of Harlaw* is one of the old ballads whose titles occur in the *Complaynt of Scotland* (1548). A bag-pipe tune of that name is mentioned in Drummond of Hawthornden's mock-heroic poem the *Polemo Middinia:*

"Interea ante alios dux Piper Laius heros,
Præcedens, magnamque gerens cum burdine pypam
Incipit Harlai cunctis sonare Batellum."

Mr. Laing, in his *Early Metrical Tales* (p. xlv.) speaks of an edition printed in the year 1668 as being "in the curious library of old Robert Mylne." No copy is now known to exist of a date anterior to that which was published in Ramsay's *Evergreen*. Of the age of this copy the most opposite opinions have been maintained, some regarding the ballad as contemporary with the event, and others insinuating that Ramsay, or one of his friends, is chargeable with the authorship. This last notion has no other ground than the freedom which Ramsay notoriously took with his texts, and that freedom has very likely been exercised in the present case. We shall, perhaps, be going quite as far as is prudent, if we acknowledge that this may be one of "the Scots poems wrote by the ingenious before 1600." Most readers will agree with Lord Hailes that the language is as recent as the days of Queen Mary, or of James the Sixth. Sibbald, in his *Chronicle of Scottish Poetry*, iii. 288, has stated other objections to receiving this ballad for ancient, which seem, however, to be satisfactorily answered by Finlay, *Scottish Ballads*, i. 160.

The copy of this ballad in *The Thistle of Scotland*, p. 75, is only Ramsay's, imperfectly remembered, or, what is quite as probable, here and there altered according to the taste of the illiterate editor. At page 92 of the same book, three stanzas are given of a burlesque song on this battle. A traditional ballad, recently recovered, is inserted at the end of this volume.

FRAE Dunidier as I cam throuch,
Doun by the hill of Banochie,

Allangst the lands of Garioch,
Grit pitie was to heir and se
The noys and dulesum hermonie,
That evir that dreiry day did daw,
Cryand the corynoch on hie,
Alas! alas! for the Harlaw.

I marvlit quhat the matter meint,
All folks war in a fiery-fairy;
I wist nocht quha was fae or freind,
Zit quietly I did me carrie.
But sen the days of auld King Hairy,
Sic slauchter was not hard nor sene,
And thair I had nae tyme to tairy,
For bissiness in Aberdene.

Thus as I walkit on the way,
To Inverury as I went,
I met a man and bad him stay,
Requeisting him to mak me quaint
Of the beginning and the event,
That happenit thair at the Harlaw:
Then he entreited me tak tent,
And he the truth sould to me schaw.

Grit Donald of the Yles did claim
Unto the lands of Ross sum richt,
And to the governour he came,
Them for to haif, gif that he micht:
Quha saw his interest was but slicht,
And thairfore answerit with disdain;
He hastit hame baith day and nicht,
And sent nae bodward back again.

But Donald richt impatient
Of that answer Duke Robert gaif,
He vowed to God Omnipotent,
All the hale lands of Ross to haif,
Or ells be graithed in his graif:
He wald not quat his richt for nocht,
Nor be abusit lyk a slaif;
That bargin sould be deirly bocht.

Then haistylie he did command,
That all his weir-men should convene,
Ilk an well harnisit frae hand,
To meit and heir quhat he did mein:
He waxit wrath, and vowit tein,
Sweirand he wald surpryse the North,
Subdew the brugh of Aberdene,
Mearns, Angus, and all Fyfe to Forth.

Thus with the weir-men of the Yles,
Quha war ay at his bidding bown,
With money maid, with forss and wyls,
Richt far and neir, baith up and doun,
Throw mount and muir, frae town to town,
Allangst the lands of Ross he roars,
And all obey'd at his bandown,
Evin frae the North to Suthren shoars.

Then all the countrie men did zield;
For nae resistans durst they mak,
Nor offer battill in the feild,
Be forss of arms to beir him bak.
Syne they resolvit all and spak,
That best it was for thair behoif,

They sould him. for thair chiftain tak,
Believing weil he did them luve.

Then he a proclamation maid,
All men to meet at Inverness,
Throw Murray land to mak a raid,
Frae Arthursyre unto Spey-ness.
And further mair, he sent express,
To schaw his collours and ensenzie,
To all and sindry, mair and less,
Throchout the bounds of Byne and Enzie.

And then throw fair Straithbogie land
His purpose was for to pursew,
And quhasoevir durst gainstand,
That race they should full sairly rew.
Then he bad all his men be trew,
And him defend by forss and slicht,
And promist them rewardis anew,
And mak them men of mekle micht.

Without resistans, as he said,
Throw all these parts he stoutly past,
Quhair sum war wae, and sum war glaid,
But Garioch was all agast.
Throw all these feilds he sped him fast,
For sic a sicht was never sene;
And then, forsuith, he langd at last
To se the bruch of Aberdene.

To hinder this prowd enterprise,
The stout and michty Erle of Marr
With all his men in arms did ryse,

Even frae Curgarf to Craigyvar:
And down the syde of Don richt far,
Angus and Mearns did all convene
To fecht, or Donald came sae nar
The ryall bruch of Aberdene.

And thus the martial Erle of Marr
Marcht with his men in richt array,
Befoir the enemie was aware,
His banner bauldly did display.
For weil enewch they kend the way,
And all their semblance weil they saw:
Without all dangir, or delay,
Come haistily to the Harlaw.

With him the braif Lord Ogilvy,
Of Angus sheriff principall,
The constabill of gude Dundè,
The vanguard led before them all.
Suppose in number they war small,
Thay first richt bauldlie did pursew,
And maid thair faes befor them fall,
Quha then that race did sairly rew.

And then the worthy Lord Salton,
The strong undoubted Laird of Drum,
The stalwart Laird of Lawristone,
With ilk thair forces, all and sum.
Panmuir with all his men did cum,
The provost of braif Aberdene,
With trumpets and with tuick of drum,
Came schortly in thair armour schene.

These with the Earle of Marr came on,
In the reir-ward richt orderlie,
Thair enemies to sett upon;
In awfull manner hardily,
Togither vowit to live and die,
Since they had marchit mony mylis,
For to suppress the tyrannie
Of douted Donald of the Yles.

But he in number ten to ane,
Richt subtilè alang did ryde,
With Malcomtosch and fell Maclean,
With all thair power at thair syde;
Presumeand on thair strenth and pryde,
Without all feir or ony aw,
Richt bauldie battill did abyde,
Hard by the town of fair Harlaw.

The armies met, the trumpet sounds,
The dandring drums alloud did touk,
Baith armies byding on the bounds,
Till ane of them the feild sould bruik.
Nae help was thairfor, nane wald jouk,
Ferss was the fecht on ilka syde,
And on the ground lay mony a bouk
Of them that thair did battill byd.

With doutsum victorie they dealt,
The bludy battil lastit lang;
Each man his nibours forss thair felt,
The weakest aft-tymes gat the wrang:
Thair was nae mowis thair them amang,
Naithing was hard but heavy knocks,

That eccho mad a dulefull sang,
Thairto resounding frae the rocks.

But Donalds men at last gaif back,
For they war all out of array:
The Earl of Marris men throw them brak,
Pursewing shairply in thair way,
Thair enemys to tak or slay,
Be dynt of forss to gar them yield;
Quha war richt blyth to win away,
And sae for feirdness tint the feild.

Then Donald fled, and that full fast,
To mountains hich for all his micht;
For he and his war all agast,
And ran till they war out of sicht;
And sae of Ross he lost his richt,
Thocht mony men with hem he brocht;
Towards the Yles fled day and nicht,
And all he wan was deirlie bocht.

This is (quod he) the richt report
Of all that I did heir and knaw;
Thocht my discourse be sumthing schort,
Tak this to be a richt suthe saw:
Contrairie God and the kings law,
Thair was spilt mekle Christian blude,
Into the battil of Harlaw:
This is the sum, sae I conclude.

But zit a bonny quhyle abyde,
And I sall mak thee cleirly ken
Quhat slauchter was on ilkay syde

Of Lowland and of Highland men :
Quha for thair awin haif evir bene;
These lazie lowns micht weil be spaird,
Chessit lyke deirs into their dens,
And gat thair waiges for reward.

Malcomtosh, of the clan heid cheif,
Macklean, with his grit hauchty heid,
With all thair succour and relief,
War dulefully dung to the deid :
And now we are freid of thair feid,
They will not lang to cum again;
Thousands with them, without remeid,
On Donald's syd that day war slain.

And on the uther syde war lost,
Into the feild that dismal day,
Chief men of worth, of mekle cost,
To be lamentit sair for ay.
The Lord Saltoun of Rothemay,
A man of micht and mekle main;
Grit dolour was for his decay,
That sae unhappylie was slain.

Of the best men amang them was
The gracious gude Lord Ogilvy,
The sheriff principal of Angus,
Renownit for truth and equitie,
For faith and magnanimitie:
He had few fallows in the field,
Zet fell by fatall destinie,
For he nae ways wad grant to zield.

Sir James Scrimgeor of Duddap, knicht.
Grit constabill of fair Dundè,
Unto the dulefull deith was dicht:
The kingis cheif banner man was he.
A valziant man of chevalrie,
Quhais predecessors wan that place
At Spey, with gude King William frie,
Gainst Murray and Macduncans race.

Gude Sir Allexander Irving,
The much renownit laird of Drum,
Nane in his days was bettir sene,
Quhen they war semblit all and sum.
To praise him we sould not be dumm,
For valour, witt, and worthyness;
To end his days he ther did cum,
Quhois ransom is remeidyless.

And thair the knicht of Lawriston
Was slain into his armour schene,
And gude Sir Robert Davidson,
Quha provest was of Aberdene:
The knicht of Panmure, as was sene,
A mortall man in armour bricht,
Sir Thomas Murray, stout and kene,
Left to the warld thair last gude nicht.

Thair was not sen King Keneths days
Sic strange intestine crewel stryf
In Scotland sene, as ilk man says,
Quhair mony liklie lost thair lyfe;
Quhilk maid divorce twene man and wyfe,
And mony childrene fatherless,

Quhilk in this realme has bene full ryfe:
Lord help these lands, our wrangs redress.

In July, on Saint James his even,
That four and twenty dismall day,
Twelve hundred, ten score and eleven
Of zeirs sen Chryst, the suthe to say,
Men will remember, as they may,
Quhen thus the veritie they knaw,
And mony a ane may murn for ay,
The brim battil of the Harlaw.

KING HENRIE THE FIFTH'S CONQUEST.

Ancient Poems, Ballads, and Songs of the Peasantry of England. Percy Society, vol. xvii. p. 52.

"From the singing of the late Francis King, of Skipton in Craven, an eccentric character, who was well known in the western dales of Yorkshire as 'the Skipton Minstrel.' King's version does not contain the third verse, which is obtained, as is also the title, from a modern broadside, from whence also one or two verbal corrections are made, of too trifling a nature to particularize. The tune to which King used to sing it, is the same as that of *The Bold Pedlar and Robin Hood.*"

Another ballad, much inferior in spirit to this, on the Battle of Agincourt, is to be found in *The Crown Garland of Golden Roses* (ed. 1659), Percy Soc. vol

xv. p. 65. Percy inserted in the *Reliques*, ii. 26, a song on this battle. Another, quoted in Heywood's *Edward Fourth*, and therefore popular before 1600, is printed in Mr. Collier's preface to Shakespeare's *Henry Fifth* (new edition).

The story of the tennis-balls is adopted from the chronicles by Shakespeare. "It is reported by some historians," says Hume, "that the Dauphin, in derision of Henry's claims and dissolute character, sent him a box of tennis-balls, intimating that mere implements of play were better adapted to him than the instruments of war. But this story is by no means credible; the great offers made by the court of France show that they had already entertained a just idea of Henry's character, as well as of their own situation." *History of England*, ch. xix.

As our king lay musing on his bed,
He bethought himself upon a time
Of a tribute that was due from France,
Had not been paid for so long a time.
Down, a-down, a-down, a-down,
Down, a-down, a-down.

He callèd on his trusty page,
His trusty page then callèd he,
"O you must go to the king of France,
O you must go right speedilie.

"And tell him of my tribute due,
Ten ton of gold that's due to me,
That he must send me my tribute home,
Or in French land he soon will me see."

O then away went the trusty page,
Away, away, and away went he,
Until he came to the king of France;
Lo! he fell down on his bended knee.

"My master greets you, worthy Sire;
Ten ton of gold there is due, says he;
You must send him his tribute home,
Or in French land you will soon him see."

"Your master's young, and of tender years,
Not fit to come into my degree;
But I will send him three tennis balls,
That with them learn to play may he."

O then away came the trusty page,
Away, and away, and away came he,
Until he came to our gracious king;
Lo! he fell down on his bended knee.

"What news, what news, my trusty page,
What news, what news, hast thou brought to me?"
"I've brought such news from the king of France,
That you and he will ne'er agree.

"He says you're young, and of tender years,
Not fit to come into his degree;
But he will send you three tennis balls,
That with them you may learn to play."

O then bespoke our noble king,
A solemn vow then vowèd he;

"I'll promise him such tennis balls,
As in French lands he ne'er did see.

"Go, call up Cheshire and Lancashire,
And Derby hills, that are so free;
Not a married man, nor a widow's son,
For the widow's cry shall not go with me."

They called up Cheshire and Lancashire,
And Derby lads that were so free;
Not a married man, nor a widow's son,
Yet they were a jovial bold companie.

O then he sailed to fair French land,
With drums and trumpets so merrilie;
O then bespoke the king of France,
"Yonder comes proud king Henrie."

The first fire that the Frenchmen gave,
They killed our Englishmen so free;
We killed ten thousand of the French,
And the rest of them they were forced to flee.

And then we marched to Paris gates,
With drums and trumpets so merrilie;
O then bespoke the king of France,
"Lord have mercy on my poor men and me!

"Go! tell him I'll send home his tribute due,
Ten ton of gold that is due from me;
And the fairest flower that is in our French land
To the Rose of England it shall go free."

JANE SHORE.

The story and character of Jane Shore can best be read in a charmingly written passage of Sir Thomas More's *History of Edward Fifth*, quoted in Percy's *Reliques*, ii. 268. The ballad adheres to matter of fact with a fidelity very uncommon. In Drayton's *England's Heroical Epistles* is one from Jane Shore to King Edward, and in the notes he thus gives her portrait: "Her stature was meane, her haire of a dark yellow, her face round and full, her eye gray, delicate harmony being betwixt each part's proportion, and each proportion's colour, her body fat, white, and smooth, her countenance cheerfull and like to her condition." (Cited by Percy.)

This ballad is taken from the Collection of 1723, vol. i. p. 145. The full title is: *The Woeful Lamentation of Jane Shore, a Goldsmith's Wife in London, sometime King Edward the Fourth's Concubine.* The same version, with trifling variations, is found in Percy's *Reliques*, ii. 274, and Ritson's *Ancient Songs*, ii. 128. In the *Garland of Good Will* there is another piece on the same subject, (Percy Society, vol. xxx. p. 9, *The Lamentation of Shore's Wife*,) and in the Collection of 1723, a burlesque song, called *King Edward and Jane Shore* (vol. i. p. 153).

If Rosamond, that was so fair,
Had cause her sorrow to declare,
Then let Jane Shore with sorrow sing,
That was beloved of a king.

Then, wanton wives, in time amend,
For love and beauty will have end.

In maiden years my beauty bright
Was loved dear by lord and knight;
But yet the love that they requir'd,
It was not as my friends desir'd.

My parents they, for thirst of gain,
A husband for me did obtain;
And I, their pleasure to fulfil,
Was forc'd to wed against my will.

To Matthew Shore I was a wife,
Till lust brought ruin to my life;
And then my life I lewdly spent,
Which makes my soul for to lament.

In Lombard-street I once did dwell,
As London yet can witness well;
Where many gallants did behold
My beauty in a shop of gold.

I spread my plumes, as wantons do,
Some sweet and secret friende to wooe,
Because my love I did not find
Agreeing to my wanton mind.

At last my name in court did ring
Into the ears of England's king,
Who came and lik'd, and love requir'd,
But I made coy what he desir'd.

Yet Mistress Blague, a neighbour near,
Whose friendship I esteemed dear,
Did say, "It is a gallant thing
To be beloved of a king."

By her perswasions I was led
For to defile my marriage-bed,
And wronge my wedded husband Shore,
Whom I had lov'd ten years before.

In heart and mind I did rejoyce,
That I had made so sweet a choice;
And therefore did my state resign,
To be King Edward's concubine.

From city then to court I went,
To reap the pleasures of content;
There had the joys that love could bring,
And knew the secrets of a king.

When I was thus advanc'd on high,
Commanding Edward with mine eye,
For Mistress Blague I in short space
Obtain'd a living from his Grace.

No friend I had, but in short time
I made unto promotion climb;
But yet for all this costly pride,
My husbande could not me abide.

His bed, tho' wronged by a king,
His heart with deadly grief did sting;

From England then he goes away
To end his life beyond [1] the sea.

He could not live to see his name
Impaired by my wanton shame;
Altho' a prince of peerless might
Did reap the pleasure of his right.

Long time I lived in the court,
With lords and ladies of great sort;
And when I smil'd, all men were glad,
But when I mourn'd, my prince grew sad.

But yet an honest mind I bore
To helpless people, that were poor;
I still redress'd the orphan's cry,
And sav'd their lives condemn'd to dye.

I still had ruth on widows tears,
I succour'd babes of tender years;
And never look'd for other gain
But love and thanks, for all my pain.

At last my royal king did dye,
And then my days of woe grew nigh;
When crook-back'd Richard got the crown,
King Edward's friends were soon put down.

I then was punish'd for my sin,
That I so long had lived in;
Yea, every one that was his friend,
This tyrant brought to shameful end.

[1] upon

Then for my lewd[1] and wanton life,
That made a strumpet of a wife,
I penance did in Lombard-street,
In shameful manner in a sheet:

Where many thousands did me view,
Who late in court my credit knew;
Which made the tears run down my face,
To think upon my foul disgrace.

Not thus content, they took from mee
My goods, my livings, and my fee,
And charg'd that none should me relieve,
Nor any succour to me give.

Then unto Mistress Blague I went,
To whom my jewels I had sent,
In hope thereby to ease my want,
When riches fail'd, and love grew scant.

But she deny'd to me the same,
When in my need for them I came;
To recompence my former love,
Out of her doors she did me shove.

So love did vanish with my state,
Which now my soul repents too late;
Therefore example take by me,
For friendship parts in poverty.

But yet one friend among the rest,
Whom I before had seen distress'd,

[1] rude.

And sav'd his life, condemn'd to dye,
Did give me food to succour me:

For which, by law it was decreed
That he was hanged for that deed;
His death did grieve me so much more,
Than had I dy'd myself therefore.

Then those to whom I had done good
Durst not afford[1] mee any food;
Whereby in vain I begg'd all day,
And still in streets by night I lay.

My gowns beset with pearl and gold,
Were turn'd to simple garments old;
My chains and jems and golden rings,
To filthy rags and loathsome things.

Thus was I scorn'd of maid and wife,
For leading such a wicked life;
Both sucking babes and children small,
Did make a pastime at my fall.

I could not get one bit of bread,
Whereby my hunger might be fed:
Nor drink, but such as channels yield,
Or stinking ditches in the field.

Thus, weary of my life, at length
I yielded up my vital strength,
Within a ditch of loathsome scent,
Where carrion dogs do much frequent:

1 restore.

The which now since my dying day,
Is Shoreditch[1] call'd, as writers say;
Which is a witness of my sin,
For being concubine to a king.

You wanton wives, that fall to lust,
Be you assur'd that God is just;
Whoredom shall not escape his hand,
Nor pride unpunish'd in this land.

If God to me such shame did bring,
That yielded only to a king,
How shall they scape that daily run
To practise sin with every man?

You husbands, match not but for love,
Lest some disliking after prove;
Women, be warn'd when you are wives,
What plagues are due to sinful lives:
Then, maids and wives, in time amend,
For love and beauty will have end.

[1] But it had this name long before; being so called from its being a common sewer (vulgarly shore) or drain. — PERCY.

A TRUE RELATION OF THE LIFE AND DEATH OF SIR ANDREW BARTON, A PYRATE AND ROVER ON THE SEAS.

This copy of *Sir Andrew Barton* is to be found in *Old Ballads* (1723) vol. i. 159, Ritson's *Ancient Songs*, ii. 204, Moore's *Pictorial Book of Ancient Ballad Poetry*, p. 256, and *Early Naval Ballads of England*, Percy Society, vol. ii. p. 4, with only exceedingly trifling variations. We have followed the last, where the ballad is given from a black-letter copy in the British Museum, "printed by and for W. O., and sold by the booksellers."

When Flora with her fragrant flowers,
Bedeckt the earth so trim and gay,
And Neptune with his dainty showers,
Came to present the month of May,
King Henry would a-hunting ride;
Over the river Thames passed he,
Unto a mountain-top also
Did walk, some pleasure for to see.

Where forty merchants he espy'd,
With fifty sail came towards him,
Who then no sooner were arriv'd,
But on their knees did thus complain;
"An't please your grace, we cannot sail

To France no voyage to be sure,
But Sir Andrew Barton makes us quail,
And robs us of our marchant ware."

Vext was the king, and turning him,
Said to the lords of high degree,
"Have I ne'er a lord within my realm,
Dare fetch that traytor unto me?"
To him reply'd Charles Lord Howard,
"I will, my liege, with heart and hand;
If it will please you grant me leave," he said,
"I will perform what you command."

To him then spoke King Henry,
"I fear, my lord, you are too young."
"No whit at all, my liege," quoth he;
"I hope to prove in valour strong.
The Scotch knight I vow to seek,
In what place soever he be,
And bring ashore with all his might,
Or into Scotland he shall carry me."

"A hundred men," the king then said,
"Out of my realm shall chosen be,
Besides sailors and ship-boys,
To guide a great ship on the sea.
Bowmen and gunners of good skill,
Shall for this service chosen be,
And they at thy command and will
In all affairs shall wait on thee."

Lord Howard call'd a gunner then,
Who was the best in all the realm,

His age was threescore years and ten,
And Peter Simon was his name.
My lord call'd then a bow-man rare,
Whose active hands had gained fame
A gentleman born in Yorkshire,
And William Horsely was his name.

"Horsely!" quoth he, "I must to sea,
To seek a traytor, with good speed:
Of a hundred bow-men brave," quoth he,
"I have chosen thee to be the head."
"If you, my lord, have chosen me
Of a hundred men to be the head,
Upon the mainmast I'll hanged be,
If twelve-score I miss one shilling's breadth."

Lord Howard then of courage bold,
Went to the sea with pleasant cheer,
Not curbed with winter's piercing cold,
Tho' it was the stormy time of year.
Not long had he been on sea,
More in days than number three,
But one Henry Hunt then he espy'd,
A merchant of Newcastle was he.

To him Lord Howard call'd out amain,
And strictly charged him to stand;
Demanding then from whence he came,
Or where he did intend to land.
The merchant then made answer soon,
With heavy heart and careful mind,
"My lord, my ship it doth belong
"Unto New-castle upon Tine."

"Canst thou show me," the lord did say,
"As thou didst sail by day and night,
A Scottish rover on the sea,
His name is Andrew Barton, knight?"
Then the merchant sighed and said,
With grieved mind and well-a-way,
"But over well I know that wight,
I was his prisoner yesterday.

"As I, my lord, did sail from France,
A Burdeaue voyage to take so far,
I met with Sir Andrew Barton thence,
Who robb'd me of my merchant ware.
And mickle debts God knows I owe,
And every man doth crave his own;
And I am bound to London now,
Of our gracious king to beg a boon."

"Show me him," said Lord Howard then,
"Let me once the villain see,
And every penny he hath from thee ta'en,
I'll double the same with shillings three."
"Now, God forbid," the merchant said,
"I fear your aim that you will miss;
God bless you from his tyranny,
For little you think what man he is.

"He is brass within and steel without,
His ship most huge and mighty strong,
With eighteen pieces of ordinance,
He carrieth on each side along.
With beams for his top-castle,
As also being huge and high,

That neither English nor Portugal
Can Sir Andrew Barton pass by."

"Hard news thou shewst," then said the lord,
"To welcome stranger to the sea;
But as I said, I'll bring him aboard,
Or into Scotland he shall carry me."
The merchant said, "If thou will do so,
Take councel, then, I pray withal:
Let no man to his top-castle go,
Nor strive to let his beams downfall.

"Lend me seven pieces of ordnance then,
Of each side of my ship," said he,
"And to-morrow, my Lord,
Again I will your honour see.
A glass I set as may be seen,
Whether you sail by day or night;
And to-morrow, be sure before seven,
You shall see Sir Andrew Barton, knight."

The merchant set my lord a glass,
So well apparent in his sight,
That on the morrow, as his promise was,
He saw Sir Andrew Barton, knight:
The lord then swore a mighty oath,
"Now by the heavens that be of might,
By faith, believe me, and my troth,
I think he is a worthy knight."

"Fetch me my lyon out of hand,"[1]
Saith the lord, "with rose and streamer high;

[1] In some copies this stanza is wrongly placed after the next.

Set up withal a willow-wand,
That merchant like I may pass by:"
Thus bravely did Lord Howard pass,
And on anchor rise so high;
No top-sail at last he cast,
But as a foe did him defie.

Sir Andrew Barton seeing him
Thus scornfully to pass by,
As tho' he cared not a pin
For him and his company;
Then called he his men amain,
"Fetch back yon pedlar now," quoth he,
And ere this way he comes again,
I'll teach him well his courtesie."

A piece of ordnance soon was shot
By this proud pirate fiercely then,
Into Lord Howard's middle deck,
Which cruel shot killed fourteen men.
He called then Peter Simon, he:
"Look how thy word do stand instead,
For thou shall be hanged on main-mast,
If thou miss twelve score one penny breadth."

Then Peter Simon gave a shot,
Which did Sir Andrew mickle scare,
In at his deck it came so hot,
Killed fifteen of his men of war.
"Alas," then said the pirate stout,
"I am in danger now I see;
This is some lord, I greatly fear,
That is set on to conquer me."

Then Henry Hunt, with rigour hot,
Came bravely on the other side,
Who likewise shot in at his deck,
And killed fifty of his men beside.
Then "Out alas," Sir Andrew cryd,
"What may a man now think or say!
Yon merchant thief that pierceth me,
He was my prisoner yesterday."

Then did he on Gordion call
Unto the top castle for to go,
And bid his beams he should let fall,
For he greatly fear'd an overthrow.
The lord call'd Horsely now in haste:
"Look that thy word stand in stead,
For thou shall be hanged on main mast,
If thou miss twelve score a shilling's breadth."

Then up [the] mast tree swerved he,
This stout and mighty Gordion;
But Horsely he most happily
Shot him under his collar-bone:
Then call'd he on his nephew then,
Said, "Sister's son, I have no mo,
Three hundred pound I will give thee,
If thou will to top-castle go."

Then stoutly he began to climb,
From off the mast scorn'd to depart;
But Horsely soon prevented him,
And deadly pierced him to the heart.
His men being slain, then up amain
Did this proud pirate climb with speed,

For armour of proof he had on,
And did not dint of arrows dread.

"Come hither, Horseley," said the lord,
"See thou thy arrows aim aright;
Great means to thee I will afford,
And if thou speedst, I'll make thee knight."
Sir Andrew did climb up the tree,
With right good will and all his main;
Then upon the breast hit Horsley he,
Till the arrow did return again.

Then Horsley spied a private place,
With a perfect eye, in a secret part;
His arrow swiftly flew apace,
And smote Sir Andrew to the heart.
"Fight on, fight on, my merry men all,
A little I am hurt, yet not slain;
I'll but lie down and bleed awhile,
And come and fight with you again.

"And do not," said he, "fear English rogues,
And of your foes stand not in awe,
But stand fast by St. Andrew's crosse,
Until you hear my whistle blow."
They never heard this whistle blow,
Which made them all full sore afraid.
Then Horsely said, "My Lord, aboard,
For now Sir Andrew Barton's dead."

Thus boarded they his gallant ship,
With right good will and all their main;
Eighteen score Scots alive in it,

Besides as many more was slain.
The lord went where Sir Andrew lay,
And quickly thence cut off his head;
"I should forsake England many a day,
If thou wert alive as thou art dead."

Thus from the wars Lord Howard came,
With mickle joy and triumphing;
The pirate's head he brought along
For to present unto our king:
Who haply unto him did say,
Before he well knew what was done,
"Where is the knight and pirate gay,
That I myself may give the doom?"

"You may thank God," then said the lord,
"And four men in the ship," quoth he,
That we are safely come ashore,
Sith you never had such an enemy;
That is Henry Hunt, and Peter Simon,
William Horsely, and Peter's son[1];
Therefore reward them for their pains,
For they did service at their turn."

To the merchant therefore the King he said,
"In lieu of what he hath from thee tane,
I give thee a noble a-day,
Sir Andrew's whistle and his chain:
To Peter Simon a crown a-day,

1 The services of Peter's son, not mentioned in this ballad, are duly recorded in the older unabridged copy. See v. 53–56, on p. 64.

And half-a-crown a-day to Peter's son,
And that was for a shot so gay,
Which bravely brought Sir Andrew down.

"Horsely, I will make thee a knight,
And in Yorkshire thou shalt dwell:
Lord Howard shall Earl Bury hight,
For this act he deserveth well.
Ninety pound to our Englishmen,
Who in this fight did stoutly stand;
And twelve-pence a-day to the Scots, till they
Come to my brother king's high land."

THE BATTLE OF CORICHIE ON THE HILL OF FAIR, FOUGHT OCT. 28, 1562.

From Evans's *Old Ballads*, iii. 132.

The favor shown by Queen Mary to her brother Lord James Stuart, on her first coming to Scotland, excited a violent jealousy in Gordon, Earl of Huntly, who, as a Catholic, and the head of a loyal and powerful family in the North, expected no slight distinction from his sovereign. This jealousy broke out into open hostility when the Queen, in 1562, conferred on her brother the earldom of Murray, the honors and revenues of which had been enjoyed by Huntly since 1548. Mary was at this time on a progress in the northern part of her kingdom, attended by the new earl and a small escort. Huntly collected his

vassals and posted himself at a place called the Fair Bank, or Corichie, near Aberdeen. Murray having increased his forces by seven or eight hundred of the Forbeses and Leslies, who, although attached to the Huntly faction, dared not disobey the Queen's summons, marched to the attack. As little confidence could be placed in the good faith of the northern recruits, he ordered them to begin the battle. In obedience to this command, they advanced against the enemy, but instantly recoiled and retreated in a pretended panic on Murray's reserve, followed by the Gordons in disorder. The Queen's party received both the flying and the pursuers with an impenetrable front of lances. Huntly was repulsed, and the other northern clans, seeing how the victory was going, turned their swords upon their friends. Many of the Gordons were slain, and the Earl, who was old and fat, being thrown from his horse, was smothered in the retreat. His sons John and Adam were taken prisoners, and the former was put to death at Aberdeen the day after the battle.

The following ballad, it will be perceived, is utterly at variance with the facts of history. It was first printed in Evans's *Old Ballads*, and is said to be the composition of one Forbes, schoolmaster at Mary-Culter, on Dee-side. The dialect is broad Aberdeen.

MURN ye heighlands, and murn ye leighlands,
I trow ye hae meikle need;
For thi bonny burn o' Corichie
His run this day wi' bleid.

Thi[1] hopefu' laird o' Finliter,
Erle Huntly's gallant son,
For thi love hi bare our beauteous quine
His gar't fair Scotland mone.

Hi his braken his ward in Aberdene,
Throu dreid o' thi fause Murry,
And his gather't the gentle Gordone clan,
An' his father, auld Huntly.

Fain wid he tak our bonny guide quine,
An' beare hir awa' wi' him;
But Murry's slee wyles spoil't a' thi sport,
An' reft him o' lyfe and lim.

Murry gar 't rayse thi tardy Merns men,
An' Angis, an' mony ane mair,
Erle Morton, and the Byres Lord Linsay,
An' campit at thi hill o' Fare.

Erle Huntlie came wi' Haddo Gordone,
An' countit ane thusan men;
But Murry had abien twal hunder,
Wi' sax score horsemen and ten.

They soundit thi bougills an' the trumpits
An' marchit on in brave array,
Till the spiers an' the axis forgatherit,
An' than did begin thi fray.

Thi Gordones sae fercelie did fecht it,
Withouten terrer or dreid,

[1] This.

That mony o' Murry's men lay gaspin,
An' dyit thi grund wi theire bleid.

Then fause Murry feingit to flee them,
An' they pursuit at his backe,
Whan thi haf o' thi Gordones desertit,
An' turnit wi' Murray in a crack.

Wi hether i' thir bonnits they turnit,
The traiter Haddo o' their heid,
An slaid theire brithers an' their fatheris,
An' spoilit an' left them for deid.

Then Murry cried to tak thi auld Gordone,
An' mony ane ran wi' speid;
But Stuart o' Inchbraik had him stickit,
An' out gushit thi fat lurdane's bleid.

Then they teuke his twa sones quick an' hale,
An' bare them awa' to Aberdene;
But fair did our guide quine lament
Thi waeful chance that they were tane.

Erle Murry lost mony a gallant stout man,
Thi hopefu' laird o' Thornitune,
Pittera's sons, an Egli's far fearit laird,
An mair to mi unkend, fell doune.

Erle Huntly mist ten score o' his bra' men,
Sum o' heigh an' sum o' leigh degree;
Skeenis youngest son, thi pryde o' a' the clan,
Was ther fun' dead, he widna flee.

This bloody fecht wis fercely faucht
Octobri's aught an' twinty day,
Crystis' fyfteen hundred thriscore yeir
An' twa will merk thi deidlie fray.

But now the day maist waefu' came,
That day the quine did grite her fill,
For Huntly's gallant stalwart son,
Wis heidit on thi heidin hill.

Fyve noble Gordones wi' him hangit were
Upon thi samen fatal playne;
Crule Murry gar't thi waefu' quine luke out,
And see hir lover an' liges slayne.

I wis our quine had better frinds,
I wis our country better peice;
I wis our lords wid na' discord,
I wis our weirs at hame may ceise.

THE BATTLE OF BALRINNES,

(OTHERWISE CALLED THE BATTLE OF GLENLIVET.)

When Philip the Second was preparing his Armada for the conquest of England, he spared no pains to induce James of Scotland to favor his enterprise. Elizabeth, on her part, was not less active to secure the friendship of a neighbor, who, by opening or closing his ports, might do so much to assist or to counteract the projects of her enemy. James had the

wisdom to see that it was not for his interest to ally himself with a power that sought the extinction of the faith which he professed, and the subjugation of a kingdom to which he was the heir. The Spanish overtures were rejected, and the great body of the people, warmly applauding the king's decision, entered into a combination to resist an attempt to land at any point on the Scottish coast. There was, nevertheless, a small party in Scotland which favoured the designs of Philip. At the head of this faction were the Catholic Earls of Huntly, Errol, and Angus. Even after the dispersion of the Armada, they kept up negotiations with the Prince of Parma and the King of Spain, in the hope of restoring the ancient religion, or at least of obtaining for themselves an equality of privileges with the Protestants. More than once were the leaders of this party committed to prison for overt acts of treason, and released by the clemency of the sovereign, but suffering as the Romanists did under the oppression of a fanatical majority, rebellion was their natural condition.

After various acts of insubordination, continued for a series of years, it was proved beyond question that the Catholic earls had signed papers for an invasion of Britain by 30,000 foreigners. A Convention of Estates, summoned to consider the affair, finally determined that the three earls should be exempt from further inquiry on account of this conspiracy, but that before the first day of February, 1594, they should either renounce the errors of Popery, or remove from the kingdom. The Catholic leaders, relying on the number of their supporters, and not less on the inaccessible nature of the country in which their estates

lay, scornfully rejected the choice proposed to them, renewed their connections with Spain, and were accordingly declared guilty of high treason and subjected to the doom of forfeiture.

King James's exchequer was at this time so low that it was impossible for him to undertake the enforcing of this sentence in person. He was obliged to delegate the office to the young Earl of Argyle, who was induced to accept the appointment by the promise of a portion of Huntly's forfeited estates. The prospect of booty and the authority of the chief of the Campbells drew together six or seven thousand Highlanders, to whom were joined some hundreds of men from the Western Islands, under the chief of Maclean. With this body, one fourth of whom carried firelocks, while the rest were armed after the Gaelic fashion, Argyle descended from the hills towards Huntly's castle of Strathbogie.

The chief of the Gordons, suddenly assailed, had no time to procure assistance from Angus. He collected about a thousand gentlemen of his own name, and Errol came to his aid with two or three hundred of the Hays. All these were men of birth, well armed and mounted, and to this small, but powerful, troop of cavalry, was added a train of six field pieces (engines very terrible to Highlanders), under the management of an excellent soldier, the very same Captain Ker, who has figured already in the ballad of *Edom o' Gordon.*

The armies encountered at a place called Belrinnes in a district called Glenlivet. The Highlanders were posted on a mountain-side, so steep that footmen could barely keep their hold. Notwithstanding this obstacle,

the Earls determined to attempt the ascent, and Errol, supported by Sir Patrick Gordon, led the Hays up the hill in the very face of the foe. While the vanguard was advancing, Ker brought some of his artillery to bear on Argyle's front, which threw the Highlanders into confusion, and caused some of them to fly. Errol's horsemen, however, were soon forced by the steepness of the mountain to wheel and move obliquely, and their flank being thus exposed, their horses suffered considerable damage from a volley of bullets and arrows. Upon this Huntly made a fierce attack upon Argyle's centre, and bore down his banner, and his cavalry soon after attaining to more even ground, where their horses could operate with efficiency, the Highlanders, who were destitute of lances, and so unable to withstand the shock, were driven down the other side of the hill, and put to utter rout. The chief of Maclean alone withstood the assault of the horsemen, and performed marvellous feats of bravery, but was at last forced off the field by his own soldiers, and Argyle himself was compelled to fly, weeping with anger. Of the Catholics, Sir Patrick Gordon, Huntley's uncle, was slain, with only twelve others. The loss of the other party was several hundred soldiers, besides some men of note, among them Campbell of Lochinzell.

This battle was fought on the third of October, 1594. The action is called the Battle of Glenlivet, or of Balrinnes, and also of Strath-avon.—See the 38th chapter of Sir W. Scott's *History of Scotland*, and the contemporary narrative in Dalzell's *Scotish Poems of the Sixteenth Century*, i. 136.

The ballad which follows is taken from the publica-

tion of Dalzell just mentioned, vol. ii. p. 347. There is a copy in the Pepys Collection, and another in the Advocates' Library, printed at Edinburgh in 1681. The ballad is also printed, undoubtedly from a stall copy, in *Scarce Ancient Ballads*, p. 29. The first four stanzas had previously been given in Jamieson's *Popular Ballads*, ii. 144. The older version of Dalzell is somewhat defective, and abounds in errors, which, as well as the vitiated orthography, are attributed to the ignorance of an English transcriber. The omissions are here supplied in the margin from the other copies.

Betuixt Dunother and Aberdein,
I rais and tuik the way,
Beleiuing weill it had not beine
Nought halff ane hour to day.
The lift was clad with cloudis gray,
And owermaskit was the moone,
Quhilk me deceaued whair I lay,
And maid me ryss ouer soone.

On Towie Mounth I mett a man,
Weill grathed in his gear:
Quoth I, "Quhat neues?" then he begane
To tell a fitt of warre.
Quoth he, "Of lait I heir,
Ane bloodie broust there was brouine,

13-24. Saying, "The ministers, I fear,
A bloody browst have brown,
For yesterday, withouthen mair,
On the hill at Stradown,

Zesterday, withouten moir,
  Upone ane hill at Strathdoune."

Then I, as any man wold be,
  Desyrous for to know
Mair of that taill he told to me,
  The quhilk he said he sawe—
Be then the day began to daw,
  And back with him I red;
Then he began the soothe to schaw,
  And on this wayis he said.

Macallenmore cam from the wast
  With many a bow and brand;
To wast the Rinnes he thought best,
  The Earll of Huntlies land.
He swore that none should him gainestand,
  Except that he war fay;
Bot all sould be at his comand
  That dwelt be northen Tay.

Then Huntlie, for to prevent that perrill,
  Directit hastilie

"I saw three lords in battle fight
  Right furiously awhile,
Huntlie and Errol, as they hight,
  Were both against Argyle.
Turn back with me and ride a mile,
  And I shall make it kend,
How they began, the form and stile,
  And of the battles end."

JAMIESON

36. landis.

Unto the noble Erll of Erroll,
Besought him for supplie.
Quha said, "It is my deutie
For to giue Huntlie support;
For if he lossis Strabolgie,
My Slaines will be ill hurt.

"Thairfoir I hald the subject vaine,
Wold rave us of our right;
First sall one of us be slaine,
The uther tak the flight.
Suppose Argyll be muche of might,
Be force of Heigheland men;
We's be a motte into his sight,
Or he pas hame againe.

"Be blaithe, my mirrie men, be blaithe,
Argyll sall have the worse,
Give he into this countrie kaithe,
I houpe in God[i]s cross."
Then leap this lord upon his horss,
Ane warrlyk troupe at Torray;
To meit with Huntlie and his force,
They ryde to Elgine of Murray.

The samen night thir lordis meit;
For utheris, who thought long,
(To tell zow all, I haue forgot)
The mirthe was them amonge.
Then playeris played, and songsters song,
To gled the mirrie host,
Quho feared not thair foes strong,
Nor zet Argylles boste.

They for two dayes wold not remove,
Bot blaithlie dranck the wyne,
Some to his lass, some to his loue,
Some to his ladeis fyne.
And he that thought not for to blyne,
His mistres tockin tackes;
They kist it first, and set it syne
Upone thair helmes and jackes.

They past thair tyme right wantonly,
Quhill word cam at ye last,
Argyll, with ane great armie,
Approached wondrous fast.
Then [out] of the toune thir barrones past,
And Huntlie to them said,
"Good gentillmen, we will us cast
To Strathbolgie but bed."

Quhen they unto Strathbolgie came,
To that castell but dreid,
Then to forsee how thingis might frame,

88. beed.
91. fraine.
89–96. This stanza is unintelligible in Dalzell. It stands thus in Laing's copy.

When they unto Strathboggy came,
To council soon they geed,
For to see how things might frame,
For they had meikle need.
They voted then to do a deed
As kirkmen do devise,
And pray'd that they might find good speed
In that great interprise.

For they had meikle neid,
They woned them unto the dead,
As kirkmen could devys;
Syne prayed to God that they might speed
Off thair guid enterpryse.

Then evirie man himself did arme,
To meit Mackallanmorne,
Unto Strathdoune quho did great harme
The Wednesday beforne.
As lyounes does poore lambes devoure,
With bloodie teethe and naillis,
They burnt the biggingis, tuik the store,
Syne slewe the peopillis sellis.

Besyd all this hie crueltie,
He said, ere he should ceass,
The standing stonnes of Strathbolgie
Schould be his palione place.
Bot Huntlie said, "With Godis grace,
First we sall fight them ones;
Perchance that they may tak the chess,
Ere they come to the stonnes."

Thir lordis keipt on at afternoone,
With all thair warrmen wight;
Then sped up to Cabrach sone,
Whair they bed all that night.
Upone the morne, quhen day was light,
They rose and maid them boune
Intill ane castell that stood on hight,
They call it Auchindoune.

Besyd that castell, on a croft,
They stended pallionis ther;
Then spak a man that had bein oft
In jeopardie of warr:
"My lord, zour foes they ar to fear,
Thoughe we war neuir so stoute;
Thairfoir comand some man of warre
To watche the rest about."

Be this was done, some gentillmen
Of noble kin and blood,
To counsell with thir lordis begane,
Of matteris to concluide:
For weill aneughe they understood
The matter was of weght,
They had so manie men of good
In battell for to fight.

The firstin man in counsall spak,
Good Errol it was he;
Who sayis, "I will the vaneguard tack,
And leiding upone me.
My Lord Huntlie, come succour me,
When ze sie me opprest;
For fra the feild I will not flie
So long as I may last."

Thair at some Gordones waxed wraithe,
And said he did them wrong;
To lat this lord then they warre leath
First to [the] battell gange.
The meiting that was them amonge,

149. This line seems to be corrupted.

Was no man that it hard,
Bot Huntlie, with ane troupe full stronge,
Bed into the reir guarde.

Thir wer the number of thair force
Thir lordis to battell led:
Ane thousand gentillmen on horss,
And some fotemen they had;
Thrie hundreth that schot arrowes bred,
Four scoir that hagbutis bore:
Thir war the number that they had
Of footmen with them suire.

This worthy chevalrie
All merchand to the field;
Argyll, with ane great armie,
Upone ane hill had tane beild,
Aboyding them [with] speare and scheild,
With bullettis, dartis, and bowes;
The men could weill thair wapones weild;
To meit them was no mowes.

When they so near uther war come,
That ilk man saw his foe,
"Goe to, and assay the gaime," said some;
Bot Capitane Ker said, "No:

161. Some words are lost.

Thus with their noble cavalry
They marched to the field.

LAING.

165. speares and scheildis.
167. weild thair wapones weill.

First lat the gunes befoir us goe,
That they may break the order:
Quoth both the lordis, "Lat it be so,
Or euer we goe forder."

Then Androw Gray, upone ane horss,
Betuixt the battillis red;
Makand the signe of holy cross,
In manus tuas he said.
He lighted thair [the] gunes to led,
Quhill they cam to the rest;
Then Capitane Ker unto him sped,
And bad him shuit in haist.

"I will not [shuit]," quothe Androw Gray,
"Quhill they cum over zonder hill;
We have an ower guid caus this dey,
Through misgydins to spill.
Goe back, and bid our men byd still,
Quhill they cum to the plaine;
Then sall my shuitting doe them ill,
I will not shuit in vaine."

"Shuit up, shuit up," quothe Capitane Ker,
"Shuit up, to our comfort!"
The firsten shot [it] was to neir,
It lighted all to schort.
The nixtin shot thair foes hurt,
It lighted wounderous weill:
Quoth Androw Gray, "I sie ane sport,
Quhen they began to reill.

180. mannis. 187. then ower

"Goe toe, good mattes, and say the game,
Zonder folkis ar in a fray;
Lat sie how we can well with them,
Into thair disaray.
Goe, goe, it is not tyme to stay,
All for my bennisoune;
Saue non this day ze may gar dye,
Quhill ze the feild haue wonne."

Then Errol haisted to the hight,
Whair he did battell byd;
With him went Auchindoune and Gight,
And Bonnitoune by his syd:
Whair manie gentillman did with him byd,
Whos prais sould not be smored;
Bot Capitane Ker, that was thair gyde,
Red ay befoir my lord.

They war not manie men of werre,
Bot they war wonder trewe;
With hagbutis, pistolet, bowe, and speare,
They did thair foes persewe,
Quhair bullettis, dartis, and arrowes flew,
Als thick as haill or raine,

209–216. Then awful Erroll he can say
"Good fellows, follow me:
I hope it shall be ours this day,
Or else therefore to die.
Tho they in number many be,
Set on, withoutten words;
Let ilk brave fellow brake his tree,
And then pursue with swords."

213. many were. 219. within went.

Quhilk manie hurt, and some they slew,
Of horss and gentillmen.

Huntlie maid haist to succour him,
And charged furiouslie,
Quhair manie menis sight grew dim,
The shottis so thick did flie;
Quhilk gart right manie doghtie die,
Of some on euerie syd;
Argyll with his tald hoste did flie,
Bot Macklenne did abyd.

Macklene had one ane habershoune,
Ilk lord had one ane jack;
Togidder feirc[e]lie are they rune,
With manie a gunes crack.
The splenderis of thair spearis they break,
Flewe up into the air,
Quhilk boore doune maney on thair back,
Againe ros neuer mair.

"Alace, I sie ane soré sight,"
Said the Laird of Macklenne;
"Our feible folkis is tenne the flight,

249–56. Then some men said, "We will be sure
And take Maclean by course;
Go to, for we are men anew
To bear him down by force."
But noble Errol had remorse,
And said, "It is not best,
For tho Argyle has got the worst,
Let him gang with the rest.

And left me myne allaine.
Now must I flie, or els be slaine,
Since they will not returne;"
With that he ran ouer ane dyne,
Endlongis ane lytill burne.

Then after great Argylles hoste
Some horssmen tuik the chess,
Quha turned their backes for all thair bost,
Contrair the fooles say[s].
They cried "oh," with manie "alace,"
Bot neuir for mercie sought;
Thairfoir the Gordones gaue no grace,
Becaus they craved it nought.

Then some guidman perseiued sharpe,
With Erroll and Huntlie,
And thai with [a] capitane did carpe,
Quhais name was Ogilvie.
He sayis, "Gentillmen, lat see
Who maniest slaine slaydis;
Save non this day ze may gar die,
For pleadis, nor ransome paynes."

257–64. "What greater honour could ye wish
In deeds of chivalry,
Or brave victory than this,
Where one has chac'd thrice three?
Therefore, good fellows, let him be;
He'll die before he yield;
For he with his small company
Bade langest in the field."

281. perceiued. 286, 288. corrupted

Lyk hartes, up howes and hillis thei ranne,
Quhair horsmen might not winn:
"Reteir againe," quoth Huntlie then,
"Quhair we did first begin.
Heir lyes manie carved skinnes,
With manie ane bloodie beard,
For anie helpe, with litell dinne,
Sall rotte aboue the eard."

When they cam to the hill againe,
The sett doune one thair knees,
Syne thanked God that they had slaine
Soe manie enimies.
They ros befor Argylles eyis,
Maid Capitane Ker ane knight;
Syne bed among the dead bodies,
Whill they war out of sight.

This deid so doughtilie was done,
As I hard trewe men tell,
Upone ane Thursday afternoone,
St. Franecis ewill befell.

305-12. Now I have you already tauld,
Huntly and Errol's men
Could scarce be thirteen hundred called,
The truth if ye would ken.
And yet Argyle his thousands ten
Were they that took the race,
And tho that they were nine to ane,
They caused [them] take the chace.

308 he. 309. has. 324. should be *eve*, or *vigil*.

Guid Auchindoune was slaine himself,
With uther seven in battéll;
So was the Laird of Lochinzell,
Grate pitie was to tell.

BONNY JOHN SETON.

This ballad is taken from Maidment's *North Countrie Garland*, p. 15. There is another version in Buchan's *Ballads of the North of Scotland*, ii. 136 (*The Death of John Seton*).

John Seton of Pitmedden, a young and brave cavalier, was shot through the middle by a cannon ball, during the skirmish at the Bridge of Dee, while engaged, under the Viscount of Aboyne, in resisting the advance of Montrose upon the town of Aberdeen, in June, 1639. It was the hard fate of Aberdeen to suffer from the arms of Montrose, first, when he was general of the Covenanters, and again while he was

313-20. Sae Argyle's boast it was in vain,
(He thought sure not to tyne)
That if he durst cum to the plain,
He would gar every nine
Of his lay hold upon ilk man
Huntly and Errol had:
But yet for all his odds he ran
To tell how ill he sped.

319. fled.

lieutenant for the King. The murder and pillage perpetrated in the town by the Irish after the defeat of Lord Burleigh, in 1644, have been made the subject of violent reproach by his enemies, but it may perhaps be said, that for all that exceeded the usual horrors of war, the heroic commander was not responsible. In Buchan's version of the present ballad, the clemency shown by Montrose on taking possession of the city in 1639 is commemorated in three stanzas worthy of preservation. The Covenanters were "resolved to have sacked it orderly."

Out it speeks the gallant Montrose,
(Grace on his fair body!)
"We winna burn the bonny burgh,
We'll even lat it be."

Then out it speaks the gallant Montrose,
"Your purpose I will break;
We winna burn the bonny burgh,
We'll never build its make.

"I see the women and their children
Climbing the craigs sae hie;
We'll sleep this night in the bonny burgh,
And even lat it be."

Upon the eighteenth day of June,
A dreary day to see,
The Southern lords did pitch their camp
Just at the bridge of Dee.
Bonny John Seton of Pitmeddin,
A bold baron was he,

He made his testament ere he went out,
The wiser man was he.

He left his land to his young son,
His lady her dowry,
A thousand crowns to his daughter Jean,
Yet on the nurse's knee.

Then out came his lady fair,
A tear into her e'e;
Says "Stay at home, my own good lord,
O stay at home with me!"

He looked over his left shoulder,
Cried, "Souldiers, follow me!"
O then she looked in his face,
An angry woman was she:
"God send me back my steed again,
But ne'er let me see thee!"

His name was Major Middleton
That manned the bridge of Dee;
His name was Colonel Henderson
That let the cannons flee.

His name was Major Middleton
That manned the bridge of Dee;
And his name was Colonel Henderson
That dung Pitmeddin in three.

Some rode on the black and gray,
And some rode on the brown,

But the bonny John Seton
Lay gasping on the ground.

Then bye there comes a false Forbes,
Was riding from Driminere;
Says "Here there lies a proud Seton,
This day they ride the rear."

Cragievar[1] said to his men,
"You may play on your shield;
For the proudest Seton in all the lan'
This day lies on the field."

"O spoil him, spoil him," cried Cragievar,
"Him spoiled let me see;
For on my word," said Cragievar,
"He had no good will at me."

They took from him his armour clear,
His sword, likewise his shield;
Yea they have left him naked there
Upon the open field.

The Highland men, they're clever men
At handling sword and shield,
But yet they are too naked men
To stay in battle field.

The Highland men are clever men[2]
At handling sword or gun,

[1] Sir William Forbes of Cragievar.

[2] The Highlanders were thrown into great consternation by cannon shot, to which they were not accustomed

But yet they are too naked men
To bear the cannon's rung.

For a cannon's roar in a summer night
Is like thunder in the air;
There's not a man in Highland dress
Can face the cannon's fire.

THE HAWS OF CROMDALE.

Ritson's *Scottish Songs*, ii. 40. Johnson's *Museum*, p. 502.

This ballad, very popular in Scotland, was long sold on the stalls before it was received into the collections. A glance will show that it has at best been very imperfectly transmitted by oral tradition. In fact, the Ettrick Shepherd seems to be right in maintaining that two widely separated events are here jumbled together. The first five stanzas apparently refer to an action in May, 1690, when Sir Thomas Livingston surprised fifteen hundred Highlanders in their beds at Cromdale, and the remainder to the lost battle of Auldern, where Montrose, with far inferior forces, defeated Sir John Hurry with prodigious slaughter, on the 4th of May, 1645. Mr. Stenhouse

At the Raid of Stonehaven, just previous to the affair of the Bridge of Dee, the first volley made them wheel about and fly in disorder. They declared that they could not abide "the musket's mother."

states, indeed, that after that imprudent division of the army of the Covenant which opened the way to the disaster at Auldern, Hurry surprised and routed at Cromdale a body of Highlanders under the lion-hearted Allaster Macdonald. But this check appears, by his own language, to have been too slight an affair to call forth such verses as those with which the ballad begins. See Hogg's *Jacobite Relics*, ii. 157, Johnson's *Museum* (1853), iv. 428.

As I came in by Achendown,
A little wee bit frae the town,
When to the highlands I was bown,
To view the haws of Cromdale,

I met a man in tartan trews,
I spier'd at him what was the news:
Quoth he, "The highland army rues
That e'er we came to Cromdale."

"We were in bed, sir, every man,
When the English host upon us came;
A bloody battle then began
Upon the haws of Cromdale.

"The English horse they were so rude,
They bath'd their hoofs in highland blood,
But our brave clans they boldly stood,
Upon the haws of Cromdale.

"But alas! we could no longer stay,
For o'er the hills we came away,

And sore we do lament the day
That e'er we came to Cromdale."

* * * * *

Thus the great Montrose did say
"Can you direct the nearest way"
For I will o'er the hills this day,
And view the haws of Cromdale."

"Alas, my lord, you're not so strong
You scarcely have two thousand men
And there's twenty thousand on the plain
Stand rank and file on Cromdale."

Thus the great Montrose did say,
"I say, direct the nearest way,
For I will o'er the hills this day,
And see the haws of Cromdale."

They were at dinner, every man,
When great Montrose upon them came
A second battle then began
Upon the haws of Cromdale.

The Grants, Mackenzies, and M'Kys,
Soon as Montrose they did espy,
O then they fought most vehemently,
Upon the haws of Cromdale.

The M'Donalds, they return'd again,
The Camerons did their standard join,
M'Intosh play'd a bonny game,
Upon the haws of Cromdale.

The M'Gregors fought like lyons bold,
M'Phersons, none could them controul,
M'Lauchlins fought like loyal souls,
Upon the haws of Cromdale.

[M'Leans, M'Dougals, and M'Neals,
So boldly as they took the field,
And made their enemies to yield,
Upon the haws of Cromdale.]

The Gordons boldly did advance,
The Fraziers [fought] with sword and lance,
The Grahams they made their heads to dance,
Upon the haws of Cromdale.

The loyal Stewarts, with Montrose,
So boldly set upon their foes,
And brought them down with highland blows,
Upon the haws of Cromdale

Of twenty thousand Cromwells men
Five hundred went to Aberdeen,
The rest of them lyes on the plain,
Upon the haws of Cromdale.

THE BATTLE OF ALFORD.

Two months after the defeat of Sir John Hurry at Auldern, Montrose utterly destroyed the other division of the covenanting army, under General Baillie, at Alford on the Don. On the 2d of July, the King's forces marched from Drumminor, and crossed the Don to Alford, Montrose and the Earl of Aboyne taking up their quarters in the castle of Asloun. Baillie, who was now in pursuit of the royalists, moved southward, and encamped on the day just mentioned, at Lesly. The next morning he crossed the river (halting on the way near a farm called Mill Hill), whereupon the battle took place. Montrose dearly purchased this new victory by the loss of Lord George Gordon, who commanded the *right* wing, not the left.

These fragmentary verses are from *The Thistle of Scotland*, p. 68.

THE Graham[s and] Gordons of Aboyne
Camp'd at Drumminor bog;
At the castle there they lay all night,
And left them scarce a hog.

The black Baillie, that auld dog,
Appeared on our right;
We quickly raise up frae the bog,
To Alford march'd that night.

We lay at Lesly all night,
They camped at Asloun;
And up we raise afore daylight,
To ding the beggars doun.

Before we was in battle rank,
We was anent Mill Hill;
I wat full[1] weel they gar'd us rue,
We gat fighting our fill.

They hunted us and dunted us,
They drave us here and there,
Untill three hundred of our men
Lay gasping in their lair.

The Earl of Mar the right wing guided,
The colours stood him by;
Lord George Gordon the left wing guided,
Who well the sword could ply.

There came a ball shot frae the west
That shot him through the back;
Although he was our enemy,
We grieved for his wreck.

We cannot say 'twas his own men,
But yet it came that way;
In Scotland there was not a match
To that man where he lay.

[1] fell.

THE BATTLE OF PENTLAND HILLS.

Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border, ii. 203

"THE insurrection commemorated and magnified in the following ballad, as indeed it has been in some histories, was, in itself, no very important affair. It began in Dumfries-shire, where Sir James Turner, a soldier of fortune, was employed to levy the arbitrary fines imposed for not attending the Episcopal churches. The people rose, seized his person, disarmed his soldiers, and, having continued together, resolved to march towards Edinburgh, expecting to be joined by their friends in that quarter. In this they were disappointed; and, being now diminished to half their numbers, they drew up on the Pentland Hills, at a place called Rullien Green. They were commanded by one Wallace; and here they awaited the approach of General Dalziel, of Binns; who, having marched to Calder, to meet them on the Lanark road, and finding, that, by passing through Collington, they had got to the other side of the hills, cut through the mountains and approached them. Wallace showed both spirit and judgment: he drew up his men in a very strong situation, and withstood two charges of Dalziel's cavalry; but, upon the third shock, the insurgents were broken and utterly dispersed. There was very little slaughter, as the cavalry of Dalziel were chiefly gentlemen, who pitied their oppressed and misguided countrymen. There were about fifty killed, and as many made prisoners. The battle was

fought on the 28th November, 1666; a day still observed by the scattered remnant of the Cameronian sect, who regularly hear a field-preaching upon the field of battle.

"I am obliged for a copy of the ballad to Mr. Livingston of Airds, who took it down from the recitation of an old woman residing on his estate.

"The gallant Grahams, mentioned in the text, are Graham of Claverhouse's horse." SCOTT.

THE gallant Grahams cam from the west,
Wi' their horses black as ony craw;
The Lothian lads they marched fast,
To be at the Rhyns o' Gallowa.

Betwixt Dumfries town and Argyle,
The lads they marched mony a mile;
Souters and tailors unto them drew,
Their covenants for to renew.

The Whigs, they, wi' their merry cracks,
Gar'd the poor pedlars lay down their packs;
But aye sinsyne they do repent
The renewing o' their Covenant.

At the Mauchline muir, where they were review'd,
Ten thousand men in armour show'd;
But, ere they came to the Brockie's burn,
The half of them did back return.

General Dalyell, as I hear tell,
Was our lieutenant-general;

And Captain Welsh, wi' his wit and skill,
Was to guide them on to the Pentland hill.

General Dalyell held to the hill,
Asking at them what was their will;
And who gave them this protestation,
To rise in arms against the nation?

"Although we all in armour be,
It's not against his majesty;
Nor yet to spill our neighbour's bluid,
But wi' the country we'll conclude."

"Lay down your arms, in the King's name,
And ye shall a' gae safely hame;"
But they a' cried out wi' ae consent,
"We'll fight for a broken Covenant."

"O well," says he, "since it is so,
A wilfu' man never wanted woe:"
He then gave a sign unto his lads,
And they drew up in their brigades.

The trumpets blew, and the colours flew,
And every man to his armour drew;
The Whigs were never so much aghast,
As to see their saddles toom sae fast.

The cleverest men stood in the van,
The Whigs they took their heels and ran;
But such a raking was never seen,
As the raking o' the Rullien Green

THE READING SKIRMISH.

SEVERAL companies, principally Irish, belonging to the army of King James, and stationed at Reading, had quitted the town in consequence of a report that the Prince of Orange was advancing in that direction with the main body of his forces. On the departure of the garrison, the people of Reading at once invited the Prince to take possession of the place, and secure them against the Irish. But the King's troops, having learned that it was only a small detachment of William's soldiers, and not the main army, by whom they were threatened, returned and reoccupied their post. Here they were attacked by two hundred and fifty of the Dutch, and though numbering six hundred, were soon put to flight, with the loss of their colors and of fifty men, the assailants losing but five. This skirmish occurred on Sunday, the 9th of December, 1688.

This piece is extracted from Croker's *Historical Songs of Ireland*, p. 14, Percy Society, vol. i., and was there given from a collection of printed ballads in the British Museum. The burden seems to be derived from the following stanza of *Lilli burlero:*

> "Now, now de heretics all go down,
> *Lilli, &c.*
> By Chreist and St. Patrick de nation's our own,
> *Lilli, &c.*

THE READING SKIRMISH;

OR, THE BLOODY IRISH ROUTED BY THE VICTORIOUS DUTCH.

Five hundred papishes came there,
To make a final end
Of all the town, in time of prayer,
But God did them defend.

To the tune of *Lilli borlero*. Licensed according to order. Printed for J. D. in the year 1688.

We came into brave Reading by night,
Five hundred horsemen proper and tall;
Yet not resolved fairly to fight,
But for to cut the throats of them all.
Most of us was Irish Papists,
Who vowed to kill, then plunder the town;
We this never doubted, but soon we were routed,
By Chreest and St. Patrick, we all go down.

In Reading town we ne'er went to bed;
Every soul there mounted his horse,
Hoping next day to fill them with dread;
Yet I swear by St. Patrick's cross,
We most shamefully was routed:
Fortune was pleased to give us a frown,
And blasted our glory: I'll tell you the story,
By Chreest and St. Patrick we all go down.

We thought to slay them all in their sleep,
But by my shoul, were never the near,

The hereticks their guard did so keep,
Which put us in a trembling fear.
We concluded something further,
To seize the churches all in the town,
With killing and slaying, while they were a praying,
But we were routed, and soon run down.

Nay, before noon, we vowed to despatch
Every man, nay, woman and child;
This in our hearts we freely did hatch,
Vowing to make a prey of the spoil.
But we straightways was prevented,
When we did hope for fame and renown;
In less than an hour we [are] forcéd to scoure;
By Chreest and St. Patrick, we are run down.

We were resolved Reading to clear,
Having in hand the flourishing sword;
The bloody sceen was soon to appear,
For we did then but wait for the word:
While the ministers were preaching,
We were resolved to have at their gown;
But straight was surrounded, and clearly confounded,
By Chreest and St. Patrick, we all go down.

Just as we all were fit to fall on,
In came the Dutch with fury and speed;
And amongst them there was not a man,
But what was rarely mounted indeed;
And rid up as fierce as tygers,
Knitting their brows, they on us did frown;
Not one of them idle, their teeth held their bridle,
By Chreest and St. Patrick, we were run down.

They never stood to use many words,
But in all haste up to us they flocked,
In their right hands their flourishing swords,
And their left carbines ready cock'd.
We were forced to fly before them,
Thorow the lanes and streets of the town;
While they pursued after, and threaten'd a slaughter,
By Chreest and St. Patrick, we were run down.

Then being fairly put to the rout,
Hunted and drove before 'um like dogs,
Our captain bid us then face about,
But we wisht for our Irish bogs.
Having no great mind for fighting,
The Dutch did drive us thorow the town;
Our foreheads we crossed, yet still was unhorsed,
By Chreest and St. Patrick, we're all run down.

We threw away our swords and carbines,
Pistols and cloaks lay strow'd on the lands;
Cutting off boots for running, uds-doyns,
One pair of heels was worth two pair of hands.
Then we called on sweet St. Coleman,[1]
Hoping he might our victory crown;
But Dutchmen pursuing poor Teagues to our ruin,
By Chreest and St. Patrick, we're all run down.

Never was Teagues in so much distress,
As the whole world may well understand;
When we came here, we thought to possess
Worthy estates of houses and land:

[1] Edward Coleman, hanged at Tyburn in 1678, for his participation in the Popish Plot.—CROKER.

But we find 'tis all a story,
  Fortune is pleased on us to frown:
Instead of our riches, we stink in our breeches,
  By Chreest and St. Patrick, we're all run down.

They call a thing a three-legged mare,
  Where they will fit each neck with a nooze,
Then with our beads to say our last prayer,
  After all this to die in our shoes.
Thence we pack to purgatory;
  For us let all the Jesuits pray;
Farewell, Father Peters, here's some of your creatures
  Would have you to follow the self-same way.

UNDAUNTED LONDONDERRY.

THE story of the siege of Londonderry, "the most memorable in the annals of the British isles," is eloquently told in the twelfth chapter of Macaulay's *History of England*. It lasted one hundred and five days, from the middle of April to the first of August (1689). During that time the garrison nad been reduced from about seven thousand men to about three thousand. Famine and pestilence slew more than the fire of the enemy. In the last month of the siege, there was scarcely any thing left to eat in the city but salted hides and tallow. The price of a dog's paw was five shillings and sixpence, and rats that had

fed on the bodies of the dead were eagerly hunted and slain. The courage and self-devotion of the defenders, animated by a lofty public spirit and sustained by religious zeal, were at last rewarded by a glorious triumph, and will never cease to be celebrated with pride and enthusiasm by the Protestants of Ireland.

The ballad is here given as printed in Croker's *Historical Songs of Ireland*, p. 46, from a black letter copy in the British Museum. The whole title runs thus: *Undaunted Londonderry; or, the Victorious Protestants' constant success against the proud French and Irish Forces. To the Tune of Lilli Borlero.*

Protestant boys, both valliant and stout,
Fear not the strength and frown of Rome,
Thousands of them are put to the rout,
Brave Londonderry tells 'um their doom.
For their cannons roar like thunder,
Being resolved the town to maintain
For William and Mary, still brave Londonderry
Will give the proud French and Tories their bane.

Time after time, with powder and balls,
Protestant souls they did 'um salute,
That before Londonderry's stout walls
Many are slain and taken to boot.
Nay, their noble Duke of Berwick,[1]
Many reports, is happily tane,

[1] In a sally which was made by the garrison towards the end of April, the Duke of Berwick is said to have received a slight wound in the back.

Where still they confine him, and will not resign him,
Till they have given the Tories their bane.

Into the town their bombs they did throw,
Being resolved to fire the same,
Hoping thereby to lay it all low,
Could they but raise it into a flame.
But the polititious Walker,[1]
By an intreague did quail them again,
And blasted the glory of French, Teague, and Tory;
By policy, boys, he gave them their bane.

Thundering stones they laid on the wall,
Ready against the enemy came,
With which they vow'd the Tories to mawl,
Whene'er they dare approach but the same.
And another sweet invention,
The which in brief I reckon to name;
A sharp, bloody slaughter did soon follow after,
Among the proud French, and gave them their bane.

Stubble and straw in parcels they laid,
The which they straightways kindled with speed;
By this intreague the French was betrayed,
Thinking the town was fired indeed.
Then they placed their scaling ladders,
And o'er the walls did scour amain;
Yet strait, to their wonder, they were cut in sunder,
Thus Frenchmen and Tories met with their bane.

[1] The Rev. George Walker, rector of the parish of Donaghmore, the hero of the defence. His statue now stands on a lofty pillar, rising from a bastion which for a long time sustained the heaviest fire of the besiegers

Suddenly then they opened their gate,
Sallying forth with vigor and might;
And, as the truth I here may relate,
Protestant boys did valliantly fight,
Taking many chief commanders,
While the sharp fray they thus did maintain,
With vigorous courses, they routed their forces,
And many poor Teagues did meet with their bane.

While with their blood the cause they have sealed,
Heaven upon their actions did frown;
Protestants took the spoil of the field,
Cannons full five they brought to the town.
With a lusty, large, great mortar,
Thus they returned with honor and gain,
While Papists did scour from Protestant power,
As fearing they all should suffer their bane.

In a short time we hope to arrive
With a vast army to Ireland,
And the affairs so well we'll contrive
That they shall ne'er have power to stand
Gainst King William and Queen Mary,
Who on the throne does flourish and reign;
We'll down with the faction that make the distraction,
And give the proud French and Tories their bane

PRŒLIUM GILLICRANKIANUM. See p. 152.

From Johnson's *Museum*, p. 105.

Grahamius notabilis coegerat montanos,
Qui clypeis et gladiis fugarunt Anglicanos;
Fugerant Vallicolæ, atque Puritani,
Cacavere Batavi et Cameroniani.
Grahamius mirabilis, fortissimus Alcides,
Cujus regi fuerat intemerata fides,
Agiles monticolas marte inspiravit,
Et duplicatum numerum hostium profligavit.

Nobilis apparuit Fermilodunensis,
Cujus in rebelles stringebatur ensis;
Nobilis et sanguine, nobilior virtute,
Regi devotissimus intus et in cute.
Pitcurius heroicus, Hector Scoticanus,
Cui mens fidelis fuerat et invicta manus,
Capita rebellium, is excerebravit,
Hostes unitissimos ille dimicavit.

Glengarius magnanimus atque bellicosus,
Functus ut Eneas, pro rege animosus,
Fortis atque strenuus, hostes expugnavit,
Sanguine rebellium campos coloravit.
Surrexerat fideliter Donaldus Insulanus,
Pugnaverat viriliter, cum copiis Skyanis,
Pater atque filii non dissimularunt,
Sed pro rege proprio unanimes pugnarunt.

Macleanius, circumdatus tribo martiali,
Semper, devinctissimus familiæ regali,

Fortiter pugnaverat, more atavorum,
Deinde dissipaverat turmas Batavorum.
Strenuus Lochielius, multo Camerone,
Hostes ense peremit, et abrio pugione;
Istos et intrepidos Orco dedicavit,
Impedimenta hostium Blaro reportavit.

Macneillius de Bara, Glencous Kepochanus,
Ballechinus, cum fratre, Stuartus Apianus,
Pro Jacobo Septimo fortiter gessere,
Pugiles fortissimi, feliciter vicere.
Canonicus clarissimus Gallovidianus,
Acer et indomitus, consilioque sanus,
Ibi dux adfuerat, spectabilis persona,
Nam pro tuenda patria, hunc peperit Bellona.

Ducalidoni dominum spreverat gradivus,
Nobilis et juvenis, fortis et activus:
Nam cum nativum principem exulem audiret,
Redit ex Hungaria ut regi inserviret.
Illic et adfuerat tutor Ranaldorum,
Qui strenue pugnaverat cum copiis virorum;
Et ipse Capetaneus, aetate puerili,
Intentus est ad prœlium, spiritu virili.

Glenmoristonus junior, optimus bellator
Subito jam factus, hactenus venator,
Perduelles Whiggeos ut pecora prostravit,
Ense et fulmineo Mackaium fugavit.
Regibus et legibus, Scotici constantes,
Vos clypeis et gladiis pro principe pugnantes,
Vestra est victoria, vestra est et gloria,
In cantis et historia perpes est memoria!

THE BOYNE WATER.

This momentous battle was fought on the 1st of July, 1690. James had a strong position and thirty thousand men, two thirds of whom were a worthless rabble. William had thirty-six thousand splendid soldiers. The loss on neither side was great. Of James's troops there fell fifteen hundred, the flower of his army; of the conqueror's not more than five, but with them the great Duke of Schomberg. The present version of this ballad is from Croker's *Historical Songs of Ireland*, p. 60, given from a MS. copy in the editor's possession.

July the first, in Oldbridge town,[1]
There was a grievous battle,
Where many a man lay on the ground,
By the cannons that did rattle,
King James he pitched his tents between
The lines for to retire;
But King William threw his bomb-balls in,
And set them all on fire.

Thereat enraged, they vow'd revenge,
Upon King William's forces;

1 The Dutch guards first entered the river Boyne at a ford opposite to the little village of Oldbridge.—Croker.

And often did cry vehemently,
That they would stop their courses.
A bullet from the Irish came,
Which grazed King William's arm;
They thought his majesty was slain,
Yet it did him little harm.

Duke Schomberg then, in friendly care,
His king would often caution
To shun the spot where bullets hot
Retain'd their rapid motion.
But William said—"He don't deserve
The name of Faith's defender,
That would not venture life and limb
To make a foe surrender."

When we the Boyne began to cross,
The enemy they descended;
But few of our brave men were lost,
So stoutly we defended.
The horse was the first that marchéd o'er,
The foot soon followed a'ter,
But brave Duke Schomberg was no more,
By venturing over the water.

When valiant Schomberg he was slain,
King William thus accosted
His warlike men, for to march on,
And he would be the foremost.
"Brave boys," he said, "be not dismayed
For the losing of one commander;
For God will be our king this day,
And I'll be general under."

Then stoutly we the Boyne did cross,
To give our enemies battle;
Our cannon, to our foes great cost,
Like thundering claps did rattle,
In majestic mien our prince rode o'er,
His men soon followed a'ter;
With blows and shouts put our foes to the route,
The day we crossed the water.

The Protestants of Drogheda
Have reasons to be thankful,
That they were not to bondage brought,
They being but a handful.
First to the Tholsel they were brought,
And tied at Milmount a'ter,[1]
But brave King William set them free,
By venturing over the water.

The cunning French, near to Duleek[2]
Had taken up their quarters,
And fenced themselves on every side,
Still waiting for new orders.

1 "After the battle of the Boyne, the Popish garrison of Drogheda took the Protestants out of prison, into which they had thrown them, and carried them to the Mount; where they expected the cannon would play, if King William's forces besieged the town. *They tied them together*, and set them to receive the shot; but their hearts failed them who were to defend the place, and so it pleased God to preserve the poor Protestants."—*Memoirs of Ireland, &c.*, cited by Croker.

2 "When in the course of the day, the battle approached James's position on the hill of Donore, the warlike prince retired to a more secure distance at Duleek, where he soon

But in the dead time of the night,
They set the field on fire;
And long before the morning light,
To Dublin they did retire.

Then said King William to his men,
After the French departed,
"I'm glad," said he, "that none of ye
Seeméd to be faint-hearted.
So sheath your swords, and rest awhile,
In time we'll follow a'ter:"
These words he uttered with a smile,
The day he crossed the water.

Come, let us all, with heart and voice,
Applaud our lives' defender,
Who at the Boyne his valour shewed,
And made his foes surrender,
To God above the praise we'll give,
Both now and ever a'ter,
And bless the glorious memory
Of King William that crossed the Boyne water.

put himself at the head of his French allies, and led the retreat; the King and the French coming off without a scar."
—O'Driscol, cited by Croker.

THE WOMAN WARRIOR,

Who liv'd in Cow-Cross, near West-Smithfield; who, changing her apparel, entered herself on board in quality of a soldier, and sailed to Ireland, where she valiantly behaved herself, particularly at the siege of Cork, where she lost her toes, and received a mortal wound in her body, of which she since died in her return to London.

From Durfey's *Pills to Purge Melancholy*, v. 8.

Cork was taken September 27–29, 1690, by the Duke (then Earl) of Marlborough, with the coöperation of the Duke of Wirtemberg. The Duke of Grafton, then serving as a volunteer, was mortally wounded while advancing to the assault. Croker suggests that this lamentation for the heroine of Cow-Cross, "the Mary Ambree of her age," was one of the many indirect efforts made to bring the military skill of Marlborough into popular notice.

Let the females attend
To the lines which are penn'd,
For here I shall give a relation
Of a young marry'd wife,
Who did venture her life,
For a soldier, a soldier she went from the nation.

She her husband did leave,
And did likewise receive
Her arms, and on board she did enter,
And right valiantly went,
With a resolution bent
To the ocean, the ocean, her life there to venture.

Yet of all the ship's crew,
Not a seaman that knew
They then had a woman so near 'em;
On the ocean so deep
She her council did keep,
Ay, and therefore, and therefcre she never did fear 'em.

She was valiant and bold,
And would not be controul'd
By any that dare to offend her;
If a quarrel arose,
She would give him dry blows,
And the captain, the captain did highly commend her.

For he took her to be
Then of no mean degree,
A gentleman's son, or a squire;
With a hand white and fair,
There was none could compare,
Which the captain, the captain did often admire.

On the Irish shore,
Where the cannons did roar,
With many stout lads she was landed;
There her life to expose,
She lost two of her toes,
And in battle, in battle was daily commended.

Under Grafton she fought
Like a brave hero stout,
And made the proud Tories retire;

She in field did appear
With a heart void of fear,
And she bravely, she bravely did charge and give fire.

While the battering balls
Did assault the strong walls
Of Cork, and sweet trumpets sounded,
She did bravely advance
Where by unhappy chance
This young female, young female, alas! she was wounded.

At the end of the fray
Still she languishing lay,
Then over the ocean they brought her,
To her own native shore:
Now they ne'er knew before
That a woman, a woman had been in that slaughter.

What she long had conceal'd
Now at length she reveal'd,
That she was a woman that ventur'd;
Then to London with care
She did straitways repair,
But she dy'd, oh she dy'd, e'er the city she enter'd

When her parents beheld,
They with sorrow was fill'd,
For why, they did dearly adore her;
In her grave now she lies,
'Tis not watery eyes,
No, nor sighing, nor sighing that e'er can restore her

A DIALOGUE

BETWEEN WILL LICK-LADLE AND TOM CLEAN-COGUE, TWA SHEPHERDS, WHA WERE FEEDING THEIR FLOCKS ON THE OCHIL-HILLS ON THE DAY THE BATTLE OF SHERIFF-MOOR WAS FOUGHT.

(See p. 156. From Ritson's *Scottish Songs*, ii. 67.)

W. PRAY came you here the fight to shun,
Or keep the sheep with me, man?
Or was you at the Sheriff-moor,
And did the battle see, man?
Pray tell whilk of the parties won?
For well I wat I saw them run,
Both south and north, when they begun,
To pell and mell, and kill and fell,
With muskets snell, and pistols knell,
And some to hell
Did flee, man

T. But, my dear Will, I kenna still,
Whilk o' the twa did lose, man;
For well I wat they had good skill
To set upo' their foes, man:
The red-coats they are train'd, you see.
The clans always disdain to flee,
Wha then should gain the victory?
But the Highland race, all in a brace,
With a swift pace, to the Whigs disgrace,
Did put to chace
Their foes, man.

W. Now how diel, Tam, can this be true?
I saw the chace gae north, man.
T. But well I wat they did pursue
Them even unto Forth, man.
Frae Dumblain they ran in my own sight,
And got o'er the bridge with all their might,
And those at Stirling took their flight;
Gif only ye had been wi' me,
You had seen them flee, of each degree,
For fear to die
Wi' sloth, man.

W. My sister Kate came o'er the hill,
Wi' crowdie unto me, man;
She swore she saw them running still
Frae Perth unto Dundee, man.
The left wing gen'ral had na skill,
The Angus lads had no good will
That day their neighbours blood to spill;
For fear by foes that they should lose
Their cogues of brose, all crying woes—
Yonder them goes,
D'ye see, man?

T. I see but few like gentlemen
Amang yon frighted crew, man;
fear my Lord Panmure be slain,
Or that he's ta'en just now, man.
For tho' his officers obey,
His cowardly commons run away,
For fear the red-coats them should slay;
The sodgers hail make their hearts fail;

See how they scale, and turn their tail,
And rin to flail
And plow, man.

W. But now brave Angus comes again
Into the second fight, man;
They swear they'll either dye or gain,
No foes shall them affright, man:
Argyle's best forces they'll withstand,
And boldly fight them sword in hand,
Give them a general to command,
A man of might, that will but fight,
And take delight to lead them right,
And ne'er desire
The flight, man.

But Flandrekins[1] they have no skill
To lead a Scotish force, man;
Their motions do our courage spill,
And put us to a loss, man.
You'll hear of us far better news,
When we attack like Highland trews,
To hash, and slash, and smash and bruise,
Till the field, tho' braid, be all o'erspread,
But coat or plaid, wi' corpse that's dead
In their cold bed,
That's moss, man

T. 'Twa gen'rals frae the field did run,
Lords Huntley and Seaforth, man;

[1] By Flanderkins are meant Lieutenant-General Fanderbeck and Colonels Rantzaw and Cromstrom.—Hogg.

They cry'd and run grim death to shun,
Those heroes of the North, man;
They're fitter far for book or pen,
Than under Mars to lead on men;
Ere they came there they might well ken
That female hands could ne'er gain lands;
'Tis Highland brands that countermands
Argathlean bands
Frae Forth, man.

W The Camerons scow'r'd as they were mad,
Lifting their neighbours cows, man,
M'Kenzie and the Stewart fled,
Without phil'beg or trews, man:
Had they behav'd like Donald's core,
And kill'd all those came them before,
Their king had gone to France no more:
Then each Whig saint wad soon repent,
And strait recant his covenant,
And rent
It at the news, man.

T. M'Gregors they far off did stand,
Badenach and Athol too, man;
I hear they wanted the command,
For I believe them true, man.
Perth, Fife, and Angus, wi' their horse,
Stood motionless, and some did worse,
For, tho' the red-coats went them cross,
They did conspire for to admire
Clans run and fire, left wings retire,
While rights intire
Pursue, man. no

W. But Scotland has not much to say,
For such a fight as this is,
Where baith did fight, baith run away;
The devil take the miss is
That every officer was not slain
That run that day, and was not ta'en,
Either flying from or to Dumblain;
When Whig and Tory, in their 'fury,'
Strove for glory, to our sorrow,
The sad story
Hush is.

UP AND WAR THEM A', WILLIE. See p. 156.

From Herd's *Scotish Songs*, ii. 234. The same in Ritson's *Scotish Songs*, ii. 73. Burns furnished a somewhat different version to Johnson's *Museum* (p. 195, also in Cromek's *Select Scotish Songs*, ii. 29), which he obtained from one Tom Neil, a carpenter in Edinburgh, who was famous for his singing of Scottish songs. The title and burden to this version is *Up and warn a'*, *Willie*, an allusion, says Burns, to the *crantara*, or warning of a Highland clan to arms, which the Lowlanders, not understanding, have corrupted. There is another copy in Hogg's *Jacobite Relics*, ii. 18, which is nearly the same as the following.

When the Earl of Mar first raised his standard, and proclaimed the Chevalier, the ornamental ball on the top of the staff fell off, and the superstitious High-

landers interpreted the circumstance as ominous of ill for their cause. This is the incident referred to in the third stanza.

When we went to the field of war,
And to the weapon-shaw, Willie,
With true design to stand our ground,
And chace our faes awa', Willie,
Lairds and lords came there bedeen,
And vow gin they were pra', Willie:
Up and war 'em a', Willie,
War 'em, war 'em a', Willie.

And when our army was drawn up,
The bravest e'er I saw, Willie,
We did not doubt to rax the rout,
And win the day and a', Willie;
Pipers play'd frae right to left,
"Fy, fourugh Whigs awa'," Willie.
Up and war, &c.

But when our standard was set up,
So fierce the wind did bla', Willie,
The golden knop down from the top
Unto ground did fa', Willie:
Then second-sighted Sandy said,
"We'll do nae good at a', Willie."
Up and war, &c.

When bra'ly they attack'd our left,
Our front, and flank, and a', Willie,
Our bald commander on the green,
Our faes their left did ca', Willie,

And there the greatest slaughter made
That e'er poor Tonald saw, Willie.
Up and war, &c.

First when they saw our Highland mob,
They swore they'd slay us a', Willie;
And yet ane fyl'd his breiks for fear,
And so did rin awa', Willie:
We drave him back to Bonnybrigs,
Dragoons, and foot, and a', Willie.
Up and war, &c.

But when their gen'ral view'd our lines,
And them in order saw, Willie,
He straight did march into the town,
And back his left did draw, Willie:
Thus we taught them the better gate,
To get a better fa', Willie.
Up and war, &c.

And then we rally'd on the hills,
And bravely up did draw, Willie;
But gin ye spear wha wan the day,
I'll tell you what I saw, Willie:
We baith did fight, and baith were beat,
And baith did run awa', Willie.
So there's my canty Highland sang
About the thing I saw, Willie.

THE MARQUIS OF HUNTLEY'S RETREAT FROM THE BATTLE OF SHERIFFMUIR.

See p. 156. From *A New Book of Old Ballads*, p. 30.

Hogg inserted this ballad in the *Jacobite Relics*, ii. 13, using, says Maidment, the editor of the publication cited above, a very imperfect manuscript copy. The following version was taken from the original broad-side, supposed to be unique. There are very considerable variations in the language of the two copies, and the order of the stanzas is quite different. This says Hogg, "is exclusively a party song, made by some of the Grants, or their adherents, in obloquy of their more potent neighbours, the Gordons. It is in a great measure untrue; for, though the Marquis of Huntley was on the left wing at the head of a body of horse, and among the gentlemen that fled, yet two battalions of Gordons, or at least of Gordon's vassals, perhaps mostly of the Clan Chattan, behaved themselves as well as any on the field, and were particularly instrumental in breaking the Whig cavalry, or the left wing of their army, and driving them back among their foot. On this account, as well as that of the bitter personalities that it contains, the "song is only curious as an inveterate party song, and not as a genuine humorous description of the fight that the Marquis and his friends were in. The latter part of

the [third] stanza seems to allude to an engagement that took place at Dollar, on the 24th October, a fortnight previous to the battle of Sheriffmuir. Mar had despatched a small body of cavalry to force an assessment from the town of Dunfermline, of which Argyle getting notice, sent out a stronger party, who surprised them early in the morning before daylight, and arrested them, killing some and taking seventeen prisoners, several of whom were Gordons. The last stanza [but one] evidently alludes to the final submission of the Marquis and the rest of the Gordons to King George's government, which they did to the Grants and the Earl of Sutherland. The former had previously taken possession of Castle Gordon; of course, the malicious bard of the Grants, with his ill-scraped pen, was not to let that instance of the humiliation of his illustrious neighbours pass unnoticed.—JACOBITE RELICS, vol. ii. p. 255.

FROM Bogie side to Bogie Gight,
The Gordons all conveen'd, man,
With all their might, to battle wight,[1]
Together close[2] they join'd man,
To set their king upon the throne,
And to protect the church, man;
But fy for shame! they soon ran hame,
And left him in the lurch, man.
Vow as the Marquis ran,
Coming from Dumblane, man!
Strabogie did b—t itself,
And Enzie was not clean, man.

[1] weight. [2] closs.

Their chieftain was a man of fame,
And doughty deeds had wrought, man,
Which future ages still shall name,
And tell how well he fought, man.
For when the battle did begin,
Immediately his Grace, man,
Put spurs to Florance,[1] and so ran
By all, and wan the race, man.
Vow, &c.

The Marquis' horse was first sent forth,
Glenbucket's foot to back them,
To give a proof what they were worth,
If rebels durst attack them.
With loud huzzas to Huntly's praise,
They near'd Dumfermling Green, man,
But fifty horse, and de'il ane mair,
Turn'd many a Highland clan, man.
Vow, &c.

The second chieftain of that clan,
For fear that he should die, man,
To gain the honour of his name,
Rais'd first the mutinie, man.
And then he wrote unto his Grace,
The great Duke of Argyle, man,
And swore, if he would grant him peace,
The Tories he'd beguile, man.
Vow, &c.

[1] His horse, so called from having been a present from the Grand Duke of Tuscany.—M.

The Master[1] with the bullie's face,
And with the coward's heart, man,
Who never fails, to his disgrace,
To act a traitor's part, man,
He join'd Drumboig, the greatest knave
In all the shire of Fife, man.
He was the first the cause did leave,
By council of his wife, man.
Vow, &c.

A member of the tricking trade,
An Ogilvie by name, man,
Consulter of the grumbling club,
To his eternal shame, man,
Who would have thought, when he came out,
That ever he would fail, man?
And like a fool, did eat the cow,
And worried on the tail, man.
Vow, &c.

Meffan Smith,[2] at Sheriff Muir,
Gart folk believe he fought, man;
But well it's known, that all he did,
That day it serv'd for nought, man.
For towards night, when Mar march'd off,
Smith was put in the rere, man;

[1] Master of Sinclair, whose Court-Martial has been printed with an exceedingly interesting preface by Sir Walter Scott, as his contribution to the Roxburghe Club.

[2] David Smith was then proprietor of Methven, an estate in Perthshire. He died in 1735. Douglas, in his Baronage, terms him, "a man of good parts, great sagacity, and economy." — M.

He curs'd, he swore, he baul[lè]d out,
He would not stay for fear, man.
Vow, &c.

But at the first he seem'd to be
A man of good renown, man;
But when the grumbling work began,
He prov'd an arrant lown, man.
Against Mar, and a royal war,
A letter he did forge, man;
Against his Prince, he wrote nonsense,
And swore by Royal George,[1] man.
Vow, &c.

At Poineth boat, Mr. Francis Stewart,[2]
A valiant hero stood, man,
In acting of a royal part,
Cause of the royal blood, man.
But when at Sheriff Moor he found
That bolting would not do it,
He, brother like, did quite his ground,
And ne're came back unto it.
Vow, &c.

Brunstane said it was not fear
That made him stay behind, man;
But that he had resolv'd that day
To sleep in a whole skin, man.

1 Altered in MS. to "German George." — M.

2 Brother to Charles, 5th Earl of Moray. Upon his brother's death, 7th October, 1735, he became the 6th Earl He died in the 66th year of his age, on the 11th December 1739. — M.

The gout, he said, made him take [bed],
When battle first began, man;
But when he heard his Marquis fled,
He took his heels and ran, man.
Vow, &c.

Sir James of Park, he left his horse
In the middle of a wall, man;
And durst not stay to take him out,
For fear a knight should fall, man;
And Maien he let such a crack,
And shewed a pantick fear, man;
And Craigieheads swore he was shot,
And curs'd the chance of wear, man.
Vow, &c.

When they march'd on the Sheriff Moor,
With courage stout and keen, man;
Who would have thought the Gordons gay
That day should quite the green, man?
Auchleacher and Auchanachie,
And all the Gordon tribe, man,
Like their great Marquis, they could not
The smell of powder bide, man.
Vow, &c.

Glenbuicket cryed, "Plague on you all,
For Gordons do no good, man;
For all that fled this day, it is
Them of the Seaton blood, man."
Clashtirim said it was not so,
And that he'd make appear, man;

For he, a Seaton, stood that day,
When Gordons ran for fear, man.
Vow, &c.

The Gordons they are kittle flaws,
They'll fight with heart and hand, man;
When they met in Strathbogie raws
On Thursday afternoon, man;
But when the Grants came doun the brae,
Their Enzie shook for fear, man;
And all the lairds rode up themselves,
With horse and riding gear, man.
Vow, &c.

Cluny[2] plays his game of chess,
As sure as any thing, man;
And like the royal Gordons race,
Gave check unto the king, man.
Without a queen, its clearly seen,
This game cannot recover;
I'd do my best, then in great haste
Play up the rook Hanover.
Vow, &c.

1 This seems rather Gordon of Cluny than Cluny Macpherson. The estate of Cluny has passed from the ancient race, though still possessed by a Gordon.—M.

JOHNIE COPE. See p. 168.

Johnson's *Museum* (1853), vol. iv. p. 220, Ritson's *Scottish Songs*, ii. 84.

Cope sent a challenge frae Dunbar,
"Charlie meet me, an ye daur,
And I'll learn you the airt of war,
If you'll meet wi' me in the morning."
Hey, Johnie Cope! are ye waking yet?
Or are your drums a-beating yet?
If ye were waking, I would wait
To gang to the coals i' the morning.

When Charlie looked the letter upon,
He drew his sword the scabbard from,
"Come, follow me, my merry men,
And we'll meet Johnie Cope i' the morning."
Hey, Johnie Cope! &c.

"Now, Johnie, be as good as your word,
Come let us try baith fire and sword,
And dinna flee like a frighted bird,
That's chased frae its nest i' the morning."
Hey, Johnie Cope! &c.

When Johnie Cope he heard of this,
He thought it wadna be amiss
To hae a horse in readiness,
To flee awa i' the morning.
Hey, Johnie Cope! &c.

"Fye now, Johnie, get up and rin,
The Highland bagpipes mak a din;
It's best to sleep in a hale skin,
For 'twill be a bluddie morning."
Hey, Johnie Cope! &c.

When Johnie Cope to Dunbar came
They spear'd at him, "Where's a' your men?"
"The deil confound me gin I ken,
For I left them a' i' the morning."
Hey, Johnie Cope! &c.

"Now Johnie, troth, ye were na blate
To come wi' the news o' your ain defeat,
And leave your men in sic a strait,
So early in the morning."
Hey, Johnie Cope! &c.

"In faith," quo Johnie, "I got sic flegs
Wi' their claymores and filabegs,
If I face them [again], deil break my legs,
So I wish you a' good morning."
Hey, Johnie Cope! &c.

KING LEIR AND HIS THREE DAUGHTERS.

From *A Collection of Old Ballads*, ii. 8. The same, with one or two trifling verbal differences, in Percy's *Reliques*, i. 246.

This story was originally told by Geoffrey of Monmouth, *Historia Britonum*, lib. ii. c. 2. It occurs in two forms in the *Gesta Romanorum:* see Madden's *Old English Versions*, p. 44, p. 450.

Shakespeare's *King Lear* was first printed in 1608, and is supposed to have been written between 1603 and 1605. Another drama on the subject was printed in 1605, called *The true Chronicle History of King Leir and his Three Daughters, Gonorill, Ragan, and Cordella.* This was probably only a new impression of a piece entered in the Stationers' Registers as early as 1594. The ballad which follows agrees with Shakespeare's play in several particulars in which Shakespeare varies from the older drama and from Holinshed, the authority of both dramas. The name Cordelia is also found in place of the Cordella of the *Chronicle History;* but, on the other hand, we have Ragan instead of Shakespeare's Regan. In the absence of a date, we are unable to determine whether the ballad was written prior to the play of *King Lear*, or was founded upon it.

King Leir once ruléd in this land
With princely power and peace,
And had all things, with hearts content,
That might his joys increase.
Amongst those things that nature gave,

Three daughters fair had he,
So princely seeming beautiful,
As fairer could not be.

So on a time it pleas'd the king
A question thus to move,
Which of his daughters to his grace
Could shew the dearest love:
"For to my age you bring content,"
Quoth he, "then let me hear,
Which of you three in plighted troth
The kindest will appear."

To whom the eldest thus began:
"Dear father, mind," quoth she,
"Before your face, to do you good,
My blood shall rendred be.
And for your sake my bleeding heart
Shall here be cut in twain,
Ere that I see your reverend age
The smallest grief sustain."

"And so will I," the second said;
"Dear father, for your sake,
The worst of all extremities
I'll gently undertake:
And serve your highness night and day
With diligence and love;
That sweet content and quietness
Discomforts may remove."

"In doing so, you glad my soul,"
The aged king reply'd;

"But what say'st thou, my youngest girl?
How is thy love ally'd?"
"My love," quoth young Cordelia then,
"Which to your grace I owe,
Shall be the duty of a child,
And that is all I'll show."

"And wilt thou shew no more," quoth he,
"Than doth thy duty bind?
I well perceive thy love is small,
When as no more I find.
Henceforth I banish thee my court;
Thou art no child of mine;
Nor any part of this my realm
By favour shall be thine.

"Thy elder sisters' loves are more
Than well I can demand;
To whom I equally bestow
My kingdom and my land,
My pompous state and all my goods,
That lovingly I may
With those thy sisters be maintain'd
Until my dying day."

Thus flattering speeches won renown,
By these two sisters here;
The third had causeless banishment,
Yet was her love more dear.
For poor Cordelia patiently
Went wandring up and down,
Unhelp'd, unpitied, gentle maid,
Through many an English town.

Until at last in famous France
She gentler fortunes found;
Though poor and bare, yet she was deem'd
The fairest on the ground:
Where when the king her virtues heard,
And this fair lady seen,
With full consent of all his court
He made his wife and queen.

Her father, old King Leir, this while
With his two daughters staid;
Forgetful of their promis'd loves,
Full soon the same decay'd[1];
And living in Queen Ragan's court,
The eldest of the twain,
She took from him his chiefest means,
And most of all his train.

For whereas twenty men were wont
To wait with bended knee,
She gave allowance but to ten,
And after scarce to three,
Nay, one she thought too much for him:
So took she all away,
In hope that in her court, good king,
He would no longer stay.

"Am I rewarded thus," quoth he,
"In giving all I have
Unto my children, and to beg
For what I lately gave?
I'll go unto my Gonorel:

[1] deny'd.

My second child, I know,
Will be more kind and pitiful,
And will relieve my woe."

Full fast he hies then to her court;
Where, when she hears his moan,
Return'd him answer, that she griev'd
That all his means were gone;
But no way could relieve his wants;
Yet if that he would stay
Within her kitchen, he should have
What scullions gave away.

When he had heard, with bitter tears,
He made his answer then;
"In what I did, let me be made
Example to all men.
I will return again," quoth he,
"Unto my Ragan's court;
She will not use me thus, I hope,
But in a kinder sort."

Where when he came, she gave command
To drive him thence away:
When he was well within her court,
She said, he would not stay.
Then back again to Gonorell
The woeful king did hie,
That in her kitchen he might have
What scullion boys set by.

But there of that he was deny'd
Which she had promis'd late:

For once refusing, he should not
Come after to her gate.
Thus twixt his daughters for relief
He wandred up and down,
Being glad to feed on beggars food,
That lately wore a crown.

And calling to remembrance then
His youngest daughter's words,
That said, the duty of a child
Was all that love affords—
But doubting to repair to her,
Whom he had banish'd so,
Grew frantick mad; for in his mind
He bore the wounds of woe.

Which made him rend his milk-white locks
And tresses from his head,
And all with blood bestain his cheeks,
With age and honour spread.
To hills and woods and watry founts
He made his hourly moan,
Till hills and woods and senseless things
Did seem to sigh and groan.

Ev'n thus posses'd with discontents,
He passed o'er to France,
In hopes from fair Cordelia there
To find some gentler chance.
Most virtuous dame! which, when she heard
Of this her father's grief,
As duty bound, she quickly sent
Him comfort and relief.

And by a train of noble peers,
In brave and gallant sort,
She gave in charge he should be brought
To Aganippus' court;
Whose royal king, with noble mind,[1]
So freely gave consent
To muster up his knights at arms,
To fame and courage bent.

And so to England came with speed,
To repossess King Leir,
And drive his daughters from their thrones
By his Cordelia dear.
Where she, true-hearted, noble queen,
Was in the battel slain;
Yet he, good king, in his old days,
Possess'd his crown again.

But when he heard Cordelia's death,
Who died indeed for love
Of her dear father, in whose cause
She did this battel move,
He swooning fell upon her breast,
From whence he never parted;
But on her bosom left his life
That was so truly hearted.

The lords and nobles, when they saw
The end of these events,
The other sisters unto death
They doomed by consents;

[1] whose noble.

And being dead, their crowns they left
Unto the next of kin:
Thus have you seen the fall of pride,
And disobedient sin.

FAIR ROSAMOND.

The celebrated mistress of Henry the Second was daughter to Walter Clifford, a baron of Herefordshire. She bore the king two sons, one of them while he was still Duke of Normandy. Before her death she retired to the convent of Godstow, and there she was buried; but Hugh, Bishop of Lincoln, not courtly enough to distinguish between royal and vulgar immoralities, caused her body to be removed, and interred in the common cemetery, "lest Christian religion should grow in contempt."

The story of Queen Eleanor's poisoning her rival is not confirmed by the old writers, though they mention the labyrinth. All the romance in Rosamond's history appears to be the offspring of popular fancy. Percy has collected the principal passages from the chronicles in his preface to the ballad.

Fair Rosamond is the work of Thomas Deloney, a well-known ballad-maker who died about 1600. Our copy is the earliest that is known, and is taken from Deloney's *Strange Histories*, ed. of 1607, as reprinted by the Percy Society, vol. iii. p. 54. The same is found in the *Crown Garland of Golden Roses*, ed. 1659 (Per. Soc. vol. vi. p. 12), and in the *Garland of Good Will*, ed. 1678 (Per. Soc. vol. xxx. p. 1):

and besides, with trifling variations, in *A Collection of Old Ballads*, i. 11, Percy's *Reliques*, ii. 151, and Ritson's *Ancient Songs*, ii. 120, from black-letter copies.

Another ballad with the title of the *Unfortunate Concubine, or, Rosamond's Overthrow*, is given in the collection of 1723, vol. i. p. 1. The story is also treated in the forty-first chapter of Warner's *Albion's England*. Warner has at least one good stanza,[1] which is more than can be said of this wretched, but very popular, production.

Some corrections have been adopted from the *Crown Garland of Golden Roses*.

When as King Henrie rul'd this land,
The second of that name,
Beside the Queene, he dearly loved
A faire and princely dame.
Most peerelesse was her beautie found,
Her favour, and her face;
A sweeter creature in this world
Did never prince imbrace.

Her crisped locks like threades of gold
Appeared to each mans sight;
Her comely eyes, like orient pearles,
Did cast a heavenly light.
The blood within her cristall cheekes
Did such a cullour drive,

1. With that she dasht her on the lips,
So dyèd double red;
Hard was the heart that gave the blow,
Soft were those lips that bled.

As though the lilly and the rose
For maistership did strive.

Yea Rosamond, fair Rosamond,
Her name was called so,
To whome dame Elinor, our queene,
Was knowne a cruell foe.
The king therefore, for her defence
Against the furious queene,
At Woodstocke buylded such a bower,
The like was never seene.

Most curiously that bower was buylt,
Of stone and timber strong;
A hundred and fiftie doores
Did to that bower belong:
And they so cunningly contriv'd,
With turning round about,
That none but by a clew of thread
Could enter in or out.

And for his love and ladyes sake,
That was so fair and bright,
The keeping of this bower he gave
Unto a valiant knight.
But fortune, that doth often frowne
Where she before did smile,
The kinges delight, the ladyes joy
Full soone she did beguile.

For why, the kings ungracious sonne,
Whom he did high advance,
Against his father raised warres

Within the realme of France.
But yet before our comely king
The English land forsooke,
Of Rosamond, his ladye faire,
His farewell thus he tooke:

"My Rosamond, my onely Rose,
That pleaseth best mine eye,
The fairest Rose in all the world
To feed my fantasie,—
"The flower of my affected heart,
Whose sweetness doth excell,
My royall Rose, a hundred times
I bid thee now farewell!

"For I must leave my fairest flower,
My sweetest Rose, a space,
And crosse the seas to famous France,
Proude rebels to abace.
"But yet, my Rose, be sure thou shalt
My comming shortly see,
And in my heart, while hence I am,
Ile beare my Rose with mee."

When Rosamond, that lady bright,
Did heare the king say so,
The sorrow of her greeved heart
Her outward lookes did show.
And from her cleare and cristall eyes
The teares gusht out apace,
Which, like the silver-pearled deaw,
Ran downe her comely face.

Her lippes, like to a corrall red,
Did waxe both wan and pale,
And for the sorrow she conceived
Her vitall spirits did fayle.
And falling downe all in a swound[1]
Before King Henries face,
Full oft betweene his princely armes
Her corpes he did imbrace.

And twenty times, with waterie eyes,
He kist her tender cheeke,
Untill she had received[2] againe
Her senses milde and meeke.
"Why grieves my Rose, my sweetest Rose?"
The king did ever say:
"Because," quoth she, "to bloody warres
My lord must part away.

"But sithe your Grace in forraine coastes,
Among your foes unkind,
Must go to hazard life and limme,
Why should I stay behind?
"Nay, rather let me, like a page,
Your sword and target[3] beare;
That on my breast the blow may light,
Which should annoy you there.

"O let me, in your royall tent,
Prepare your bed at night,
And with sweet baths refresh your grace,

1 sound. 2 he had reviv'd.—*C. G.*
3 shield: sword, *Garl. G. W.*

At your returne from fight.
" So I your presence may enjoy,
No toyle I will refuse[1];
But wanting you, my life is death:
Which doth true love abuse."

" Content thy selfe, my dearest friend,
Thy rest at home shall bee,
In Englands'[2] sweete and pleasant soyle;
For travaile fits not thee.
" Faire ladyes brooke not bloody warres;
Sweete peace their pleasures breede,
The nourisher of hearts content,
Which fancie first doth feede.

" My Rose shall rest in Woodstocke bower,
With musickes sweete delight,
While I among the pierceing pikes
Against my foes do fight.
" My Rose in robes of pearl and gold,[3]
With diamonds richly dight,
Shall daunce the galliards of my love,
While I my foes do smite.

"And you, Sir Thomas, whom I trust
To be[4] my loves defence,
Be carefull of my gallant Rose
When I am parted hence."
And therewithall he fetcht a sigh,

[1] must refuse.
[2] Englaand.
[3] robes and pearls of gold.
[4] beare.

As though his heart would breake:
And Rosamond, for inward griefe,
Not one plaine word could speake.

And at their parting well they might
In heart be grieved sore:
After that day, faire Rosamond
The King did see no more.
For when his Grace had past the seas,
And into France was gone,
Queene Elinor, with envious heart,
To Woodstocke came anone.

And foorth she cald this trusty knight
Which kept the curious bower,
Who, with his clew of twined threed,
Came from that famous flower.
And when that they had wounded him,
The queene his threed did get,
And went where lady Rosamond
Was like an angell set.

And when the queene with stedfast eye
Beheld her heavenly face,
She was amazed in her minde
At her exceeding grace.
"Cast off from thee thy robes," she sayd,
"That rich and costly be;
And drinke thou up this deadly draught,
Which I have brought for thee."

But presently upon her knees
Sweet Rosamond did fall;

And pardon of the queene she crav'd
For her offences all.
"Take pittie on my youthfull yeares,"
Faire Rosamond did cry;
"And let me not with poyson strong
Inforcèd be to die.

"I will renounce this sinfull life,
And in a cloyster bide;
Or else be banisht, if you please,
To range the world so wide.
"And for the fault which I have done,
Though I was forst thereto,
Preserve my life, and punish me
As you thinke good to do."

And with these words, her lilly hands
She wrang full often there;
And downe along her lovely cheekes
Proceeded many a teare.
But nothing could this furious queene
Therewith appeased bee;
The cup of deadly poyson filld,
As she sat on her knee,

She gave the comely dame to drinke;
Who tooke it in her hand,
And from her bended knee arose,
And on her feet did stand.
And casting up her eyes to heaven,
She did for mercy call;
And drinking up the poyson then,
Her life she lost withall.

And when that death through every lim
Had done his greatest spite,
Her chiefest foes did plaine confesse
She was a glorious wight.
Her body then they did intombe,
When life was fled away,
At Godstow, neere [to] Oxford towne,
As may be seene this day.

QUEEN ELEANOR'S FALL.

A Collection of Old Ballads, i. 97.

"I NEVER was more surprised," says the editor of the Collection of 1723, "than at the sight of the following ballad; little expecting to see pride and wickedness laid to the charge of the most affable and most virtuous of women: whose glorious actions are not recorded by *our* historians only: for no foreign writers, who have touched upon those early times, have in silence passed over this illustrious princess, and every nation rings with the praise of Eleonora Isabella of Castile, King Edward's Queen. Father Le Monie, who (in his *Galliérie des Femmes Fortes*) has searched all Christendom round, from its very infancy to the last age, for five heroines, very partially bestows the first place upon one of his own country-women, but gives the second, with a far superior character, to this queen."

In this absurdly false and ignorant production, the well-beloved Eleonora of Castile is no doubt con-

founded with her most unpopular mother-in-law, Eleanor of Provence, the wife of Henry the Third, whose luxurious habits, and quarrels with the city of London, might afford some shadow of a basis for the impossible slanders of the ballad-singer. Queenhithe was a quay, the tolls of which formed part of the revenue of the Queen, and Eleanor of Provence rendered herself extremely odious by compelling vessels, for the sake of her fees, to unlade there. Charing-cross was one of thirteen monuments raised by Edward the First at the stages, where his queen's body rested, on its progress from the place of her decease to Westminster. In the connection of both these places with the name of a Queen Eleanor may be found (as Miss Strickland suggests in her *Lives of the Queens*) the germ of the marvellous story of the disappearance at Charing-cross and the resurrection at Queenhithe.

That portion of the story which relates to the cruelty exercised by the queen towards the Lord Mayor's wife is borrowed from the *Gesta Romanorum*. See Madden's *Old English Versions*, &c. p. 226, *Olimpus the Emperour*. Peele's *Chronicle History of Edward the First* exhibits the same misrepresentations of Eleanor of Castile. See what is said of this play in connection with the ballad of *Queen Eleanor's Confession*, vol. vi. p. 209. The whole title of the ballad is:—

A Warning Piece to England against Pride and Wickedness:

Being the Fall of Queen Eleanor, Wife to Edward the First King of England; who, for her pride, by God's Judgments sunk into the Ground at Charing-cross and rose at Queenhithe.

When Edward was in England king,
The first of all that name,
Proud Ellinor he made his queen,
A stately Spanish dame:
Whose wicked life, and sinful pride,
Thro' England did excel:
To dainty dames, and gallant maids,
This queen was known full well.

She was the first that did invent
In coaches brave to ride;
She was the first that brought this land
To deadly sin of pride.
No English taylor here could serve
To make her rich attire;
But sent for taylors into Spain,
To feed her vain desire.

They brought in fashions strange and new,
With golden garments bright;
The farthingale, and mighty ruff,
With gowns of rich delight:
The London dames, in Spanish pride,
Did flourish every where;
Our English men, like women then,
Did wear long locks of hair.

Both man and child, both maid and wife,
Were drown'd in pride of Spain:
And thought the Spanish taylors then
Our English men did stain:
Whereat the queen did much despite,
To see our English men

In vestures clad, as brave to see
As any Spaniard then.

She crav'd the king, that ev'ry man
That wore long locks of hair,
Might then be cut and polled all,
Or shaved very near.
Whereat the king did seem content,
And soon thereto agreed;
And first commanded, that his own
Should then be cut with speed:

And after that, to please his queen,
Proclaimed thro' the land,
That ev'ry man that wore long hair
Should poll him out of hand.
But yet this Spaniard, not content,
To women bore a spite,
And then requested of the king,
Against all law and right,

That ev'ry womankind should have
Their right breast cut away;
And then with burning irons sear'd,
The blood to stanch and stay!
King Edward then, perceiving well
Her spite to womankind,
Devised soon by policy
To turn her bloody mind.

He sent for burning irons straight,
All sparkling hot to see;
And said, "O queen, come on thy way;

"I will begin with thee."
Which words did much displease the queen,
That penance to begin;
But ask'd him pardon on her knees;
Who gave her grace therein.

But afterwards she chanc'd to pass
Along brave London streets,
Whereas the mayor of London's wife
In stately sort she meets;
With music, mirth, and melody,
Unto the church they went,
To give God thanks, that to th' lord mayor
A noble son had sent.

It grieved much this spiteful queen,
To see that any one
Should so exceed in mirth and joy,
Except herself alone:
For which, she after did devise
Within her bloody mind,
And practis'd still more secretly,
To kill this lady kind.

Unto the mayor of London then
She sent her letters straight,
To send his lady to the court,
Upon her grace to wait.
But when the London lady came
Before proud El'nor's face,
She stript her from her rich array
And kept her vile and base.

She sent her into Wales with speed,
And kept her secret there,
And us'd her still more cruelly
Than ever man did hear.
She made her wash, she made her starch,
She made her drudge alway;
She made her nurse up children small,
And labour night and day.

But this contented not the queen,
But shew'd her most despite;
She bound this lady to a post,
At twelve a clock at night;
And as, poor lady, she stood bound,
The queen, in angry mood,
Did set two snakes unto her breast,
That suck'd away her blood.

Thus died the mayor of London's wife,
Most grievous for to hear;
Which made the Spaniard grow more proud,
As after shall appear.
The wheat that daily made her bread
Was bolted twenty times;
The food that fed this stately dame,
Was boil'd in costly wines.

The water that did spring from ground,
She would not touch at all;
But wash'd her hands with the dew of heav'n,
That on sweet roses fall.
She bath'd her body many a time

In fountains fill'd with milk;
And ev'ry day did change attire,
In costly Median silk.

But coming then to London back,
Within her coach of gold,
A tempest strange within the skies
This queen did there behold:
Out of which storm she could not go,
But there remain'd a space;
Four horses could not stir the coach
A foot out of the place.

A judgment lately sent from heav'n,
For shedding guiltless blood,
Upon this sinful queen, that slew
The London lady good!
King Edward then, as wisdom will'd,
Accus'd her of that deed;
But she denied, and wish'd that God
Would send his wrath with speed,—

If that upon so vile a thing
Her heart did ever think,
She wish'd the ground might open wide,
And she therein might sink!
With that, at Charing-cross she sunk
Into the ground alive,
And after rose with life again,
In London, at Queenhithe.

When, after that, she languish'd sore
Full twenty days in pain,

At last confess'd the lady's blood
Her guilty hand had slain:
And likewise, how that by a fryar
She had a base-born child;
Whose sinful lusts and wickedness
Her marriage bed defil'd.

Thus have you heard the fall of pride,
A just reward of sin;
For those who will forswear themselves,
God's vengeance daily win.
Beware of pride, ye courtly dames,
Both wives and maidens all;
Bear this imprinted on your mind,
That pride must have a fall.

THE DUCHESS OF SUFFOLK'S CALAMITY

From *Strange Histories*, p. 17 (Percy Society, vol. iii). Other copies, with variations, are in *The Crown-Garland of Golden Roses*, Part II. p. 20 (Percy Society, vol. xv.), and *A Collection of Old Ballads*, iii. 91. The editor of *Strange Histories* informs us that a play on the same subject as the ballad was written by Thomas Drew, or Drue, early in the reign of James I., and printed in 1631, under the title of *The Duchess of Suffolk, her Life*. He remarks further that both play and ballad was founded upon the nar

rative of Fox, anno 1558 [*Acts and Monuments*, iii. 926, ed. 1641]; but the differences between Fox's account and the story which follows are altogether too great for this supposition to be true.

Katharine, daughter of Lord Willoughby of Eresby, was first married to Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk, and after his death to Richard Bertie, Esq., with whom she was forced to fly from persecution in 1553, taking refuge first in the Low Countries, and afterwards in Poland.

When God had taken for our sinne
That prudent prince, King Edward, away,
Then bloudy Bonner did begin
His raging mallice to bewray;
All those that did the Gospell professe
He persecuted more or lesse.

Thus, when the Lord on us did lower,
Many in pryson did he throw,
Tormenting them in Lollards tower,[1]
Whereby they might the trueth forgoe:
Then Cranmer, Ridley, and the rest,
Were burnt in fire, that Christ profest.

Smithfield was then with faggots fild,
And many places more beside;
At Coventry was Sanders kild,
At Glocester eke good Hooper dyde;
And to escape this bloudy day,
Beyond-seas many fled away.

[1] There is said to be a place so called in the archiepiscopal palace at Lambeth.

Among the rest that sought reliefe
And for their faith in daunger stood,
Lady Elizabeth was chiefe,
King Henries daughter of royall blood;
Which in[1] the Tower prisoner did lie,
Looking each day when she should die.

The Dutchesse of Suffolke, seeing this,
Whose life likewise the tyrant sought,
Who in the hope of heavenly blisse
Within God's word her comfort wrought,
For feare of death was faine to flie,
And leave her house most secretly.

That for the love of Christ alone,
Her lands and goods she left behind,
Seeking still for that pretious stone,
The worde of trueth, so rare to find:
She with her nurse, her husband, and child,
In poor array their sights beguild.

Thus through London they passed along,
Each one did passe a severall streete;
Thus all unknowne, escaping wrong,
At Billings-gate they all did meete:
Like people poore, in Gravesend barge,
They simply went with all their charge.

And all along from Gravesend towne
With easie journeyes on foote they went;
Unto the sea-coast they came downe,
To passe the seas was their intent;

[1] *So*, C. G. G. R., for which in.

And God provided so that day,
That they tooke shippe and sayld away.

And with a prosperous gale of wind
In Flanders safe they did arive;
This was to their great ease of minde,
Which from their hearts much woe did drive
And so with thanks to God on hie,
They tooke their way to Germanie.

Thus as they traveld, thus disguisde,
Upon the high way sodainely
By cruell theeves they were surprisde,
Assaulting their small companie;
And all their treasure and their store
They tooke away, and beate them sore.

The nurse in middest of their fight
Laid downe the child upon the ground;
She ran away out of their sight,
And never after that was found:
Then did the Dutchesse make great mone
With her good husband all alone.

The theeves had there their horses kilde,
And all their money quite had tooke;
The pretty babie, almost spild,
Was by their nurse likewise forsooke,
And they farre from their friends did stand,
All succourlesse in a strange land.

The skies likewise began to scowle;
It hayld and raind in pittious sort;

The way was long and wonderous foule;
Then may I now full well report
Their griefe and sorrow was not small,
When this unhappy chaunce did fall.

Sometime the Dutchesse bore the child,
As wet as ever she could be,
And when the lady kind and mild
Was wearie, then the child bore hee;
And thus they one another easde,
And with their fortunes were well pleasde.

And after many wearied steppes,
All wet-shod both in durt and myre,
After much griefe, their hearts yet leapes,
(For labour doth some rest require);
A towne before them they did see,
But lodgd therein they could not bee.

From house to house they both did goe,
Seeking where they that night might lie,
But want of money was their woe,
And still the babe with cold did crie;
With capp and knee they courtsey make,
But none on them would pittie take.

Loe here a princesse of great blood
Did pray a peasant for reliefe,
With tears bedewed as she stood!
Yet few or none regardes her griefe;
Her speech they could not understand,
But gave her a pennie in her hand.

When all in vaine the paines was spent,
And that they could not house-roome get,
Into a church-porch then they went,
To stand out of the raine and wet:
Then said the Dutchesse to her deare,
"O that we had some fier heere!"

Then did her husband so provide
That fire and coales he got with speede;
She sate downe by the fiers side,
To dresse her daughter, that had neede;
And while she drest it in her lapp,
Her husband made the infant papp.

Anone the sexton thither came,
And finding them there by the fire,
The drunken knave, all voyde of shame,
To drive them out was his desire:
And spurning forth this noble dame,
Her husbands wrath it did inflame.

And all in furie as he stood,
He wroung the church-keies out of his hand,
And strooke him so, that all of blood
His head ran downe where he did stand·
Wherefor the sexton presently
For helpe and ayde aloude did cry.

Then came the officers in hast,
And tooke the Dutchesse and her child,
And with her husband thus they past,
Like lambes beset with tygers wild,
And to the governour were they brought,
Who understood them not in ought.

Then Maister Bartue, brave and bold,
In Latine made a gallant speech,
Which all their miserie did unfold,
And their high favour did beseech:
With that, a doctor sitting by
Did know the Dutchesse presently.

And thereupon arising straight,
With minde abashed at their sight,
Unto them all that there did waight,
He thus brake forth, in wordes aright:
"Behold within your sight," quoth hee,
"A princesse of most high degree."

With that the governour and the rest
Were all amazde the same to heare,
And welcomméd these new-come guestes
With reverence great and princely cheare;
And afterward conveyd they were
Unto their friend Prince Cassemere.

A sonne she had in Germanie,
Peregrine Bartue cald by name,
Surnamde The Good Lord Willobie,
Of courage great and worthie fame.
Her daughter young, which with her went,
Was afterward Countesse of Kent.

For when Queene Mary was deceast,
The Dutchesse home returnde againe,
Who was of sorrow quite releast
By Queene Elizabeth's happie raigne:
For whose life and prosperitie
We may prayse God continually.

THE LIFE AND DEATH OF FAMOUS THO. STUKELY, AN ENGLISH GALLANT IN THE TIME OF QUEENE ELIZABETH, WHO ENDED HIS DAYES IN A BATTAILE OF KINGS IN BARBARIE.

Thomas Stuckley, says Fuller, "was a younger brother, of an ancient, wealthy, and worshipful family, nigh Ilfracombe in this county [Devon], being one of good parts; but valued the less by others, because overprized by himself. Having prodigally misspent his patrimony, he entered on several projects (the issue general of all decayed estates); and first pitched on the peopling of Florida, then newly found out, in the West Indies. So confident his ambition, that he blushed not to tell Queen Elizabeth, 'that he preferred rather to be sovereign of a mole-hill, than the highest subject to the greatest king in Christendom;' adding, moreover, 'that he was assured he should be a prince before his death.' 'I hope,' said Queen Elizabeth, 'I shall hear from you, when you are stated in your principality.' 'I will write unto you,' quoth Stuckley. 'In what language?' said the Queen. He returned, 'In the style of princes: To our dear sister.'

"His fair project of Florida being blasted for lack of money to pursue it, he went over into Ireland, where he was frustrated of the preferment he expected, and met such physic that turned his fever into frenzy; for hereafter resolving treacherously to

attempt what he could not loyally achieve, he went over into Italy.

"It is incredible how quickly he wrought himself through the notice into the favour, through the court into the chamber, yea closet, yea bosom of Pope Pius Quintus; so that some wise men thought his Holiness did forfeit a parcel of his infallibility in giving credit to such a *glorioso*, vaunting that with three thousand soldiers he would beat all the English out of Ireland.

"The Pope finding it cheaper to fill Stuckley's swelling sails with airy titles than real gifts, created him Baron of Ross, Viscount Murrough, Earl of Wexford, Marquis of Leinster; and then furnished this title-top-heavy general with eight hundred soldiers, paid by the King of Spain, for the Irish expedition.

"In passage thereunto, Stuckley lands at Portugal, just when Sebastian, the king thereof, with two Moorish kings, were undertaking a voyage into Africa. Stuckley, scorning to attend, is persuaded to accompany them. Some thought he wholly quitted his Irish design, partly because loath to be pent up in an island (the continent of Africa affording more elbow-room for his achievements); partly because so mutable his mind, he ever loved the last project (as mothers the youngest child) best. Others conceive he took this African in order to his Irish design; such his confidence of conquest, that his breakfast on the Turks would the better enable him to dine on the English in Ireland.

"Landing in Africa, Stuckley gave council which was safe, seasonable, and necessary; namely, that for two or three days they should refresh their land soldiers; whereof some were sick, and some were weak

by reason of their tempestuous passage. This would not be heard; so furious was Don Sebastian to engage; as if he would pluck up the bays of victory out of the ground, before they were grown up; and so, in the battle of Alcaser, their army was wholly defeated: where Stuckley lost his life.

'A fatal fight, where in one day was slain,
Three kings that were, and one that would be fain!'

"This battle was fought anno 1578, where Stuckley, with his eight hundred men, behaved himself most valiantly, till overpowered with multitude." *Worthies of England*, by Nuttall, i. 414.

Mr. Dyce, in his prefatory note to Peele's *Battle of Alcazar*, having cited the above extract with several poetical notices of Stukeley, mentions another play founded on this adventurer's exploits (*The Famous Historye of the Life and Death of Captaine Thomas Stukely*), acted in 1596, and printed in 1605 (Peele's *Works*, ii. 85).

The ballad is from *The Crown-Garland of Golden Roses* (Percy Society, vol. vi.) p. 33. There are some verses on Stukeley's projected voyage to Florida in Mr. Collier's *Old Ballads*, in the first volume of the Percy Society, p. 73.

In the west of England
Borne there was, I understand,
A famous gallant in his dayes,
By birth a wealthy clothier's sonne;
Deeds of wonder he hath done,
To purchase him a long and lasting praise.

If I should tell his story,
Pride was all his glory,
And lusty Stukely he was call'd in court;
He serv'd a bishop of the west,
And did accompany the best,
Maintaining still himselfe in gallant sort.

Being thus esteemed,
And every where well deemed,
He gain'd the favour of a London dame,
Daughter to an alderman,
Curtis he was called then,
To whom a sutor gallantly he came.

When she his person spied,
He could not be denied,
So brave a gentleman he was to see;
She was quickly made his wife,
In weale or woe to lead her life,
Her father willingly did so agree.

Thus, in state and pleasure,
Full many daies they measure;
Till cruell death, with his regardles spight,
Bore old Curtis to his grave,
A thing which Stukely wisht to have,
That he might revell all in gold so bright.

He was no sooner tombed,
But Stukely presumed
To spend a hundred pound that day in waste
The bravest gallants of the land

Had Stukelies purse at their command;
Thus merrily the time away he pass'd.

Taverns and ordinaries
Were[1] his cheefest braveries,
Goulden angells flew there up and downe;
Riots were[2] his best delight,
With stately feastings day and night:
In court and citty thus he won renowne

Thus wasting land and living
By this lawlesse giving,
At last he sold the pavements of his yard,
Which covered were with blocks of tin;
Old Curtis left the same to him,
Which he consumed vainely, as you heard.

Whereat his wife sore greeved,
Desir'd to be releeved;
"Make much of me, dear husband," she did say
"I'll make much more of thee," quoth he,
"Than any one shall, verily:
I'll sell thy clothes, and so will go away."

Cruelly thus hearted,
Away from her he parted,
And travelled into Italy with speed:
There he flourisht many a day
In his silkes and rich array,
And did the pleasures of a lady feed.

[1] [2] where.

It was the ladies pleasure
To give him gold and treasure,
And to maintaine him in great pomp and fame
At last came newes assuredly
Of a battaile fought in Barbary,
And he would valiantly go see the same.

Many a noble gallant
Sold both land and talent
To follow Stukely in this famous fight;
Whereas three kings in person would
Adventurously, with courage bould,
Within the battaile shew themselves in sight.[1]

Stukely and his followers all,
Of the king of Portugall
Had entertainement like to gentlemen:
The king affected Stukely so,
That he his secrets all did know,
And bore his royall standard now and then.

Upon this day of honour
Each king did shew his banner;
Morocco, and the King of Barbery,
Portugall, with all his train,
Bravely glister'd in the plain,
And gave the onset there most valiantly.

The cannons they resounded,
Thund'ring drums rebounded,
"Kill, kill!" as then was all the soldiers cry;

1 fight.

Mangled men lay on the ground,
And with blood the earth was dround,
The sun was likewise darken'd in the skye.

Heaven was sore displeased,
And would not be appeased,
But tokens of God's heavy wrath did show
That he was angry at this war;
He sent a fearfull blazing star,
Whereby these kings might their misfortunes know.

Bloody was this slaughter,
Or rather wilfull murther,
Where six score thousand fighting men were slain;
Three kings within this battaile died,
With forty dukes and earles beside,
The like will never more be fought again.

With woful armes enfoulding,
Stukely stood beholding
This bloody sacrifice of soules that day:
He, sighing, said, "I, wofull wight,
Against my conscience heere did fight,
And brought my followers all unto decay."

Being thus molested,
And with greefes oppressed,
Those brave Italians that did sell their lands,
With Stukely thus to travel forth,
And venture life for little worth,
Upon him all did lay their murthering hands.

Unto death thus wounded,
His heart with sorrow swounded,
And to them all he made this heavy mone:
"Thus have I left my country deere,
To be so vilely murthered heere,
Even in this place whereas I am not known.

"My life I have much wronged;
Of what to her belonged
I vainely spent in idle course of life.
What I have done is past, I see,
And bringeth nought but greef to me,
Therefore grant now thy pardon, gentle wife.

"Life, I see, consumeth,
And death, I feel, presumeth
To change this life of mine into a new:
Yet this me greatest comfort brings,
I liv'd and died in love of kings,
And so brave Stukely bids the world adew."

Stukelys life thus ended,
Was after death befrended,
And like a soldier buried gallantly;
Where now there stands upon his grave
A stately temple, builded brave,
With golden turrets piercing in the skye.

LORD DELAWARE.

No plausible foundation for this ballad has as yet been found in history. It has been suggested that Delaware is a corruption of De la Mare, a speaker of the House of Commons, and a great advocate of popular rights, in the reign of Edward the Third! But there is no accounting for the Dutch lord and the Welsh Duke of Devonshire on this or any other supposition.

The ballad is given from Lyle's *Ancient Ballads and Songs*, p. 135, as "noted down from the singing of a gentleman," and then "remodelled and smoothed down" by the editor. The same copy is printed in Dixon's *Ancient Poems, Ballads and Songs* (Percy Society, vol. xvii.), p. 80, and in Bell's volume with the same title, p. 66.

In the Parliament House,
A great rout has been there,
Betwixt our good king
And the Lord Delaware:
Says Lord Delaware
To his Majesty full soon,
"Will it please you, my Liege,
To grant me a boon?"

"What's your boon?" says the King,
"Now let me understand."

"It's, give me all the poor men
We've starving in this land;
And without delay, I'll hie me
To Lincolnshire,
To sow hemp-seed and flax-seed,
And hang them all there.

"For with hempen cord it's better
To stop each poor man's breath,
Than with famine you should see
Your subjects starve to death."
Up starts a Dutch lord,
Who to Delaware did say,
"Thou deservest to be stabb'd!"
Then he turned himself away:

"Thou deservest to be stabb'd,
And the dogs have thine ears,
For insulting our king
In this parliament of peers."
Up sprang a Welsh lord,
The brave Duke of Devonshire,
"In young Delaware's defence, I'll fight
This Dutch lord, my Sire.

"For he is in the right,
And I'll make it so appear:
Him I dare to single combat,
For insulting Delaware."
A stage was soon erected,
And to combat they went,
For to kill, or to be kill'd,
It was either's full intent.

But the very first flourish,
When the heralds gave command,
The sword of brave Devonshire
Bent backward on his hand;
In suspense he paused awhile,
Scann'd his foe before he strake,
Then against the king's armour,
His bent sword he brake.

Then he sprang from the stage,
To a soldier in the ring,
Saying, "Lend your sword, that to an end
This tragedy we bring:
Though he's fighting me in armour,
While I am fighting bare,
Even more than this I'd venture
For young Lord Delaware."

Leaping back on the stage,
Sword to buckler now resounds,
Till he left the Dutch lord
A bleeding in his wounds:
This seeing, cries the King
To his guards without delay,
"Call Devonshire down,—
Take the dead man away!"

"No," says brave Devonshire,
"I've fought him as a man;
Since he's dead, I will keep
The trophies I have won.
For he fought me in your armour,
While I fought him bare,

And the same you must win back, my Liege
If ever you them wear."

God bless the Church of England,
May it prosper on each hand,
And also every poor man
Now starving in this land;
And while I pray success may crown
Our king upon his throne,
I'll wish that every poor man
May long enjoy his own.

THE BATTLE OF HARLAW. (See p. 180.)

Traditionary Version, from Aytoun's *Scottish Ballads*, i. 75

"I am indebted to the kindness of Lady John Scott for the following extremely spirited ballad, which was taken down some years ago in Aberdeenshire, where it is still very popular. It is sung to a beautiful air, with the following refrain to each stanza:—

"*Wi' a drie, drie, dredidronilie drie.*"

As I cam in by Garioch land,
And doun by Netherha',
There was fifty thousand Hielandmen,
A' marching to Harlaw.

As I cam on, and further on,
And doun and by Balquhaim,
O there I met Sir James the Ross,
Wi' him Sir John the Græme.

"O cam ye frae the Highlands, man?
O cam ye a' the way?
Saw ye Mac Donnell and his men,
As they cam frae the Skye?"

"Yes, we cam frae the Highlands, man,
And we cam a' the way,
And we saw Mac Donnell and his men,
As they cam in frae Skye."

"O was ye near Mac Donnell's men?
Did ye their number see?
Come, tell to me, John Hielandman,
What might their numbers be?"

"Yes, we was near, and near eneugh,
And we their number saw;
There was fifty thousand Hielandmen,
A' marching to Harlaw."

"Gin that be true," said James the Ross,
"We'll no come meikle speed;
We'll cry upon our merry men,
And turn our horses' head."

"O na, O na!" says John the Græme,
"That thing maun never be;
The gallant Græmes were never beat,
We'll try what we can dee."

As I cam on, and further on,
And doun and by Harlaw,
They fell fu' close on ilka side,
Sic straiks ye never saw.

They fell fu' close on ilka side,
Sic straiks ye never saw;
For ilka sword gaed clash for clash,
At the battle o' Harlaw.

The Hielandmen wi' their lang swords,
They laid on as fu' sair,
And they drave back our merry men
Three acres breadth and mair.

Brave Forbés to his brother did say,
" O brother, dinna ye see ?
They beat us back on ilka side,
And we'll be forced to flee."

" O na ! O na ! my brother dear,
O na ! that mauna be !
You'll tak your gude sword in your hand
And ye'll gang in wi' me."

Then back to back the brothers brave
Gaed in amang the thrang,
And they swept doun the Hielandmen,
Wi' swords baith sharp and lang.

The first ae straik that Forbés strack,
He gar'd Mac Donnell reel ;
And the neist ae straik that Forbés strack,
The brave Mac Donnell fell.

And siccan a Pitlarichie
I'm sure ye never saw,
As was amang the Hielandmen,
When they saw Mac Donnell fa'.

And when they saw that he was dead,
They turn'd and ran awa',
And they buried him in Legate's Den,
A large mile frae Harlaw.

Some rade, some ran, and some did gang,
They were o' sma' record,
But Forbés and his merry men
They slew them a' the road.

On Mononday at morning,
The battle it began;
On Saturday at gloamin',
Ye'd scarce ken'd wha had wan.

And sic a weary buryin'
I'm sure ye never saw,
As was the Sunday after that,
On the muirs aneath Harlaw.

Gin onybody speer at ye
For tnem we took awa',
Ye may tell them plain, and very plain,
They're sleeping at Harlaw.

ENGLISH AND SCOTTISH

BALLADS.

VOLUME VIII.

BOOK VIII.

KING JOHN AND THE ABBOT OF CANTERBURY.

Stories resembling that contained in the following ballad are to be met with in the literature of most of the nations of Europe; for example, in the *Gesta Romanorum*, (No. XIX. and [XXXV.] of Madden's *Old English Versions*,) in the amusing German tale *Der Phaffe Amis*, 98–180, in *Eulenspiegel*, (Marbach, p. 28,) and the English *Owlglass* (31st Adventure in the recent edition), in the Grimm's *Kinder-und-Haus-marchen*, No. 152, in Sacchetti's *Novels*, No. 4, the *Patrañuelo* of Juan Timoneda, Alcala, 1576 (Ritson, *Anc. Songs*, ii. 183), the *Contes à rire*, i. 182, (*Gent. Mag.* 65, i. 35,) etc., etc. *King John and the Abbot*, says Grundtvig (ii. 650), is universally known in Denmark in the form of a prose tale; and a copy is printed in *Gamle danske Minder* (1854) No. 111, *The King and the Miller*.

Wynken de Worde, printed in 1511, a little collection of riddles, translated from the French, like those propounded by King John to the Abbot, with the title *Demaundes Joyous*. By this link the present ballad is connected with a curious class of compositions, peculiar to the Middle Ages—the Disputations, or Wit-Combats, of which the dialogues of Salomon and Marcolf (existing in many languages) are the most familiar, and those of Salomon and Saturn (in Anglo-Saxon) the oldest preserved specimens. These dialogues, in their earlier shape grave contests for

superiority in knowledge and wisdom, underwent a change about the twelfth century, by which they became essentially comic. The serious element, represented by Salomon, was retained after this, merely to afford material, or contrast, for the coarse humor of Marcolf, whose part it is, under the character of a rude and clownish person, "facie deformis et turpissimus," to turn the sententious observations of the royal sage into ludicrous parodies.*

The hint, and possibly a model, for these disputations may have been found in Jewish tradition. We learn from Josephus, (*Antiquities*, Book VIII. ch. v.) that Hiram of Tyre and Solomon sent one another sophistical puzzles and enigmas to be solved, on condition of forfeiting large sums of money in case of failure, and that Solomon's riddles were all guessed by Abdæmon of Tyre, or by Abdimus, his son, for authorities differ. This account coincides with what we read in *Chronicles*, (Book II. ch. ii. 13, 14,) of the man sent by Hiram to Solomon, who, besides a universal knowledge of the arts, was skilful "to find out every device that might be put to him" by cunning men—that is, apparently, "hard questions," such as the Queen of Sheba came to prove Solomon with,

* Among those nations who originated and developed the character of Marcolf (the German and the French) his fame has declined, but in Italy, where the legend was first introduced towards the end of the sixteenth century, his shrewd sayings, like the kindred jests of the *Eulenspiegel* in Germany, have an undiminished popularity and his story, both in the form of a chap-book and of a satirical epic, (the *Bertoldo*,) is circulated throughout the length and breadth of the country, whence it has also been transplanted into Greece.

(1 Kings, x. i.) some account of which is given in the *Talmud*.—See, on the whole subject, Kemble's masterly essay on *Salomon and Saturn*, printed by the Ælfric Society: also Grässe, *Sagenkreise des Mittelalters*, p. 466–471; the Grimms' *Kinder-und-Hausmärchen*, vol. iii. p. 236, ed. 1856; F. W. V. Schmidt, *Taschenbuch deutscher Romanzen*, p. 82.

Examples of the riddle-song pure and simple will be found under *Captain Wedderburn's Courtship*.

This ballad is taken from Percy's *Reliques*, ii. 329. The copy in Durfey's *Pills to Purge Melancholy*, iv. 29, or *A Collection of Old Ballads*, ii. 49, is vastly inferior to the present.

"The common popular ballad of *King John and the Abbot*," says Percy, "seems to have been abridged and modernized about the time of James I., from one much older, entitled *King John and the Bishop of Canterbury*. The Editor's folio MS. contains a copy of this last, but in too corrupt a state to be reprinted; it however afforded many lines worth reviving, which will be found inserted in the ensuing stanzas.

"The archness of the following questions and answers hath been much admired by our old ballad-makers; for besides the two copies above mentioned, there is extant another ballad on the same subject, (but of no great antiquity or merit,) entitled *King Olfrey and the Abbot*. [*Old Ball.* ii. 55.] Lastly, about the time of the civil wars, when the cry ran against the bishops, some puritan worked up the same story into a very doleful ditty, to a solemn tune, concerning *King Henry and a Bishop;* with this stinging moral:

> 'Unlearned men hard matters out can find,
> When learned bishops princes eyes do blind.'

"The following is chiefly printed from an ancient black-letter copy, to the tune of *Derry-down*."

An ancient story Ile tell you anon
Of a notable prince, that was called King John;
And he ruled England with maine and with
might,
For he did great wrong, and maintein'd little
right.

And Ile tell you a story, a story so merrye,
Concerning the Abbott of Canterbùrye;
How for his house-keeping and high renowne,
They rode poste for him to fair London towne.

An hundred men, the king did heare say,
The abbot kept in his house every day;
And fifty golde chaynes, without any doubt,
In velvet coates waited the abbot about.

"How now, father abbot, I heare it of thee,
Thou keepest a farre better house than mee;
And for thy house-keeping and high renowne,
I feare thou work'st treason against my crown."

"My liege," quo' the abbot, "I would it were
knowne
I never spend nothing, but what is my owne;
And I trust your grace will doe me no deere,
For spending of my owne true-gotten geere."

"Yes, yes, father abbot, thy fault it is highe,
And now for the same thou needest must dye;
For except thou canst answer me questions three,
Thy head shall be smitten from thy bodie.

"And first," quo' the king, "when I'm in this stead,
With my crowne of golde so faire on my head,
Among all my liege-men so noble of birthe,
Thou must tell me to one penny what I am worthe.

"Secondlye, tell me, without any doubt,
How soone I may ride the whole world about;
And at the third question thou must not shrink,
But tell me here truly what I do think."

"O these are hard questions for my shallow witt,
Nor I cannot answer your grace as yet:
But if you will give me but three weekes space,
Ile do my endeavour to answer your grace."

"Now three weeks space to thee will I give,
And that is the longest time thou hast to live;
For if thou dost not answer my questions three,
Thy lands and thy livings are forfeit to mee."

Away rode the abbot all sad at that word,
And he rode to Cambridge, and Oxenford;

But never a doctor there was so wise,
That could with his learning an answer devise.

Then home rode the abbot of comfort so cold,
And he mett his shepheard a going to fold:
"How now, my lord abbot, you are welcome home;
What newes do you bring us from good King John?"

"Sad newes, sad newes, shepheard, I must give,
That I have but three days more to live;
For if I do not answer him questions three,
My head will be smitten from my bodie.

"The first is to tell him there in that stead,
With his crowne of golde so fair on his head,
Among all his liege men so noble of birth,
To within one penny of what he is worth.

"The seconde, to tell him, without any doubt,
How soone he may ride this whole world about;
And at the third question I must not shrinke,
But tell him there truly what he does thinke."

"Now cheare up, sire abbot, did you never hear yet,
That a fool he may learne a wise man witt?
Lend me horse, and serving men, and your apparel,
And I'le ride to London to answere your quarrel.

"Nay frowne not, if it hath bin told unto mee,
I am like your lordship, as ever may bee;
And if you will but lend me your gowne,
There is none shall knowe us at fair London
towne."

"Now horses and serving-men thou shalt have,
With sumptuous array most gallant and brave,
With crozier, and miter, and rochet, and cope,
Fit to appear 'fore our fader the pope."

"Now, welcome, sire abbot," the king he did say,
"'Tis well thou'rt come back to keepe thy day:
For and if thou canst answer my questions three,
Thy life and thy living both saved shall bee.

"And first, when thou seest me here in this stead,
With my crowne of golde so fair on my head,
Among all my liege-men so noble of birthe,
Tell me to one penny what I am worth."

"For thirty pence our Saviour was sold
Among the false Jewes, as I have bin told:
And twenty-nine is the worth of thee,
For I thinke thou art one penny worser than
hee."

The king he laughed, and swore by St. Bittel,[1]
"I did not think I had been worth so littel!

[1] Meaning probably St. Botolph.

—Now secondly tell me, without any doubt,
How soone I may ride this whole world about."

"You must rise with the sun, and ride with the same
Until the next morning he riseth againe;
And then your grace need not make any doubt
But in twenty-four hours you'll ride it about."

The king he laughed, and swore by St. Jone,
"I did not think it could be gone so soone!
—Now from the third question thou must not shrinke,
But tell me here truly what I do thinke."

"Yea, that shall I do, and make your grace merry;
You thinke I'm the abbot of Canterbùry;
But I'm his poor shepheard, as plain you may see,
That am come to beg pardon for him and for mee."

The king he laughed, and swore by the masse,
"Ile make thee lord abbot this day in his place!"
"Now naye, my liege, be not in such speede,
For alacke I can neither write ne reade."

"Four nobles a week, then I will give thee,
For this merry jest thou hast showne unto mee;

And tell the old abbot when thou comest home,
Thou hast brought him a pardon from good King
John."

CAPTAIN WEDDERBURN'S COURTSHIP.

The two following ballads, in connection with the foregoing, will serve as specimens of the anciently highly-popular class of riddle songs. No ballad, says Motherwell, is even now more frequently met with on the stalls than *Captain Wedderburn's Courtship*. It was first published in *The New British Songster*, Falkirk, 1785, and afterwards in Jamieson's *Popular Ballads*, ii. 154, from which the present copy is taken. Chambers gives a few different readings from a copy furnished by Mr. Kinloch—*Scottish Ballads*, p. 331.

A fragment of this piece is given in *Minstrelsy of the English Border*, p. 230, under the title of *The Laird of Roslin's Daughter*. Riddles like those in the following ballads are found in *Proud Lady Margaret*, p. 83 of this volume, *The Courteous Knight*, in the Appendix, and *The Bonny Hind Squire*, in *Scottish Traditional Versions of Ancient Ballads*, p. 42, Percy Society, vol. xvii. — three varieties of one original: and in *Gifts from over Sea*, Appendix, p. 290. Also, in several of the ancient Norse poems; in the ancient Danish ballad *Svend Vonved*, Grundtvig, No. 18; in *Sven Svanehvit*, *Svenska F. V.*, No. 45; Hammershaimb's *Færöiske Kvæder*, ii. No. 4; Landstad's

Norske Folkeviser, p. 369; Erk's *Liederhort*, No. 153; Uhland, No. 1, 2, 3; Erlach, iii. 37; *Wunderhorn*, ii. 407; Tschischka and Schottky, *Oesterreichische Volksl.* p. 28; Haupt and Schmaler, *Volksl. der Wenden*, i. No. 150, ii. No. 74; Talvj, *Volksl. der Serben*, ii. 77; Goetze, *Stimmen des russischen Volkes*, p. 163; etc., etc. See especially Grundtvig, i. 237, ii. 648, from whom we have borrowed some of these references.

"The following copy was furnished from Mr. Herd's MS. by the editor of the Border Minstrelsy, and the present writer has supplied a few readings of small importance from his own recollection, as it was quite familiar to him in his early youth." JAMIESON.

THE Lord of Roslin's daughter
Walk'd thro' the wood her lane,
And by came Captain Wedderburn,
A servant to the king.
He said unto his serving men,
"Were't not against the law,
I would tak her to my ain bed,
And lay her neist the wa'."

"I am walking here alone," she says,
"Amang my father's trees;
And you must let me walk alane,
Kind sir, now, if you please;
The supper bell it will be rung,
And I'll be mist awa';
Sae I winna lie in your bed,
Either at stock or wa'."

He says, "My pretty lady,
I pray lend me your hand,
And you shall hae drums and trumpets
Always at your command;
And fifty men to guard you with,
That well their swords can draw;
Sae we'se baith lie in ae bed,
And ye'se lie neist the wa'."

"Haud awa frae me," she said,
"And pray lat gae my hand;
The supper bell it will be rung,
I can nae langer stand;
My father he will angry be,
Gin I be miss'd awa;
Sae I'll nae lie in your bed,
Either at stock or wa'."

Then said the pretty lady,
"I pray tell me your name:"
"My name is Captain Wedderburn,
A servant to the king.
Tho' thy father and his men were here,
Of them I'd have nae awe;
But tak you to my ain bed,
And lay you neist the wa'."

He lighted aff his milk-white steed,
And set this lady on,
And held her by the milk-white hand,

Even as they rade along;
He held her by the middle jimp,
For fear that she should fa',
To tak her to his ain bed,
And lay her neist the wa'.

He took her to his lodging-house;
His landlady look'd ben;
Says, "Mony a pretty lady
In Edenbruch I've seen,
But sic a lovely face as thine
In it I never saw;
Gae mak her down a down-bed,
And lay her neist the wa'."

"O haud awa' frae me," she says,
"I pray ye lat me be;
I winna gang into your bed,
Till ye dress me dishes three:
Dishes three ye maun dress to me,
Gin I should eat them a',
Afore that I lie in your bed,
Either at stock or wa'.

"Its ye maun get to my supper
A cherry without a stane;
And ye maun get to my supper
A chicken without a bane;
And ye maun get to my supper
A bird without a ga'

Or I winna lie in your bed,
Either at stock or wa'."

"Its whan the cherry is in the flirry,
I'm sure it has nae stane;
And whan the chicken's in the egg,
I'm sure it has nae bane;
And sin the flood o' Noah,
The dow she had nae ga'[1];
Sae we'll baith lie in ae bed,
And ye'se lie neist the wa'."

"O haud your tongue, young man," she says,
"Nor that gait me perplex;
For ye maun tell me questions yet,
And that is questions six:
Questions six ye tell to me,
And that is three times twa,
Afore I lie in your bed,
Either at stock or wa'.

"What's greener than the greenest grass?
What hicher than the trees?
What's war nor an ill woman's wish?
What's deeper than the seas?
What bird sings first? and whareupon
The dew doth first down fa'?

[1] The peasants in Scotland say that the dove that was sent out of the Ark by Noah flew till she burst her gall, and that no dove since that time ever had a gall. J.

Ye sall tell afore I lay me down
Between you and the wa'."

"Vergris is greener than the grass;
Heaven's hicher than the trees;
The deil's warse nor a woman's wish;
Hell's deeper than the seas;
The cock craws first; on cedar top
The dew down first doth fa';
And we'll lie baith in ae bed,
And ye'se lie neist the wa'."

"O haud your tongue, young man," she says,
"And gi'e your fleechin' o'er,
Unless you'll find me ferlies,
And that is ferlies four;
Ferlies four ye maun find me,
And that is twa and twa;
Or I'll never lie in your bed,
Either at stock or wa'.

"And ye maun get to me a plumb
That in December grew;
And get to me a silk mantel,
That waft was ne'er ca'd thro';
A sparrow's horn; a priest unborn,
This night to join us twa;
Or I'll nae lie in your bed,
Either at stock or wa'."

"My father he has winter fruit
That in December grew;
My mither has an Indian gown,
That waft was ne'er ca'd thro';
A sparrow's horn is quickly found;
There's ane on every claw;
There's ane upon the neb o' him;
Perhaps there may be twa.

"The priest he's standing at the door,
Just ready to come in;
Nae man can say that he was born,
To lie it were a sin;
A wild bore tore his mither's side,
He out o' it did fa';
Then we'll baith lie in ae bed,
And thou's lie neist the wa'."

Little kend Girzy Sinclair
That morning whan she raise,
That this wad be the hindermaist
O' a' her maiden days;
But now there's nae within the realm,
I think, a blyther twa;
And they baith lie in ae bed,
And she lies neist the wa'.

LAY THE BENT TO THE BONNY BROOM.

From Durfey's *Pills to Purge Melancholy*, iv. 129, with the title *A Riddle wittily expounded.* The same in Jamieson's *Popular Ballads*, ii. 155, and in *The Borderer's Table Book*, vii. 83. A fragment of this ballad, called *The Three Sisters*, is printed in Gilbert's *Ancient Christmas Carols*, (2d ed.) p. 65, and has a different burden. It begins

> There were three sisters fair and bright,
> *Jennifer gentle and Rosemaree,*
> And they three loved one valiant knight,
> *As the dew flies over the mulberry tree.*

There was a lady in the North-country,
Lay the bent to the bonny broom,
And she had lovely daughters three,
Fa, la la la, fa, la la la ra re.

There was a knight of noble worth,
Which also lived at the North.

The knight, of courage stout and brave,
A wife he did desire to have.

He knocked at the lady's gate,
One evening when it was late.

The eldest[1] sister let him in,
And pinn'd the door with a silver pin.

[1] youngest.

The second sister, she made his bed,
And laid soft pillows under his head.

The youngest [sister] that same night,
She went to bed to this young knight.

And in the morning when it was day,
These words unto him she did say.

"Now you have had your will," quoth she,
"I pray, Sir Knight, you marry me."

This young brave knight to her reply'd.
"Thy suit, fair maid, shall not be deny'd,

"If thou canst answer me questions three,
This very day will I marry thee."

"Kind sir, in love, O then," quoth she,
"Tell me what your three questions be."

"O what is longer than the way?[1]
Or what is deeper than the sea?

"Or what is louder than a horn?
Or what is sharper than a thorn?

"Or what is greener than the grass?
Or what is worse than a woman was?"

[1] i. e. the milky way.

"O love is longer than the way,
And hell is deeper than the sea.

"And thunder's louder than the horn,
And hunger's sharper than a thorn.

"And poyson's greener than the grass,[1]
And the devil's worse than the woman was."

When she these questions answered had,
The knight became exceeding glad.

And having truly try'd her wit,
He much commended her for it.

And after, as 'tis verified,
He made of her his lovely bride.

So now, fair maidens all, adieu;
This song I dedicate to you.

I wish that you may constant prove
Unto the man that you do love.

1 "*Vergris* is greener than the grass." *C. W.'s Courtship* v. 97

KING EDWARD FOURTH AND THE TANNER OF TAMWORTH.

The next two ballads belong to a class of tales extremely numerous in England, in which the sovereign is represented as conversing on terms of good fellowship with one of his humbler subjects who is unacquainted with the royal person. In several of the best of these stories, the monarch is benighted in the forest, and obliged to demand hospitality of the first man he meets. He is at first viewed with suspicion and treated with rudeness, but soon wins favor by his affability and good humor, and is invited to partake of a liberal supper, composed in part of his own venison. In due time the king reveals his true character to his astonished and mortified host, who looks to be punished alike for his familiarity and for deer-stealing, but is pardoned for both, and even handsomely rewarded for his entertainment.

The earliest of these stories seems to be that of King Alfred and the Neatherd, in which the herdsman's wife plays the offending part, and the peasant himself is made Bishop of Winchester. Others of very considerable antiquity are the tales of Henry II. and the Cistercian Abbot in the *Speculum Ecclesiæ* of Giraldus Cambrensis, (an. 1220,) printed in *Reliquiæ Antiquæ*, i. 147; *King Edward and the Shepherd*, and *The King* [Edward] *and the Hermit*, in Hartshorne's *Metrical Tales*, (p. 35, p. 293, the latter previously in *The British Bibliographer*, iv. 81;) *Rauf Coilzear, how he harbreit King* [illegible] in Laing's [illegible]: *John*

the Reeve, an unprinted piece in the Percy MS., founded on an adventure between King Edward I. and one of his bailiffs, which is highly commended by Dr. Percy "for its genuine humor, diverting incidents, and faithful picture of rustic manners;" and *The King and the Barker*, the original of the present ballad. (See also the seventh and eighth fits of the *Little Gest of Robin Hood*.) More recent specimens are the two pieces here given, and others mentioned by Percy: *King Henry and the Soldier*, *King Henry VIII. and the Cobbler*, *King James I. and the Tinker*, *King William and the Forester*, *&c.* It is obvious that a legend of immemorial antiquity has been transferred by successive minstrels or story-tellers to the reigning monarch of their own times. An anecdote of the same character is related by Mr. Wright of Prince George of Denmark, and a poor artisan of Bristol, (*Essays*, ii. 172.)

The meeting of King Richard with Friar Tuck in Ivanhoe, was suggested by the tale of *King Edward and the Hermit*. "The general tone of the story," says Scott, "belongs to all ranks and to all countries, which emulate each other in describing the rambles of a disguised sovereign, who, going in search of information or amusement into the lower ranks of life, meets with adventures diverting to the reader or hearer, from the contrast betwixt the monarch's outward appearance and his real character. The Eastern tale-teller has for his theme the disguised expeditions of Haroun Alraschid, with his faithful attendants Mesrour and Giafar, through the midnight streets of Bagdad, and Scottish tradition dwells upon the similar exploits of James V., distin

guished during such excursions by the travelling name of the Goodman of Ballengeigh, as the Commander of the Faithful, when he desired to be *incognito*, was known by that of Il Bondocani."

The King and the Barker is printed in Ritson's *Anc. Pop. Poetry*, p. 61; the modern ballad of *King Alfred and the Shepherd*, in *Old Ballads*, i. 41; *King James and the Tinkler*, in Richardson's *Borderer's Table Book*, vii. 8, and in the Percy Soc. Publications, vol. xvii., *Ancient Poems, &c.* p. 109.

"The following text is selected (with such other corrections as occurred) from two copies in black letter. The one in the Bodleian library, entitled *A merrie, pleasant, and delectable historie betweene King Edward the Fourth, and a Tanner of Tamworth, &c.*, printed at London by John Danter, 1596. This copy, ancient as it now is, appears to have been modernized and altered at the time it was published; and many vestiges of the more ancient readings were recovered from another copy (though more recently printed) in one sheet folio, without date, in the Pepys collection." PERCY'S *Reliques*, ii. 87.

The old copies, according to Ritson, contain a great many stanzas which Percy "has not injudiciously suppressed." *King* Henry *the Fourth and the Tanner of Tamworth* stands in the *Registers of the Stationers' Company*, as licensed in 1564–5. The Tanner of Tamworth is introduced into the First Part of Heywood's play of *Edward the Fourth*.

IN summer time, when leaves grow greene,
And blossoms bedecke the tree,
King Edward wolde a hunting ryde,
Some pastime for to see.

With hawke and hounde he made him bowne,
With horne, and eke with bowe;
To Drayton Basset he tooke his waye,
With all his lordes a rowe.

And he had ridden ore dale and downe
By eight of clocke in the day,
When he was ware of a bold tannèr,
Come ryding along the waye.

A fayre russet coat the tanner had on,
Fast buttoned under his chin,
And under him a good cow-hide,
And a mare of four shilling.[1]

"Nowe stande you still, my good lordes all,
Under the grene wood spraye;
And I will wend to yonder fellowe,
To weet what he will saye.

"God speede, God speede thee," sayd our king,
"Thou art welcome, sir," sayd hee;
"The readyest waye to Drayton Basset
I praye thee to shewe to mee."

[1] In the reign of Edward IV. Dame Cecill, lady of Torboke, in her will dated March 7, A. D. 1466, among many other bequests, has this: "Also I will that my sonne Thomas of Torboke have 13*s.* 4*d.* to buy him an horse." Vide Harleian Catalogue, 2176, 27.—Now if 13*s.* 4*d.* would purchase a steed fit for a person of quality, a tanner's horse might reasonably be valued at four or five shillings.—PERCY.

"To Drayton Basset woldst thou goe
Fro the place where thou dost stand,
The next payre of gallowes thou comest unto,
Turne in upon thy right hand."

"That is an unroadye waye," sayd our king,
"Thou doest but jest I see;
Nowe shewe me out the nearest waye,
And I pray thee wend with mee."

"Awaye with a vengeance!" quoth the tanner;
"I hold thee out of thy witt:
All daye have I rydden on Brocke my mare
And I am fasting yett."

"Go with me downe to Drayton Basset,
No daynties we will spare;
All daye shalt thou eate and drinke of the best,
And I will paye thy fare."

"Gramercye for nothing," the tanner replyde,
"Thou payest no fare of mine:
I trowe I've more nobles in my purse,
Then thou hast pence in thine."

"God give thee joy of them," sayd the king,
"And send them well to priefe;"
The tanner wolde faine have beene away,
For he weende he had beene a theife.

"What art thou," hee sayde, "thou fine fellòwe?
Of thee I am in great feare;
For the cloathes thou wearest upon thy backe
Might beseeme a lord to weare."

"I never stole them," quoth our king,
"I tell you, sir, by the roode;"
"Then thou playest, as many an unthrift doth,
And standest in midds of thy goode."[1]

"What tydinges heare you," sayd the kynge,
"As you ryde farre and neare?"
"I heare no tydinges, sir, by the masse,
But that cowe-hides are deare."

"Cowe-hides! cowe-hides! what things are those?
I marvell what they bee?"
"What, art thou a foole?" the tanner reply'd;
"I carry one under mee."

"What craftsman art thou?" sayd the king;
"I praye thee tell me trowe:"
"I am a barker, sir, by my trade;
Nowe tell me what art thou?"

"I am a poore courtier, sir," quoth he,
"That am forth of service worne;

[1] i. e. hast no other wealth, but what thou carriest about thee.—PERCY.

And faine I wolde thy prentise bee,
  Thy cunninge for to learne."

"Marrye heaven forfend," the tanner replyde,
  "That thou my prentise were;
Thou woldst spend more good than I shold winne
  By fortye shilling a yere."

"Yet one thinge wolde I," sayd our king,
  "If thou wilt not seeme strange;
Thoughe my horse be better than thy mare,
  Yet with thee I faine wold change."

"Why if with me thou faine wilt change,
  As change full well maye wee,
By the faith of my bodye, thou proude fellòwe,
  I will have some boot of thee."

"That were against reason," sayd the king,
  "I sweare, so mote I thee;
My horse is better than thy mare,
  And that thou well mayst see."

"Yea, sir, but Brocke is gentle and mild,
  And softly she will fare;
Thy horse is unrulye and wild, i-wiss,
  Aye skipping here and theare."

"What boote wilt thou have?" our king reply'd;
  "Now tell me in this stound;"

"Noe pence, nor half-pence, by my faye,
But a noble in gold so round."

"Here's twentye groates of white moneyè,
Sith thou wilt have it of mee;"
"I would have sworne now," quoth the tanner,
"Thou hadst not had one penniè.

"But since we two have made a change,
A change we must abide;
Although thou hast gotten Brocke my mare,
Thou gettest not my cowe-hide."

"I will not have it," sayd the kynge,
"I sweare, so mought I thee;
Thy foule cowe-hide I wolde not beare,
If thou woldst give it to mee."

The tanner hee tooke his good cowe-hide,
That of the cow was hilt,
And threwe it upon the king's sadèlle,
That was soe fayrelye gilte.

"Now help me up, thou fine fellòwe,
'Tis time that I were gone:
When I come home to Gyllian my wife,
Sheel say I am a gentilmon."

The king he tooke him up by the legge.
The tanner a f* * lett fall;

"Nowe marrye, good fellowe," sayd the kyng,
"Thy courtesye is but small."

When the tanner he was in the kinges sadèlle,
And his foote in his stirrup was,
He marvelled greatlye in his minde,
Whether it were golde or brass.

But when his steede saw the cows taile wagge,
And eke the blacke cowe-horne,
He stamped, and stared, and awaye he ranne,
As the devill had him borne.

The tanner he pulld, the tanner he sweat,
And held by the pummil fast;
At length the tanner came tumbling downe,
His necke he had well-nye brast.

"Take thy horse again with a vengeance," he sayd,
"With mee he shall not byde;"
"My horse wolde have borne thee well enoughe,
But he knewe not of thy cowe-hide.

"Yet if againe thou faine woldst change,
As change full well may wee,
By the faith of my bodye, thou jolly tannèr,
I will have some boote of thee."

"What boote wilt thou have?" the tanner replyd,
"Nowe tell me in this stounde;

"Noe pence nor half-pence, sir, by my faye,
But I will have twentye pound."

"Here's twentye groates out of my purse,
And twentye I have of thine;
And I have one more, which we will spend
Together at the wine."

The king set a bugle horne to his mouthe,
And blewe both loude and shrille;
And soone came lords, and soone came knights,
Fast ryding over the hille.

"Nowe, out alas," the tanner he cryde,
"That ever I sawe this daye!
Thou art a strong thiefe; yon come thy fellowes
Will beare my cowe-hide away."

"They are no thieves," the king replyde,
"I sweare, soe mote I thee;
But they are lords of the north country,
Here come to hunt with mee."

And soone before our king they came,
And knelt downe on the grounde;
Then might the tanner have beene awaye,
He had lever than twentye pounde.

A coller, a coller, here," sayd the king,
"A coller," he loud gan crye;

Then woulde he lever then twentye pound,
He had not beene so nighe.

"A coller! a coller!" the tanner he sayd,
"I trowe it will breed sorrowe;
After a coller commeth a halter;
I trow I shall be hang'd to-morrowe."

"Be not afraid, tanner," said our king;
"I tell thee, so mought I thee,
Lo here I make thee the best esquire
That is in the North countrie.[1]

"For Plumpton-parke I will give thee,
With tenements faire beside,—
'Tis worth three hundred markes by the yeare,—
To maintaine thy good cow-hide."

[1] This stanza is restored from a quotation of this ballad in Selden's *Titles of Honour*, who produces it as a good authority to prove, that one mode of creating Esquires at that time, was by the imposition of a collar. His words are, "Nor is that old pamphlet of the Tanner of Tamworth and King Edward the Fourth so contemptible, but that wee may thence note also an observable passage, wherein the use of making Esquires, by giving collars, is expressed." (Sub. Tit. Esquire; & vide in Spelmanni *Glossar. Armiger.*) This form of creating Esquires actually exists at this day among the Sergeants at Arms, who are invested with a collar (which they wear on Collar Days) by the King himself.

This information I owe to Samuel Pegge, Esq., to whom the public is indebted for that curious work, the *Curialia*, 4to. —PERCY.

"Gramercye, my liege," the tanner replyde;
"For the favour thou hast me showne,
If ever thou comest to merry Tamwòrth,
Neates leather shall clout thy shoen."

THE KING AND MILLER OF MANSFIELD.

"THE following is printed, with corrections from the Editor's folio MS. collated with an old black-letter copy in the Pepys collection, entitled *A pleasant ballad of King Henry II. and the Miller of Mansfield, &c.*"—PERCY'S *Reliques*, iii. 22.

Other copies, slightly different, in *A Collection of Old Ballads*, i. 53, and Ritson's *Ancient Songs*, ii. 173.

PART THE FIRST.

HENRY, our royall king, would ride a hunting
To the greene forest so pleasant and faire;
To see the harts skipping, and dainty does tripping,
Unto merry Sherwood his nobles repaire:
Hawke and hound were unbound, all things prepar'd
For the game, in the same, with good regard.

All a long summers day rode the king pleasantlye,
With all his princes and nobles eche one;

Chasing the hart and hind, and the bucke gallantlye,
Till the dark evening forc'd all to turne home.
Then at last, riding fast, he had lost quite
All his lords in the wood, late in the night.
[downe,
Wandering thus wearilye, all alone, up and
With a rude miller he mett at the last;
Asking the ready way unto faire Nottingham,
"Sir," quoth the miller, "I meane not to jest,
Yet I thinke, what I thinke, sooth for to say;
You doe not lightlye ride out of your way."

"Why, what dost thou think of me," quoth our king merrily,
"Passing thy judgment upon me so briefe?"
"Good faith," sayd the miller, "I mean not to flatter thee,
I guess thee to bee but some gentleman thiefe;
Stand thee backe, in the darke; light not adowne,
Lest that I presentlye crack thy knaves crowne."

"Thou dost abuse me much," quoth the king, "saying thus;
I am a gentleman; lodging I lacke."
"Thou hast not," quoth th' miller, "one groat in thy purse;
All thy inheritance hanges on thy backe."
"I have gold to discharge all that I call;
If it be forty pence, I will pay all."

"If thou beest a true man," then quoth the miller,
"I sweare by my toll-dish, I'll lodge thee all night."
"Here's my hand," quoth the king; "that was I ever."
"Nay, soft," quoth the miller, "thou may'st be a sprite.
Better I'll know thee, ere hands we will shake;
With none but honest men hands will I take."

Thus they went all along unto the millers house,
Where they were seething of puddings and souse;
The miller first enter'd in, after him went the king;
Never came hee in soe smoakye a house.
"Now," quoth hee, "let me see here what you are:"
Quoth the king, "Looke your fill, and doe not spare."

"I like well thy countenance, thou hast an honest face:
With my son Richard this night thou shalt lye."
Quoth his wife, "By my troth, it is a handsome youth,
Yet it's best, husband, to deal warilye.
Art thou no run-away, prythee, youth, tell?
Shew me thy passport, and all shal be well."

Then our king presentlye, making lowe courtesye,
With his hatt in his hand, thus he did say;
"I have no passport, nor never was servitor,
But a poor courtyer, rode out of my way:
And for your kindness here offered to mee,
I will requite you in everye degree."

Then to the miller his wife whisper'd secretlye,
Saying, "It seemeth, this youth's of good kin,
Both by his apparel, and eke by his manners;
To turne him out, certainlye were a great sin."
"Yea," quoth hee, "you may see he hath some grace,
When he doth speake to his betters in place."

"Well," quo' the millers wife, "young man, ye're welcome here;
And, though I say it, well lodged shall be:
Fresh straw will I have laid on thy bed so brave,
And good brown hempen sheets likewise," quoth shee.
"Aye," quoth the good man; "and when that is done,
Thou shalt lye with no worse than our own sonne."

"Nay, first," quoth Richard, "good-fellowe, tell me true,
Hast thou noe creepers within thy gay hose?

Or art thou not troubled with the scabbado?"
"I pray," quoth the king, "what creatures are
those?"
"Art thou not lowsy nor scabby?" quoth he:
"If thou beest, surely thou lyest not with mee."

This caus'd the king, suddenlye, to laugh most
heartilye,
Till the teares trickled fast downe from his
eyes.
Then to their supper were they set orderlye,
With hot bag-puddings, and good apple-pyes;
Nappy ale, good and stale, in a browne bowle,
Which did about the board merrilye trowle.

"Here," quoth the miller, "good fellowe, I drinke
to thee,
And to all courtnalls that courteous be."
"I pledge thee," quoth our king, "and thanke
thee heartilye
For my good welcome in everye degree:
And here, in like manner, I drinke to thy sonne.'
"Do then," quoth Richard, "and quicke let it
come."

"Wife," quoth the miller, "fetch me forth light-
foote,
And of his sweetnesse a little we'll taste."
A fair ven'son pastye brought she out presentlye,
"Eate," quoth the miller, "but, sir, make no
waste.

"Here's dainty lightfoote!" "In faith," sayd
the king,
"I never before eat so daintye a thing."

"I-wis," quoth Richard, "no daintye at all it is,
For we doe eate of it everye day."
"In what place," sayd our king, "may be bought
like to this?"
"We never pay pennye for itt, by my fay:
From merry Sherwood we fetch it home here;
Now and then we make bold with our kings
deer."

"Then I thinke," sayd our king, "that it is veni-
son."
"Eche foole," quoth Richard, "full well may
know that:
Never are wee without two or three in the roof,
Very well fleshed, and excellent fat:
But, prythee, say nothing wherever thou goe;
We would not, for two pence, the king should it
knowe."

"Doubt not," then sayd the king, "my promist
secresye;
The king shall never know more on't for
mee:"
A cupp of lambs-wool they dranke unto him
then,
And to their bedds they past presentlie.

The nobles, next morning, went all up and
down,
For to seeke out the king in everye towne.

At last, at the millers 'cott,' soone they espy'd
him out,
As he was mounting upon his faire steede;
To whom they came presently, falling down on
their knee;
Which made the millers heart wofully bleede;
Shaking and quaking, before him he stood,
Thinking he should have been hang'd, by the
rood.

The king perceiving him fearfully trembling,
Drew forth his sword, but nothing he sed:
The miller downe did fall, crying before them all,
Doubting the king would have cut off his head.
But he his kind courtesye for to requite,
Gave him great living, and dubb'd him a knight.

PART THE SECONDE.

When as our royall king came home from Not-
tingham,
And with his nobles at Westminster lay,
Recounting the sports and pastimes they had
taken,
In this late progress along on the way,

Of them all, great and small, he did protest,
The miller of Mansfields sport liked him best.

"And now, my lords," quoth the king, "I am determined
Against St. Georges next sumptuous feast,
That this old miller, our new confirm'd knight,
With his son Richard, shall here be my guest:
For, in this merryment, 'tis my desire
To talke with the jolly knight, and the young squire."

When as the noble lords saw the kinges pleasantness,
They were right joyfull and glad in their hearts:
A pursuivant there was sent straighte on the business,
The which had often-times been in those parts.
When he came to the place where they did dwell,
His message orderlye then 'gan he tell.

"God save your worshippe," then said the messenger,
"And grant your ladye her own hearts desire;
And to your sonne Richard good fortune and happiness,
That sweet, gentle, and gallant young squire.
Our king greets you well, and thus he doth say,
You must come to the court on St. George's day

"Therefore, in any case, faile not to be in place."
"I-wis," quoth the miller, "this is an odd jest:
What should we doe there? faith, I am halfe afraid."
"I doubt," quoth Richard, "to be hang'd at the least."
"Nay," quoth the messenger, "you doe mistake;
Our king he provides a great feast for your sake."

Then sayd the miller, "By my troth, messenger,
Thou hast contented my worshippe full well:
Hold, here are three farthings, to quite thy gentleness,
For these happy tydings which thou dost tell.
Let me see, hear thou mee; tell to our king,
We'll wayt on his mastershipp in everye thing."

The pursuivant smiled at their simplicitye,
And making many leggs, tooke their reward,
And his leave taking with great humilitye,
To the kings court againe he repair'd;
Shewing unto his grace, merry and free,
The knightes most liberall gift and bountie.

When he was gone away, thus gan the miller say:
"Here come expences and charges indeed;
Now must we needs be brave, tho' we spend al' we have,
For of new garments we have great need.

Of horses and serving-men we must have store,
With bridles and saddles, and twentye things more."

"Tushe, Sir John," quoth his wife, "why should you frett or frowne?
You shall ne'er be att no charges for mee;
For I will turne and trim up my old russet gowne,
With everye thing else as fine as may bee;
And on our mill-horses swift we will ride,
With pillowes and pannells, as we shall provide."

In this most statelye sort, rode they unto the court;
Their jolly sonne Richard rode foremost of all,
Who set up, for good hap,[1] a cocks feather in his cap,
And so they jetted downe to the kings hall;
The merry old miller with hands on his side;
His wife like maid Marian[2] did mince at that tide.

The king and his nobles, that heard of their coming,

1 for good hap: i. e. for good luck; they were going on a hazardous expedition. P.

2 Maid Marian in the Morris dance, was represented by a man in woman's clothes, who was to take short steps in order to sustain the female character. P.

Meeting this gallant knight with his brave traine,
"Welcome, sir knight," quoth he, "with your gay lady;
Good Sir John Cockle, once welcome againe;
And so is the squire of courage soe free."
Quoth Dicke, "A bots on you! do you know mee?"

Quoth our king gentlye, "How should I forget thee?
That wast my owne bed-fellowe, well it I wot.'
"Yea, sir," quoth Richard, "and by the same token,
Thou with thy farting didst make the bed hot."
"Thou whore-son unhappy knave," then quoth the knight,
"Speake cleanly to our king, or else go sh***."

The king and his courtiers laugh at this heartily,
While the king taketh them both by the hand;
With the court-dames and maids, like to the queen of spades,
The millers wife did soe orderly stand,
A milk-maids courtesye at every word;
And downe all the folkes were set to the board.

There the king royally, in princelye majestye,
Sate at his dinner with joy and delight;
When they had eaten well, then he to jesting fell

And in a bowle of wine dranke to the knight:
"Here's to you both, in wine, ale, and beer;
Thanking you heartilye for my good cheer."

Quoth Sir John Cockle, "I'll pledge you a poule,
Were it the best ale in Nottinghamshire:"
But then said our king, "Now I think of a thing;
Some of your lightfoote I would we had here."
"Ho! ho!" quoth Richard, "full well I may say it
'Tis knavery to eate it, and then to betray it."

"Why art thou angry?" quoth our king merrilye;
"In faith, I take it now very unkind:
I thought thou wouldst pledge me in ale and wine heartily."
Quoth Dicke, "You are like to stay till I have din'd:
You feed us with twatling dishes soe small;
Zounds, a blacke-pudding is better than all."

"Aye, marry," quoth our king, "that were a daintye thing,
Could a man get but one here for to eate:"
With that Dicke straite arose, and pluckt one from his hose,
Which with heat of his breech gan to sweate.
The king made a proffer to snatch it away:—
"'Tis meat for your master: good sir, you must stay."

Thus in great merriment was the time wholly
spent,
And then the ladyes prepared to dance:
Old Sir John Cockle, and Richard, incontinent
Unto their places the king did advance.
Here with the ladyes such sport they did make,
The nobles with laughing did make their sides
ake.

Many thankes for their paines did the king give
them,
Asking young Richard then, if he would wed;
"Among these ladyes free, tell me which liketh
thee?"
Quoth he, "Jugg Grumball, Sir, with the red
head,
She's my love, she's my life, her will I wed;
She hath sworn I shall have her maidenhead."

Then Sir John Cockle the king call'd unto him,
And of merry Sherwood made him o'erseer,
And gave him out of hand three hundred pound
yearlye:
"Take heed now you steele no more of my
deer;
And once a quarter let's here have your view;
And now, Sir John Cockle, I bid you adieu."

GERNUTUS THE JEW OF VENICE.

Percy's *Reliques*, i. 224.

In Douce's *Illustrations of Shakespeare*, (i. 278,) and Malone's *Shakespeare*, (v. 3, 154, ed. 1821,) we are referred to a great many stories resembling that of the present ballad. Two or three of these are found in the Persian, and there can be no doubt that the original tale is of eastern invention. The oldest European forms of the story are in the *Gesta Romanorum*, (Wright's *Latin Stories*, Percy Soc. viii. 114, Madden's *Old English Versions*, p. 130,) the French romance of *Dolopathos* (v. 7096, *et seq.*), and the *Pecorone* of Ser Giovanni Fiorentino, written in 1378, but not printed till 1558.

Shakespeare's *Merchant of Venice* is known to have been played before 1598, and there is some reason to believe that it was produced as early as 1594. The resemblance in many particulars between the play and the narrative in the *Pecorone* is conclusive to the fact that Shakespeare was acquainted with the Italian novel, directly or by a translation. In Gosson's *School of Abuse*, (1579,) mention is made of a play called *The Jew*, in which was represented "the greediness of worldly choosers, and bloody minds of usurers." It is possible that Shakespeare may have made use of the incidents of this forgotten piece in the construction of his plot, but as our knowledge of the older play amounts literally to the description of it given by Gosson, nothing positive is to be said on that

point. Silvayn's *Orator*, translated from the French by Anthony Munday in 1596, affords the earliest discovered *printed* notice, in English, of the bond and forfeiture, in a "Declamation, Of a Jew, who would for his debt have a pound of flesh of a Christian;" and a striking coincidence between the Jew's plea for the execution of the contract, and the reasoning of Shylock before the Senate, may be regarded by some as of weight sufficient to offset the evidence presented to show that the *Merchant of Venice* was on the stage in 1594.

No dated copy of the ballad of *Gernutus* is known. It is on the whole more likely that the ballad is older than Shakespeare's comedy, but it *may* have been called forth by the popularity of that very piece. To judge by the first stanza alone, the writer had derived his materials from an Italian novel.

We give in the Appendix another ballad, presenting considerable diversity in the incidents, which we presume to be the one mentioned by Douce under the title of *The Cruel Jews Garland*.

In 1664, we are informed by Mr. Collier, Thomas Jordan made a ballad out of the story of the *Merchant of Venice*, in his *Royal Arbor of Loyal Poesie*, taking some liberties with the original plot.

The following was printed from an ancient black-letter copy in the Pepys collection, (compared with the Ashmole copy,) entitled,

"A new Song, shewing the crueltie of 'Gernutus, a Jewe,' who, lending to a merchant an hundred crowns, would have a pound of his fleshe, because he could not pay him at the time appointed. To the tune of *Black and Yellow*."

THE FIRST PART.

In Venice towne not long agoe
A cruel Jew did dwell,
Which lived all on usurie,
As Italian writers tell.

Gernutus called was the Jew,
Which never thought to dye,
Nor ever yet did any good
To them in streets that lie.

His life was like a barrow hogge,
That liveth many a day,
Yet never once doth any good,
Until men will him slay.

Or like a filthy heap of dung,
That lyeth in a whoard;
Which never can do any good,
Till it be spread abroad.

So fares it with the usurer,
He cannot sleep in rest
For feare the thiefe will him pursue,
To plucke him from his nest.

His heart doth thinke on many a wile
How to deceive the poore;

His mouth is almost ful of mucke,
Yet still he gapes for more.

His wife must lend a shilling,
For every weeke a penny;
Yet bring a pledge that is double worth,
If that you will have any.

And see, likewise, you keepe your day,
Or else you loose it all:
This was the living of the wife,
Her cow she did it call.

Within that citie dwelt that time
A marchant of great fame,
Which being distressed in his need,
Unto Gernutus came:

Desiring him to stand his friend
For twelvemonth and a day;
To lend to him an hundred crownes;
And he for it would pay

Whatsoever he would demand of him,
And pledges he should have:
"No," quoth the Jew, with flearing lookes,
"Sir, aske what you will have.

"No penny for the loane of it
For one year you shall pay;

You may doe me as good a turne,
Before my dying day.

"But we will have a merry jeast,
For to be talked long:
You shall make me a bond," quoth he,
"That shall be large and strong.

"And this shall be the forfeyture,—
Of your owne fleshe a pound:
If you agree, make you the bond,
And here is a hundred crownes."

"With right good will," the marchant he says,
And so the bond was made.
When twelve month and a day drew on,
That backe it should be payd,

The marchants ships were all at sea,
And money came not in;
Which way to take, or what to doe,
To thinke he doth begin.

And to Gernutus strait he comes,
With cap and bended knee;
And sayde to him, "Of curtesie,
I pray you beare with mee.

"My day is come, and I have not
The money for to pay;

And little good the forfeyture
Will doe you, I dare say."

"With all my heart," Gernutus sayd,
"Commaund it to your minde:
In thinges of bigger waight then this
You shall me ready finde."

He goes his way; the day once past,
Gernutus doth not slacke
To get a sergiant presently,
And clapt him on the backe.

And layd him into prison strong,
And sued his bond withall;
And when the judgement day was come,
For judgement he did call.

The marchants friends came thither fast,
With many a weeping eye,
For other means they could not find,
But he that day must dye.

THE SECOND PART.

Of the Jews crueltie; setting foorth the mercifulnesse of the Judge towards the Marchant. To the tune of *Black and Yellow*.

Some offered for his hundred crownes
Five hundred for to pay;

And some a thousand, two or three,
Yet still he did denay.

And at the last ten thousand crownes
They offered, him to save:
Gernutus sayd, "I will no gold,
My forfeite I will have.

"A pound of fleshe is my demand,
And that shall be my hire."
Then sayd the judge, "Yet, good my friend,
Let me of you desire

"To take the fleshe from such a place,
As yet you let him live:
Do so, and lo! an hundred crownes
To thee here will I give."

"No, no," quoth he, "no, judgement here
For this it shall be tride;
For I will have my pound of fleshe
From under his right side."

It grieved all the companie
His crueltie to see,
For neither friend nor foe could helpe
But he must spoyled bee.

The bloudie Jew now ready is
With whetted blade in hand,

To spoyle the bloud of innocent,
By forfeit of his bond.

And as he was about to strike
In him the deadly blow,
" Stay," quoth the judge, " thy crueltie;
I charge thee to do so.

" Sith needs thou wilt thy forfeit have,
Which is of flesh a pound,
See that thou shed no drop of bloud,
Nor yet the man confound.

" For if thou doe, like murderer
Thou here shalt hanged be:
Likewise of flesh see that thou cut
No more than longes to thee.

" For if thou take either more or lesse,
To the value of a mite,
Thou shalt be hanged presently,
As is both law and right."

Gernutus now waxt franticke mad,
And wotes not what to say;
Quoth he at last, " Ten thousand crownes
I will that he shall pay;

" And so I graunt to set him free."
The judge doth answere make;

" You shall not have a penny given ;
Your forfeyture now take."

At the last he doth demaund
But for to have his owne :
" No," quoth the judge, " doe as you list,
Thy judgement shall be showne.

" Either take your pound of flesh," quoth he,
" Or cancell me your bond : "
" O cruell judge," then quoth the Jew,
" That doth against me stand ! "

And so with griping[1] grieved mind
He biddeth them fare-well :
Then all the people prays'd the Lord,
That ever this heard tell.

Good people, that doe heare this song,
For trueth I dare well say,
That many a wretch as ill as hee
Doth live now at this day ;

That seeketh nothing but the spoyle
Of many a wealthy man,
And for to trap the innocent
Deviseth what they can.

[1] griped, Ashmole copy.

From whome the Lord deliver me,
And every Christian too,
And send to them like sentence eke
That meaneth so to do.

THE FROLICKSOME DUKE; OR THE TINKER'S GOOD FORTUNE.

Percy's *Reliques*, i. 255.

The story of this ballad, like that of the preceding, was probably derived from the east. It is the same as the tale of *The Sleeper Awakened* in the *Arabian Nights*, and a like incident is found also in the tale of *Xaiboun* in the *Continuation of the Arabian Nights*. Interpolations from European sources are said to have been made by the translators both of the *Arabian Nights* and of the *Continuation*, and it has been suggested that *The Sleeper Awakened* is one of these. (*Gent. Mag.* 64, I. 527.) It is even true that this story does not occur in the manuscript used by Galland. It *is* found, however, in one manuscript, and is accordingly admitted into the recent version. — Marco Polo relates that Ala-eddin, "the Old Man of the Mountain," was accustomed to employ a device resembling that of the ballad, to persuade his youthful votaries of his power to transport them to Paradise. (Chap. xxi. of Marsden's translation.) A similar anecdote is told as historically true by the Arabic writer El-Is-hakee, who printed his work in the early

part of the 17th century (Lane's *Thousand and One Nights*, ii. 376), while in Europe the story is related of Philip the Good, Duke of Burgundy, by Heuterus, *Rerum Burgund.* lib. iv.; of the Emperor Charles the Fifth, by Sir Richard Barckley, in *A Discourse on the Felicitie of Man*, 1598; and of the Marquess of Worcester, in *The Apothegms of King James, King Charles, the Marquess of Worcester, &c.* 1658. Warton had seen among Collins's books a collection of prose tales in black-letter, dated 1570, among which was this story. It was until lately, and no doubt is still, found in the stalls, under the title of *The Frolicksome Courtier and the Jovial Tinker.* (See Douce's *Illustrations*, and Malone's *Shakespeare.*)

Which of the many forms of the story was known to the author of the old play of *The Taming of a Shrew*, on which Shakespeare's comedy is founded, it would be more difficult than important to determine. Mr. Halliwell mentions a Dutch comedy, called *Dronken Hansje*, (1657,) having the plot of the Induction to these plays.

This ballad was given from a black-letter copy in the Pepys collection.

Now as fame does report, a young duke keeps a court,
One that pleases his fancy with frolicksome sport:
But amongst all the rest, here is one I protest,
Which will make you to smile when you hear the true jest:
A poor tinker he found, lying drunk on the ground,
As secure in sleep as if laid in a swound.

The duke said to his men, "William, Richard, and Ben,
Take him home to my palace, we'll sport with him then."
O'er a horse he was laid, and with care soon convey'd
To the palace, altho' he was poorly arrai'd:
Then they stript off his cloaths, both his shirt, shoes, and hose,
And they put him to bed for to take his repose.

Having pull'd off his shirt, which was all over durt,
They did give him clean holland, this was no great hurt:
On a bed of soft down, like a lord of renown,
They did lay him to sleep the drink out of his crown.
In the morning, when day, then admiring he lay,
For to see the rich chamber, both gaudy and gay.

Now he lay something late, in his rich bed of state,
Till at last knights and squires they on him did wait;
And the chamberlain bare, then did likewise declare,
He desired to know what apparel he'd ware:
The poor tinker amaz'd, on the gentleman gaz'd,
And admired how he to this honour was rais'd.

Tho' he seem'd something mute, yet he chose a
rich suit,
Which he straitways put on without longer dis-
pute,
With a star on his side, which the tinker oft ey'd,
And it seem'd for to swell him 'no' little with
pride;
For he said to himself, "Where is Joan my sweet
wife?
Sure she never did see me so fine in her life."

From a convenient place, the right duke, his good
grace,
Did observe his behaviour in every case.
To a garden of state, on the tinker they wait,
Trumpets sounding before him: thought he, this
is great:
Where an hour or two, pleasant walks he did
view,
With commanders and squires in scarlet and
blew.

A fine dinner was drest, both for him and his
guests;
He was plac'd at the table above all the rest,
In a rich chair 'or bed,' lin'd with fine crimson
red,
With a rich golden canopy over his head:
As he sat at his meat, the musick play'd sweet,
With the choicest of singing his joys to compleat

While the tinker did dine, he had plenty of wine,
Rich canary, with sherry and tent superfine.
Like a right honest soul, faith, he took off his bowl,
Till at last he began for to tumble and roul
From his chair to the floor, where he sleeping did snore,
Being seven times drunker than ever before.

Then the duke did ordain, they should strip him amain,
And restore him his old leather garments again:
'Twas a point next the worst, yet perform it they must,
And they carry'd him strait, where they found him at first,
Then he slept all the night, as indeed well he might;
But when he did waken, his joys took their flight.

For his glory 'to him' so pleasant did seem,
That he thought it to be but a meer golden dream;
Till at length he was brought to the duke, where he sought
For a pardon, as fearing he had set him at nought.
But his highness he said, "Thou'rt a jolly bold blade:
Such a frolick before I think never was plaid."

Then his highness bespoke him a new suit and
cloak,
Which he gave for the sake of this frolicksome
joak,
Nay, and five hundred pound, with ten acres of
ground:
"Thou shalt never," said he, "range the counter-
ies round,
Crying old brass to mend, for I'll be thy good
friend,
Nay, and Joan thy sweet wife shall my duchess
attend."

Then the tinker reply'd, "What! must Joan my
sweet bride
Be a lady in chariots of pleasure to ride?
Must we have gold and land ev'ry day at com-
mand?
Then I shall be a squire, I well understand.
Well I thank your good grace, and your love I
embrace;
I was never before in so happy a case."

THE HEIR OF LINNE.

Percy's *Reliques*, ii. 135.

"The original of this ballad," says Percy, "is found in the Editor's folio MS., the breaches and defects in which, rendered the insertion of supplemental stanzas necessary. These it is hoped the reader will pardon, as indeed the completion of the story was suggested by a modern ballad on a similar subject. From the Scottish phrases here and there discernible in this poem, it would seem to have been originally composed beyond the Tweed."

The modern ballad here mentioned is probably *The Drunkard's Legacy*, printed from an old chap-book, in *Ancient Poems, Ballads, and Songs*, p. 151, Percy Society, vol. xvii. The Scottish version of the *Heir of Linne* is annexed to the present in the only form in which it is now to be obtained.

The incident by which the hidden treasure is discovered in this ballad, occurs (as observes a writer in the *British Bibliographer*, iv. 182) in a story of Cinthio's, *Heccatomithi*, Dec. ix. nov. 8: but the argument of that story is in other respects different, being in fact the following epigram:

> Χρυσὸν ἀνὴρ εὗρὼν ἔλιπε βρόχον· αὐταρ ὁ χρυσόν,
> ὃν λίπεν, οὐχ εὑρὼν, ἧψεν ὃν εὗρε βρόχον.
>
> Brunck's *Anthologia*, vol. i. p. 106.

PART THE FIRST.

LITHE and listen, gentlemen,
To sing a song I will beginne:
It is of a lord of faire Scotlànd,
Which was the unthrifty heire of Linne.

His father was a right good lord,
His mother a lady of high degree;
But they, alas! were dead him froe,
And he lov'd keeping companie.

To spend the daye with merry cheare,
To drinke and revell every night,
To card and dice from eve to morne,
It was, I ween, his hearts delighte.

To ride, to runne, to rant, to roare,
To alwaye spend and never spare,
I wott, an' it were the king himselfe,
Of gold and fee he mote be bare.

Soe fares the unthrifty lord of Linne
Till all his gold is gone and spent;
And he maun sell his landes so broad,
His house, and landes, and all his rent.

His father had a keen stewàrde,
And John o' the Scales was called hee:

But John is become a gentel-man,
And John has gott both gold and fee.

Sayes, "Welcome, welcome, Lord of Linne,
Let nought disturb thy merry cheere;
Iff thou wilt sell thy landes soe broad,
Good store of gold Ile give thee heere."

"My gold is gone, my money is spent;
My lande nowe take it unto thee:
Give me the golde, good John o' the Scales,
And thine for aye my lande shall bee."

Then John he did him to record draw,
And John he cast him a gods-pennie;[1]
But for every pounde that John agreed,
The lande, i-wis, was well worth three.

He told him the gold upon the borde,
He was right glad his land to winne;
"The gold is thine, the land is mine,
And now Ile be the lord of Linne."

Thus he hath sold his land soe broad,
Both hill and holt, and moore and fenne,

[1] i. e. earnest-money; from the French *denier à Dieu* At this day, when application is made to the Dean and Chapter of Carlisle to accept an exchange of the tenant under one of their leases, a piece of silver is presented, by the new tenant, which is still called a God's-penny. PERCY.

All but a poore and lonesome lodge,
That stood far off in a lonely glenne.

For soe he to his father hight.
"My sonne, when I am gonne," sayd hee,
"Then thou wilt spend thy lande so broad,
And thou wilt spend thy gold so free.

"But sweare me nowe upon the roode,
That lonesome lodge thou'lt never spend;
For when all the world doth frown on thee,
Thou there shalt find a faithful friend."

The heire of Linne is full of golde:
"And come with me, my friends," sayd hee,
"Let's drinke, and rant, and merry make,
And he that spares, ne'er mote he thee."

They ranted, drank, and merry made,
Till all his gold it waxed thinne;
And then his friendes they slunk away;
They left the unthrifty heire of Linne.

He had never a penny left in his purse,
Never a penny left but three,
And one was brass, another was lead,
And another it was white money.

"Nowe well-aday," sayd the heire of Linne,
"Nowe well-aday, and woe is mee,

For when I was the lord of Linne,
I never wanted gold nor fee.

"But many a trustye friend have I,
And why shold I feel dole or care?
Ile borrow of them all by turnes,
Soe need I not be never bare."

But one, i-wis, was not at home;
Another had payd his gold away;
Another call'd him thriftless loone,
And bade him sharpely wend his way.

"Now well-aday," sayd the heire of Linne,
"Now well-aday, and woe is me;
For when I had my landes so broad,
On me they liv'd right merrilee.

"To beg my bread from door to door,
I-wis, it were a brenning shame;
To rob and steal it were a sinne;
To worke, my limbs I cannot frame.

"Now Ile away to [the] lonesome lodge,
For there my father bade me wend:
When all the world should frown on mee
I there shold find a trusty friend."

PART THE SECOND.

AWAY then hyed the heire of Linne,
Oer hill and holt, and moor and fenne,
Untill he came to [the] lonesome lodge,
That stood so lowe in a lonely glenne.

He looked up, he looked downe,
In hope some comfort for to winne;
But bare and lothly were the walles;
"Here's sorry cheare," quo' the heire of Linne.

The little windowe, dim and darke,
Was hung with ivy, brere, and yewe;
No shimmering sunn here ever shone,
No halesome breeze here ever blew.

No chair, ne table he mote spye,
No chearful hearth, ne welcome bed,
Nought save a rope with renning noose,
That dangling hung up o'er his head.

And over it in broad letters,
These words were written so plain to see:
"Ah! gracelesse wretch, hast spent thine all,
And brought thyselfe to penurie?

"All this my boding mind misgave,
I therefore left this trusty friend:

Let it now sheeld thy foule disgrace,
And all thy shame and sorrows end"

Sorely shent wi' this rebuke,
Sorely shent was the heire of Linne:
His heart, i-wis, was near to-brast
With guilt and sorrowe, shame and sinne.

Never a word spake the heire of Linne,
Never a word he spake but three:
"This is a trusty friend indeed,
And is right welcome unto mee."

Then round his necke the corde he drewe,
And sprang aloft with his bodie,
When lo! the ceiling burst in twaine,
And to the ground come tumbling hee.

Astonyed lay the heire of Linne,
Ne knewe if he were live or dead:
At length he looked, and sawe a bille,
And in it a key of gold so redd.

He took the bill, and lookt it on,
Strait good comfort found he there:
Itt told him of a hole in the wall,
In which there stood three chests in-fere.

Two were full of the beaten golde,
The third was full of white monèy:

And over them in broad letters
These words were written so plaine to see.

"Once more, my sonne, I sette thee clere;
Amend thy life and follies past;
For but thou amend thee of thy life,
That rope must be thy end at last."

"And let it bee," sayd the heire of Linne,
"And let it bee, but if I amend:
For here I will make mine avow,
This reade shall guide me to the end."

Away then went with a merry cheare,
Away then went the heire of Linne;
I-wis, he neither ceas'd ne blanne,
Till John o' the Scales house he did winne.

And when he came to John o' the Scales,
Upp at the speere then looked hee;
There sate three lords upon a rowe,
Were drinking of the wine so free.

And John himselfe sate at the bord-head,
Because now lord of Linne was hee;
I pray thee," he said, "good John o' the Scales,
"One forty pence for to lend mee."

"Away, away, thou thriftless loone;
Away, away, this may not bee:

For Christs curse on my head," he sayd,
" If ever I trust thee one pennìe."

Then bespake the heire of Linne,
To John o' the Scales wife then spake he:
" Madame, some almes on me bestowe,
I pray for sweet saint Charitie."

" Away, away, thou thriftless loone,
I sweare thou gettest no almes of mee;
For if we should hang any losel heere,
The first we wold begin with thee."

Then bespake a good fellòwe,
Which sat at John o' the Scales his bord;
Sayd, " Turn againe, thou heir of Linne;
Some time thou wast a well good lord.

" Some time a good fellow thou hast been,
And sparedst not thy gold and fee;
Therefore Ile lend thee forty pence,
And other forty if need bee.

" And ever I pray thee, John o' the Scales,
To let him sit in thy companie:
For well I wot thou hadst his land,
And a good bargain it was to thee."

Up then spake him John o' the Scales,
All wood he answer'd him againe:

"Now Christs curse on my head," he sayd,
"But I did lose by that bargàine.

"And here I proffer thee, heire of Linne,
Before these lords so faire and free,
Thou shalt have it backe again better cheape
By a hundred markes than I had it of thee."

"I drawe you to record, lords," he said,
With that he cast him a gods-pennie:
"Now by my fay," sayd the heire of Linne,
"And here, good John, is thy monèy."

And he pull'd forth three bagges of gold,
And layd them down upon the bord;
All woe begone was John o' the Scales,
Soe shent he cold say never a word.

He told him forth the good red gold.
He told it forth [with] mickle dinne.
"The gold is thine, the land is mine,
And now Ime againe the lord of Linne."

Sayes, "Have thou here, thou good fellòwe,
Forty pence thou didst lend mee:
Now I am againe the lord of Linne,
And forty pounds I will give thee.

"Ile make thee keeper of my forrest,
Both of the wild deere and the tame;

For but I reward thy bounteous heart,
I-wis, good fellowe, I were to blame."

"Now welladay!" sayth Joan o' the Scales;
"Now welladay, and woe is my life!
Yesterday I was lady of Linne,
Now Ime but John o' the Scales his wife."

'Now fare thee well," sayd the heire of Linne,
"Farewell now, John o' the Scales," said hee
"Christs curse light on mee, if ever again
I bring my lands in jeopardy."

THE HEIR OF LINNE.

From *Scottish Traditional Versions of Ancient Ballads*, p. 30 Percy Society, vol. xvii.

THE bonny heir, and the weel-faur'd heir,
And the wearie heir o' Linne,
Yonder he stands at his father's yetts,
An naebody bids him come in.

O see for he gangs, an' see for he stands,
The wearie heir o' Linne;
O see for he stands on the cauld casey,
And nae an' bids him come in.

But if he had been his father's heir
Or yet the heir o' Linne,

He wou'dna stand on the cauld casey,
Some an' wad taen him in.

"Sing ower again that sang, nourice,
The sang ye sang just noo;"
"I never sang a sang i' my life,
But I wad sing ower to you."

O see for he gangs, an' see for he stands,
The wearie heir o' Linne;
O see for he stands on the cauld casey,
An' nae an' bids him come in.

But if he had been his father's heir,
Or yet the heir o' Linne,
He wadna stand on the cauld casye,
Some ane wad taen him in.

When his father's lands a sellin' were,
His claise lay weel in fauld,
But now he wanders on the shore,
Baith hungry, weet, and cauld.

As Willie he gaed down the toun,
The gentlemen were drinkin';
Some bade gie Willie a glass, a glass,
And some bade him gae nane;
Some bade gie Willie a glass, a glass,
The weary heir o' Linne.

As Willie he cam' up the toun,
The fishers were a sittin';
Some bade gie Willie a fish, a fish,
Some bade gie him a fin;
Some bade gie him a fish, a fish,
And lat the palmer gang.

He turned him richt and roun' about,
As will as a woman's son,
And taen his cane into his hand,
And on his way to Linne.

His nourice at her window look'd,
Beholding dale and doun,
And she beheld this distress'd young man
Come walkin' to the town.

"Come here, come here, Willie," she said,
"And set yoursel' wi me;
I hae seen you i' better days,
And in jovial companie."

"Gie me a sheave o' your bread, nourice,
And a bottle o' your wine,
And I'll pay you it a' ower again,
When I'm the laird o' Linne."

"Ye'se got a sheave o' my bread, Willie,
"And a bottle o' my wine,[1]

[1] your wine.

An' ye'll pay me when the seas gang dry,
But ye'll ne'er be heir o' Linne."

Then he turn'd him richt and roun' about,
As will as woman's son;
And aff he set, and bent his way,
And straightway came to Linne.

But when he cam to that castle,
They were set doun to dine;
A score o' nobles there he saw,
Sat drinkin' at the wine.

Then some bad' gie him beef, the beef,
And some bad' gie him the bane;
And some bad' gie him naething at a',
But lat the palmer gang.

Then out it speaks the new come laird,
A saucie word spak' hee;
"Put roun' the cup, gie my rival a sup,
Lat him fare on his way."

Then out it speaks Sir Ned Magnew,
Ane o' young Willie's kin;
'This youth was ance a sprightlie boy
As ever lived in Linne."

He turned him richt and roun' about,
As will as woman's son;

Then minded him on a little wee key,
That his mither left to him.

His mither left him this little wee key
A little before she deed;
And bad him keep this little wee key
Till he was in maist need.

Then forth he went, an' these nobles left,
A' drinkin' in the room;
Wi' walkin' rod intill his hand,
He walked the castle roun'.

There he found out a little door,
For there the wee key slippit in,
An' there he got as muckle red gowd
As freed the lands o' Linne.

Back through the nobles then he went,
A saucie man was then;
"I'll tak' the cup frae this new-come laird,
For he ne'er bad me sit doun."

Then out it speaks the new-come laird,
He spak' wi' mock an' jeer;
"I'd gie a seat to the laird o' Linne,
Sae be that he were here.

'When the lands o' Linne a sellin' were,
A' men said they were free;

This lad shall hae them frae me this day,
If he'll gie the third pennie."

"I tak' ye witness, nobles a',
Gude witnesses ye'll be;
I'm promis'd the lands o' Linne this day,
If I gie the third pennie."

"Ye've taen us witnesses, Willie," they said,
"Gude witnesses we'll be;
Buy the lands o' Linne who likes,
They'll ne'er be bought by thee."

He's done him to a gamin' table,
For it stood fair and clean;
There he tauld doun as much rich gowd
As freed the lands o' Linne.

Thus having done, he turn'd about,
A saucie man was he;
"Tak' up your monie, my lad," he says,
"Tak' up your third pennie.

"Aft hae I gane wi' barefeet cauld,
Likewise wi' legs fu' bare,
And mony day walk'd at these yetts
Wi' muckle dool an' care.

"But now my sorrow's past and gane,
And joy's returned to me;

And here I've gowd enough forbye,
  Ahin this third pennie."

As Willie he gaed doun the toun,
  There he craw'd wonderous crouse;
He ca'd the may afore them a',
  The nourice o' the house.

"Come here, come here, my nurse," he says,
  "I'll pay your bread and wine;
Seas ebb and flow as they wont to do,
  Yet I'm the laird o' Linne."

An' he gaed up the Gallowgate port,
  His hose aboon his shoon;
But lang ere he cam down again
  Was convoyed by lords fifteen.

THE WANDERING JEW.

In the year 1228, we are informed by Matthew Paris, an Armenian archbishop visited England, with letters from the Pope, to make the tour of the holy places. During a sojourn at the monastery of St. Albans, he was asked by one of the brethren if he knew anything of the famous Joseph, so much spoken of, who had been present at the crucifixion, and was still living as a witness to the truth of the Christian

faith. The archbishop responded that the fact was indeed as reported, and one of his retinue added, that his master had personally known this extraordinary character, and had admitted him to his table only a short time before setting out for the West; that he had been porter to Pontius Pilate, and was named Cartaphilus; that when the Jews were dragging Christ from the judgment-hall, he had struck him in the back with his fist, saying, "Go faster, Jesus: why dost thou tarry?"—whereupon Christ turned to him and said, "I go, but thou shalt tarry till my coming." After the death of Jesus, Cartaphilus had been converted, and baptized by Ananias, under the name of Joseph. Still the sentence pronounced upon him by the Saviour was not revoked, and he remained in the world, awaiting the Lord's second advent, living in Armenia, or some other country of the East. Whenever he reached the age of a hundred, he fell into a trance, and when he revived, found himself again about thirty years old, as he had been at the epoch of Christ's suffering.

This story Matthew Paris heard at St. Albans, of which monastery he was himself a brother, a few years after the memorable visit of the Armenian prelate. His contemporary, Philippe Mouskes, Bishop of Tournay, has incorporated the substance of his narrative into his rhymed chronicle, edited by the Baron de Reiffenberg, v. 25524, et seq. We hear nothing more of the Wandering Jew from this time until the middle of the 16th century, when he presents himself at Hamburgh, (in 1547,) calling himself Ahasuerus, who had been a shoemaker at Jerusalem. The ballad which follows is founded upon some narrative

of this event, many of which were published. It will be noticed that in the second form of the legend, the punishment of perpetual existence, which gives rise to the old names, *Judæus non mortalis*, *Ewiger Jude*, is aggravated by a condemnation to incessant change of place, which is indicated by a corresponding name, *Wandering Jew*, *Juif Errant*, etc.

It is unnecessary, and would be impossible, to specify the various times and places at which the Wandering Jew has successively reappeared. The legend being firmly believed by the vulgar throughout Christendom, an opportunity for imposture was afforded which could not fail to be improved. The last recorded apparition was at Brussels, in April, 1774, and on this occasion the wanderer had again changed his name to Isaac Laquedem. Of the origin of the tradition we know nothing. M. Lacroix has suggested that it took its rise in a grand and beautiful allegory in which the Hebrew race were personified under the figure of the Everlasting Wanderer. See Calmet's *Bible Dictionary*, Grässe, *Die Sage vom Ewigen Juden*, Dresden and Leipsic, 1844, Paul Lacroix's Bibliographical Preface to Doré's Designs, *La Légende du Juif Errant, etc.* Paris, 1856.

This ballad is taken from Percy's *Reliques*, ii. 317, and was from a black-letter copy in the Pepys collection.

When as in faire Jerusalem
  Our Saviour Christ did live,
And for the sins of all the worlde
  His own deare life did give,
The wicked Jewes with scoffes and scornes

Did dailye him molest,
That never till he left his life,
Our Saviour could not rest.

When they had crown'd his head with thornes,
And scourg'd him to disgrace,
In scornfull sort they led him forthe
Unto his dying place,
Where thousand thousands in the streete
Beheld him passe along,
Yet not one gentle heart was there,
That pityed this his wrong.

Both old and young reviled him,
As in the streete he wente,
And nought he found but churlish tauntes,
By every ones consente:
His owne deare cross he bore himselfe,
A burthen far too great,
Which made him in the streete to fainte,
With blood and water sweat.

Being weary thus, he sought for rest,
To ease his burthened soule,
Upon a stone; the which a wretch
Did churlishly controule;
And sayd, "Awaye, thou King of Jewes,
Thou shalt not rest thee here;
Pass on; thy execution place
Thou seest nowe draweth neare."

And thereupon he thrust him thence;
At which our Saviour sayd,
"I sure will rest, but thou shalt walke,
And have no journey stayed."
With that this cursed shoemaker,
For offering Christ this wrong,
Left wife and children, house and all,
And went from thence along.

Where after he had seene the bloude
Of Jesus Christ thus shed,
And to the crosse his bodye nail'd,
Awaye with speed he fled,
Without returning backe againe
Unto his dwelling place,
And wandred up and downe the worlde,
A runnagate most base.

No resting could he finde at all,
No ease, nor hearts content;
No house, nor home, nor biding place;
But wandring forth he went
From towne to towne in foreigne landes,
With grieved conscience still,
Repenting for the heinous guilt
Of his fore-passed ill.

Thus after some fewe ages past
In wandring up and downe,
He much again desired to see

Jerusalems renowne.
But finding it all quite destroyd,
He wandred thence with woe,
Our Saviours wordes, which he had spoke,
To verifie and showe.

"I'll rest," sayd hee, "but thou shalt walke;"
So doth this wandring Jew,
From place to place, but cannot rest
For seeing countries newe;
Declaring still the power of him,
Whereas he comes or goes;
And of all things done in the east,
Since Christ his death, he showes.

The world he hath still compast round
And seene those nations strange,
That hearing of the name of Christ,
Their idol gods doe change:
To whom he hath told wondrous thinges
Of time forepast and gone,
And to the princes of the worlde
Declares his cause of moane:

Desiring still to be dissolv'd,
And yeild his mortal breath;
But, if the Lord hath thus decreed,
He shall not yet see death.
For neither lookes he old nor young,
But as he did those times,

When Christ did suffer on the crosse
For mortall sinners crimes.

He hath past through many a foreigne place,
Arabia, Egypt, Africa,
Grecia, Syria, and great Thrace,
And throughout all Hungaria:
Where Paul and Peter preached Christ,
Those blest apostles deare,
There he hath told our Saviours wordes,
In countries far and neare.

And lately in Bohemia,
With many a German towne,
And now in Flanders, as 'tis thought,
He wandreth up and downe:
Where learned men with him conferre
Of those his lingering dayes,
And wonder much to heare him tell
His journeyes and his wayes.

If people give this Jew an almes,
The most that he will take
Is not above a groat a time:
Which he, for Jesus' sake
Will kindlye give unto the poore,
And thereof make no spare,
Affirming still that Jesus Christ
Of him hath dailye care.

He ne'er was seene to laugh nor smile
  But weepe and make great moane ;
Lamenting still his miseries,
  And dayes forepast and gone.
If he heare any one blaspheme,
  Or take God's name in vaine,
He telles them that they crucifie
  Their Saviour Christe againe.

"If you had seene his death," saith he,
  "As these mine eyes have done,
Ten thousand thousand times would yee
  His torments think upon,
And suffer for his sake all paine
  Of torments, and all woes:"
These are his wordes, and eke his life,
  Whereas he comes or goes.

PROUD LADY MARGARET.

From *Minstrelsy of the Scotish Border*, iii. 32. This copy of the ballad is imperfect. A complete version is inserted in the Appendix from Buchan's *Ballads of the North of Scotland*, i. 91. There is another, also defective, called *The Bonny Hind Squire*, in *Scottish Traditional Versions of Ancient Ballads*, p. 42, Percy Soc. vol. xvii.

'Twas on a night, an evening bright,
When the dew began to fa',
Lady Margaret was walking up and down,
Looking o'er her castle wa'.

She looked east, and she looked west,
To see what she could spy,
When a gallant knight came in her sight,
And to the gate drew nigh.

"You seem to be no gentleman,
You wear your boots so wide;
But you seem to be some cunning hunter,
You wear the horn so syde."

"I am no cunning hunter," he said,
"Nor ne'er intend to be;
But I am come to this castle
To seek the love of thee;
And if you do not grant me love,
This night for thee I'll die."

"If you should die for me, sir knight,
There's few for you will mane,
For mony a better has died for me
Whose graves are growing green.

"But ye maun read my riddle," she said,
"And answer me questions three;
And but ye read them right," she said,
"Gae stretch ye out and die.

Now what is the flower, the ae first flower,
Springs either on moor or dale?
And what is the bird, the bonnie bonnie bird,
Sings on the evening gale?"

"The primrose is the ae first flower
Springs either on moor or dale;
And the thristlecock is the bonniest bird
Sings on the evening gale."

"But what's the little coin," she said,
"Wald buy my castle bound?
And what's the little boat," she said,
"Can sail the world all round?"

"O hey, how mony small pennies
Make thrice three thousand pound?
Or hey, how mony small fishes
Swim a' the salt sea round?"

"I think ye maun be my match," she said,
"My match and something mair;
You are the first e'er got the grant
Of love frae my father's heir.

"My father was lord of nine castles,
My mother lady of three;
My father was lord of nine castles,
And there's nane to heir but me.

"And round about a' thae castles,
You may baith plow and saw,
And on the fifteenth day of May
The meadows they will maw."

"O hald your tongue, Lady Margaret," he said
"For loud I hear you lie!
Your father was lord of nine castles,
Your mother was lady of three;
Your father was lord of nine castles,
But ye fa' heir to but three.

"And round about a' thae castles,
You may baith plow and saw,
But on the fifteenth day of May
The meadows will not maw.

"I am your brother Willie," he said,
"I trow ye ken na me;
I came to humble your haughty heart,
Has gar'd sae mony die."

"If ye be my brother Willie," she said;
"As I trow weel ye be,
This night I'll neither eat nor drink,
But gae alang wi' thee."

"O hald your tongue, Lady Margaret," he said,
"Again I hear you lie;

For ye've unwashen hands, and ye've unwashen
feet,[1]
To gae to clay wi' me.

"For the wee worms are my bedfellows,
And cauld clay is my sheets,
And when the stormy winds do blow,
My body lies and sleeps."

REEDISDALE AND WISE WILLIAM.

MOTHERWELL'S *Minstrelsy*, p. 298, and Buchan's *Ballads of the North of Scotland*, ii. 70: from recitation.

WHEN Reedisdale and Wise William
Was drinking at the wine,
There fell a roosing them amang,
On one unruly time.

For some of them has roosed their hawks,
And other some their hounds;
And other some their ladies fair,
And their bow'rs whare they walk'd in.

When out it spak him Reedisdale,
And a rash word spake he:

[1] *Unwashen hands and unwashen feet.*—Alluding to the custom of washing and dressing dead bodies. S.

Says, "There is not a lady fair,
In bower wherever she be,
But I could aye her favour win,
With one blink of my e'e."

Then out it spak him Wise William,
And a rash word spak he:
Says, "I have a sister of my own,
In bower wherever she be,
And ye will not her favour win,
With three blinks of your e'e."

"What will you wager, Wise William?
My lands I'll wad with thee:"
"I'll wad my head against your land,
Till I get more monie."

Then Reedisdale took Wise William,
Laid him in prison strang;
That he might neither gang nor ride,
Nor no word to her send.

But he has written a braid letter,
Between the night and day,
And sent it to his own sister,
By dun feather and gray.

When she had read Wise William's letter,
She smiled and she leuch:
Said, "Very weel, my dear brother,
Of this I have eneuch."

She looked out at her west window,
To see what she could see,
And there she spied him Reedisdale,
Come riding o'er the lea.

Says, "Come to me, my maidens all,
Come hitherward to me;
For here it comes him Reedisdale,
Who comes a-courting me."

"Come down, come down, my lady fair,
A sight of you give me:"
"Go from my yetts now, Reedisdale,
For me you will not see."

"Come down, come down, my lady fair,
A sight of you give me;
And bonnie is the gowns of silk
That I will give to thee."

"If you have bonnie gowns of silk,
O mine is bonnie tee;
Go from my yetts now, Reedisdale,
For me you shall not see."

"Come down, come down, my lady fair,
A sight of you I'll see;
And bonnie jewels, broaches, rings,
I will give unto thee."

"If you have bonnie broaches, rings,
O mine are bonnie tee;
Go from my yetts now, Reedisdale,
For me you shall not see."

"Come down, come down, my lady fair,
One sight of you I'll see;
And bonnie is the halls and bowers
That I will give to thee."

"If you have bonnie halls and bowers,
O mine is bonnie tee;
Go from my yetts now, Reedisdale,
For me you shall not see."

"Come down, come down, my lady fair,
A sight of you I'll see;
And bonnie is my lands so broad
That I will give to thee."

"If you have bonnie lands so broad,
O mine is bonnie tee;
Go from my yetts now, Reedisdale,
For me you will not see."

"Come down, come down, my lady fair
A sight of you I'll see;
And bonnie is the bags of gold
That I will give to thee."

"If you have bonnie bags of gold,
I have bags of the same;
Go from my yetts now, Reedisdale,
For down I will not come."

"Come down, come down, my lady fair,
One sight of you I'll see;
Or else I'll set your house on fire,
If better cannot be."

Then he has set the house on fire,
And all the rest it took;
He turned his wight horse head about,
Said, "Alas! they'll ne'er get out."

"Look out, look out, my maidens fair,
And see what I do see;
How Reedisdale has fired our house,
And now rides o'er the lea.

"Come hitherward, my maidens fair,
Come hither unto me;
For through this reek, and through this smeek,
O through it we must be."

They took wet mantles them about,
Their coffers by the band;
And through the reek, and through the flame
Alive they all have wan.

When they had got out through the fire,
And able all to stand,
She sent a maid to Wise William,
To bruik Reedisdale's land.

"Your lands is mine, now, Reedisdale,
For I have won them free:"
"If there is a good woman in the world,
Your one sister is she."

GEORDIE.

From the *Musical Museum*, p. 357.

"GEORDIE, an old Ballad," was first printed in Johnson's *Museum*, from a copy furnished by Burns. The occasion of the ballad has not been satisfactorily determined. In the opinion of Mr. Kinloch, it is to be found in the factions of the family of Huntly during the reign of Queen Mary. George Gordon, Earl of Huntly, having been sent by the Queen to apprehend a notorious robber, was thought not to have been faithful to his trust. He returned without accomplishing the object of his expedition, and was committed to prison because of his failure. Some of the Queen's council were in favor of banishing him to France, others of putting him to death, but he was released, on condition of paying a fine and performing certain other stipulations. Motherwell states that there is much variation in the recited copies of this

piece, and mentions one styled *Geordie Luklie*. Kinloch prints a version not materially different from that of the *Museum*. Allan Cunningham has reprinted the Museum copy with less change than is customary with him; *Songs of Scotland*, ii. 186. We give in the Appendix a ballad from Buchan, called *Gight's Lady*, which contains a story widely diverse from that which follows. In Ritson's *Northumberland Garland*, p. 43, there is a "lamentable ditty" on the death of one George Stoole, which appears to be an imitation of the Scottish ballad.

THERE was a battle in the north,
And nobles there was many,
And they hae kill'd Sir Charlie Hay,
And they laid the wyte on Geordie.

O he has written a lang letter,
He sent it to his lady;
"Ye maun cum up to Enbrugh town,
To see what word's o' Geordie."

When first she look'd the letter on
She was baith red and rosy,
But she had na read a word but twa,
Till she wallow't like a lily.

"Gar get to me my gude grey steed,
My menzie a' gae wi' me,
For I shall neither eat nor drink,
Till Enbrugh town shall see me."

And she has mountit her gude grey steed
Her menzie a' gaed wi' her;
And she did neither eat nor drink,
Till Enbrugh town did see her.[1]

And first appear'd the fatal block,
And syne the aix to head him,
And Geordie cumin down the stair,
And bands o' airn upon him.

But tho' he was chain'd in fetters strang,
O' airn and steel sae heavy,
There was na ane in a' the court,
Sae bra' a man as Geordie.

O she's down on her bended knee,
I wat she's pale and weary,—
"O pardon, pardon, noble king,
And gie me back my dearie.

"I hae born seven sons to my Geordie dear,
The seventh ne'er saw his daddie;
O pardon, pardon, noble king,
Pity a waefu' lady!"

[1] Cunningham here inserts a stanza "from the recitation of Mrs. Cunningham," which is not in the other printed copies:

And soon she came to the water broad,
Nor boat nor barge was ready;
She turned her horse's head to the flood,
And swam through at Queensferry.

"Gar bid the headin-man mak haste,"
Our king reply'd fu' lordly;—
"O noble king, tak a' that's mine,
But gie me back my Geordie."

The Gordons cam, and the Gordons ran,
And they were stark and steady;
And ay the word amang them a',
Was, "Gordons, keep you ready."

An aged lord at the king's right hand,
Says, "Noble king, but hear me;
Gar her tell down five thousand pound,
And gie her back her dearie."

Some gae her marks, some gae her crowns,
Some gae her dollars many;
And she's tell'd down five thousand pound,
And she's gotten again her dearie.

She blinkit blythe in her Geordie's face,
Says, "Dear I've bought thee, Geordie;
But there sud been bluidy bouks on the green,
Or I had tint my laddie."

He claspit her by the middle sma',
And he kist her lips sae rosy;
"The fairest flower o' woman-kind,
Is my sweet, bonnie lady!"

GEORDIE.

Kinloch's *Ancient Scottish Ballads*, p. 192.

THERE was a battle in the North,
And rebels there were monie;
And monie ane got broken heads,
And taken was my Geordie.

My Geordie O, my Geordie O,
O the love I bear to Geordie;
For the very grund I walk upon,
Bears witness I loe Geordie.

As she gaed up the tolbooth stair,
The cripples there stood monie;
And she dealt the red gowd them among,
To pray for her love Geordie.

And whan she cam into the hall,
The nobles there stood monie;
And ilka ane stood hat on head,
But hat in hand stood Geordie.

Up bespak a Norlan lord,
I wat he spak na bonnie,—

"If ye'll stay here a little while,
Ye'll see Geordie hangit shortly."

Then up bespak a baron bold,
And O but he spak bonnie,—
"If ye'll pay doun five hundred crowns,
Ye'se get your true-love Geordie."

Some lent her guineas, some lent her crowns,
Some lent her shillings monie;
And she's paid doun five hundred crowns,
And she's gotten her bonnie love Geordie.

When she was mounted on her hie steed,
And on ahint her Geordie,
Nae bird on the brier e'er sang sae clear,
As the young knight and his ladie.

"My Geordie O, my Geordie O,
O the love I bear to Geordie;
The very stars in the firmament
Bear tokens I loe Geordie."

THE GABERLUNZIE-MAN.

Tea-Table Miscellany, i. 104; *Old Ballads*, iii. 259.

It is tradition that King James the Fifth of Scotland was in the habit of wandering about his dominons in disguise, and engaging in amours with country girls. One of these is thought to be described in the witty ballad of *The Jolly Beggar*, (Herd's *Scotish Songs*, ii. 164, Ritson's *Scotish Songs*, i. 168,) and another in *The Gaberlunzie-Man*, both of which are universally attributed (though without evidence) to James's pen. The character of James V., it has been remarked (*Gent. Mag.* Oct. 1794, p. 913,) resembled both in licentiousness and genius, that of the troubadour sovereign, William the Ninth, Count of Poitiers, who appears to have had the same vagrant habits.

With *The Jolly Beggar* may be compared *Der Bettelmann*, in Hoffmann's *Schlesische Volkslieder*, p 45.

The pawky auld carle came o'er the lee,
Wi' many goode'ens and days to me,
Saying, "Goodwife, for your courtesie,
"Will you lodge a silly poor man?"
The night was cauld, the carle was wat,
And down ayont the ingle he sat;
My daughters shoulders he gan to clap,
And cadgily ranted and sang.

"O wow!" quo' he, "were I as free,
As first when I saw this country,

How blyth and merry wad I be,
And I wad never think lang."
He grew canty, and she grew fain,
But little did her auld minny ken,
What thir slee twa togither were say'ng,
When wooing they were sae thrang.

"And O!" quo' he, "ann ye were as black.
As e'er the crown of my dady's hat,
'Tis I wad lay thee by my back,
And awa' wi' me thou shou'd gang."
"And O!" quo' she, "ann I were as white,
As e'er the snaw lay on the dyke,
I'd clead me braw, and lady-like,
And awa with thee I'd gang."

Between the twa was made a plot;
They raise a wee before the cock,
And wilily they shot the lock,
And fast to the bent are they gane.
Up the morn the auld wife raise,
And at her leisure pat on her claise;
Syne to the servant's bed she gaes,
To speer for the silly poor man.

She gaed to the bed where the beggar lay,
The strae was cauld, he was away;
She clapt her hands, cry'd "Waladay!
For some of our gear will be gane."
Some ran to coffers, and some to kists,

But nought was stown that cou'd be mist:
She danc'd her lane, cry'd, "Praise be blest!
I have lodg'd a leal poor man.

"Since nathing's awa', as we can learn,
The kirn's to kirn, and milk to earn;
Gae butt the house, lass, and waken my bairn,
And bid her come quickly ben."
The servant gade where the daughter lay,
The sheets was cauld, she was away;
And fast to her goodwife can say,
"She's aff with the gaberlunzie-man."

"O fy gar ride, and fy gar rin,
And haste ye, find these traytors again;
For she's be burnt, and he's be slain,
The wearifu' gaberlunzie-man."
Some rade upo' horse, some ran a-fit,
The wife was wood, and out o' her wit;
She cou'd na gang, nor yet cou'd she sit,
But ay she curs'd and she ban'd.

Mean time far hind out o'er the lee,
Fu' snug in a glen, where nane cou'd see,
The twa, with kindly sport and glee,
Cut frae a new cheese a whang.
The priving was good, it pleas'd them baith;
To lo'e her for aye he gae her his aith;
Quo' she, "To leave thee, I will be laith,
My winsome gaberlunzie-man.

"O kend my minny I were wi' you,
Illfardly wad she crook her mou;
Sic a poor man she'd never trow,
After the gaberlunzie-man."
"My dear," quo' he, "ye're yet o'er young,
And ha' na lear'd the beggars tongue,
To follow me frae town to town,
And carry the gaberlunzie on.

"Wi' cauk and keel, I'll win your bread,
And spindles and whorles for them wha need,
Whilk is a gentil trade indeed,
To carry the gaberlunzie, O.
I'll bow my leg, and crook my knee,
And draw a black clout o'er my eye;
A cripple or blind they will ca' me,
While we shall be merry and sing."

THE TURNAMENT OF TOTENHAM.

The Turnament of Totenham was first printed in the *History of Totenham*, (1631,) by the Rev. Wilhelm Bedwell, rector of the parish, who, says Percy, "so little entered into the spirit of the poem he was publishing, that he contends for its being a serious narrative of a real event, and thinks it must have been written before the time of Edward III., because turnaments were prohibited in that reign." The simple parson derived his copy from a manuscript lent

him by George Withers. In the first edition of the *Reliques*, Percy reprinted Bedwell's text, with some conjectural emendations, but for the revised edition he employed a manuscript in the Harleian collection (No. 5396), pointed out to him by Tyrwhitt. This manuscript is thought to have been written in the reign of Henry VI. Since the publication of the Harleian text, the manuscript used by Bedwell has been found in the Public Library of the University of Cambridge, (Ff. 5, 48,) and a correct copy published by Mr. Wright in a miniature volume. We have given this last text, as on the whole the best, though in places it requires emendation from the Harleian copy. The Cambridge manuscript (the same as that which contains the ballad of *Robin Hood and the Monk*.) Mr. Wright believes to have been written as early as the reign of Edward II. In this MS. there is subjoined to the *Turnament* an extravagantly burlesque account of the feast mentioned in the last stanzas.

Percy's copy will be found in the *Reliques*, ii. 13. Ritson's (*Ancient English Songs*, i. 85,) is nearly identical.

This ballad, it has been observed, appears to be "a burlesque upon the old feudal custom of marrying an heiress to the knight who should vanquish all his opponents, at a solemn assembly holden for that purpose." See the remarks in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for July, 1794, p. 613.

Of alle these kene conqueroures to carpe is oure kynde;
Off fel feghtyng folke ferly we fynde;

The turnament of Totenham have I in mynde;
Hit were harme sich hardynesse were holdyn behynde,
In story as we rede
Off Hawkyn, of Harry,
Off Tymkyn, of Tyrry,
Off thaym that were duzty
And hardy in dede.

Hit befel in Totenham on a dere day,
Ther was made a shurtyng be the hye way;
Thider come alle the men of that contray,
Off Hisselton, of Hygate, and of Hakenay,
And alle the swete swynkers:
Ther hoppyd Hawkyn,
Ther dawnsid Dawkyn,
Ther trumpyd Tymkyn,
And [all] were true drynkers.

Tille the day was gon and evesong paste,
That thai shulde reckyn thaire skot and thaire counts caste:
Perkyn the potter in to the prees paste,
And seid, "Rondill the refe, a dozter thu haste,
Tibbe thi dere.
Therfor fayne wete wolde I,

18. *sic* MS. Harl. according to Percy.
24–27. MS. Harl.
Therfor faine wyt wold I,
Whych of all thys bachelery

Whether these felows or I,
Or which of alle this bachelery,
Were the best worthy to wed hir to his fere."

Upsterte the gadlyngs with thaire lang staves,
And seid, " Rondyll the refe, lo, this lad raves;
How prudly among us thy dozter he craves;
And we ar richer men then he, and more gode haves,
Off catell and of corne."
Then seid Perkyn, " To Tibbe I have hyzt,
That I will be alle wey redy in my rizt,
With a fleyle for to fyght, this day seven nyzt,
And thouz hit were to morne."

Then seid Rondill the refe, " Ever be he waryd
That aboute this carpyng lenger wolde be taryd:
I wolde not my dozter that she were myskaryd,
But at hir moost worship I wolde she were maryd.
[Ther]ffor the turnament shalle begynne
This day seven nyzt,

Were best worthye
To wed hur to hys fere.

v. 27 should be divided into two.
35–36. MS. Harl.

If that it schuld be thys day sevenyzt,
Or elles zet to morn.

36. Wright. tomorowe.
41. *sic* MS. Harl.

With a flayle for to fyzt:
And he that is moste of myzt
Shalle brok hir with wynne.

" He that berys hym best in the turnament,
Him shal be grauntid the gre be the comyn assent,
Ffor to wynne my dozter with duztynesse of dent,
And Coppull, my brode hen, that was brozt out of Kent,
And my donned cow.
Ffor no spence will I spare,
Ffor no catell wille I care;
He shalle have my gray mare,
And my spottyd sowe."

Ther was mony a bolde lad theire bodys to bede:
Than thei toke theire leve and hamwarde thei zede,
And alle the weke afterward thei graythed her wede,
Tille hit come to the day that thei shulde do thaire dede.
Thei armyd theym in mattes,
Thei sett on theire nolles
Gode blake bolles,
Ffor to kepe theire pollis
Ffor batteryng of battes.

47. Wright, He.

Thei sewed hem in schepe skynnes, for thei shuld not brest,
And everilkon of hem a blac hatte in stidde of a crest,
A baskett or a panyer before on thaire brest,
And a flayle in theire honde; for to fyzt prest,
Forth con thei fare.
Ther was kid mycull fors,
Who shulde best fend his cors;
He that hade no gode hors,
Borowyd hym a mare.

Sich another clothyng have I not sene ofte,
When alle the gret cumpany come ridand to the crofte;
Tibbe on a gray mare was sett up on lofte;
Upon a secke full of senvye, for she shuld sitt softe,
And ledde tille the gappe:
Fforther wold she not than,
For the luf of no man,
Tille Coppull, hir brode hen,
Were brozt in to hir lappe.

65. MS. Harl. Ilk on toke a blak hat.
72. MS. Harl. He gat hym a mare.
73. MS. Harl. gadryng.
78–81. MS. Harl.
For cryeng of the men,
Forther wold not Tyb then,
Tyl scho had hur brode hen,
Set in hur lap.

A gay gyrdull Tibbe hade [on], borowed for the nones,
And a garland on hir hed, full of ruell bones,
And a broch on hir brest, full of saphre stones,
The holy rode tokynyng was writon for the nones:
For no spendyng they [had] spare[d].
When joly Jeynken wist hir thare,
He gurde so fast his gray mare,
That she lete a fowkyn fare
At the rerewarde.

"I make a vow," quod Tibbe, "Coppull is comyn of kynde;
I shalle falle fyve in the felde, and I my flayle fynde."
"I make a vow," quod Hudde, "I shalle not leve behynde;
May I mete with Lyarde, or Bayarde the blynde,

82. on. MS. Harl.
85. MS. Harl. With the holy, &c. wrotyn.
86. Wolde they spare. Wright.
v. 91–99. Stands thus in MS. Harl.

"I wow to God," quoth Herry, "I schal not lefe behynde,
May I mete wyth Bernard on Bayard the blynde.
Ich man kepe hym out of my wynde,
For whatsoever that he be before me I fynde,
I wot I schall hym greve."
"Wele sayd," quoth Hawkyn,
"And I wow," quoth Dawkyn,
"May I mete wyth Tomkyn,
Hys flayle I schal hym reve."

I wot I schalle theym greve."
"I make a vow," quod Haukyn,
"May I mete with Daukyn,
Ffor alle his rich kyn,
His flayle I shalle hym reve."

"I make a vow," quod Gregge, "Tib, [son] thu shal se
Which of alle the bachelery grauntid is the gre.
I shalle skomfet hem alle, for the luf of thé,
In what place that I come, thei shall have dout of me.
Ffor I am armyd at the fole;
In myn armys I ber well
A doz troz and a pele,
A sadull withowt panele,
With a flece of wole."

"Now go down," quod Dudman, "and bere me bet abowte:
I make a vow thei shall abye that I fynde owte.

104–108. Here stand vs. 113–117 in MS. Harl.
109–117. This stanza is written as follows in MS. Harl.:

"I vow to God," quoth Hawkyn, "Yf he have the gowt,
Al that I fynde in the felde thrustand here aboute,
Have I twyes or thryes redyn thrugh the route,
In ych a stede ther thay me se, of me thay schal have doute
When I begyn to play,
I make a vowe that I ne schall,
But yf Tybbe wyl me call,
Or I be thryes don fall,
Ryzt onys com away.

Have I twyse or thrise riden thruz the rowte,
In what place that I come, of me thei shall ha[ve]
doute.
Myn armys bene so clere:
I bar a ridell and a rake,
Poudurt with the brenyng drake,
And thre cantels of a cake
In ilke a cornere."

"I make a vow," quod Tirry, "and swere be my
crede,
Saw thu never yong boy forther his body bede:
Fior when thei fyzt fastest, and most er in drede,
I shalle take Tib be the hond and away hir
lede.
Then byn myn armys best:
I ber a pilch of ermyn,
Poudert with a catt skyn;
The chefe is of pechmyn,
That stondis on the creste."

"I make a vow," quod Dudman, "and swere be
the stra,
Whils me ys left my mer, thu gets hir not swa.

122–126. Here stand v. 104–108 in MS. Harl.
128. Whyls me ys left my merth. MS. Harl.
Whil I am most mery. Wright.

We must obviously read "mer," i. e. mare, with Percy and Ritson; otherwise the rest of the stanza is nonsense. The *th* which is added in the MS. Harl., was caught from the *thou* following.

For she is wel shapyn, as lizt as a ra;
Ther is no capull in this myle before her will ga.
She wil me not begyle;
I dar sothely say,
She will be[re me] on Monday
Ffro Hissiltoun to Haknay,
Nozt other halfe myle."

"I make a vow," quod Perkyn, "thu carpis of cold rost.
I wil wyrke wiselier without any boost.
Ffyve of the best capuls that ar in this host,
I will hem lede away be another coost:"
And then lowz Tibbe.
"Weloo, boyes, here is he
That will fyzt and not fle:
Ffor I am in my jolyté:
I go forth, Tibbe."

When thai had thaire othes made, forth can thei hie,
With flayles and harnys and trumpis made of tre.

132-3. MS. Harl. Sche wyl me bere, I dar say,
On a lang-somerys day.

141. MS. H. wele.

144. MS. H. Wyth so forth, Gybbe.
Wright. Joo forth.

145. hie, MS. Harl.
te, Wright.

Ther were all the bachilers of that contre:
Thei were dizt in aray, as thaim self wolde be.
Theire baner was ful bryzt,
Off an olde raton fell;
The chefe was of a ploo-mell,
And the schadow of a bell,
Quarterd with the mone lizt.

I wot it was no childer gamme when thei to geder mett,
When ilke a freke in the felde on his felow bette,
And leid on stitly—for no thyng wold thei lett—
And fozt ferly fast, til theyre hors swett.
And few wordis were spokyn.
Ther were flayles al to-flaterde,
Ther were scheldis al to-claterde,
Bolles and disshis al to-baterde,
And mony hedis ther were brokyn.

Ther was clenkyng of cart sadils, and clatering of cannes;
Off fel frekis in the feeld brokyn were thaire fannes;
Off sum were the hedis brokyn, of sum the brayn pannes,

150–151. MS. H. Of an old rotten fell,
The cheveron of a plow-mell.

153. MS. H. Poudred.

159–161. MS. H. slatred—flatred—schatred.

And evel were they besene er they went thannes,
With swippyng of swipylles.
The laddis were so wery forfozt,
That thai myzt fyzt no more on loft,
But creppid aboute in the crofte,
As thei were crokid crypils.

Perkyn was so wery that he began to lowte:
"Helpe, Hudde, I am ded in this ilke rowte;
An hors, for forty penys, a gode and a stoute,
That I may liztly cum of my [noye] owte.
Ffor no cost wil I spare."
He stert up as a snayle,
And hent a capull be the tayle,
And rauzt of Daukyn his flayle,
And wan hym a mare.

"Perkyn wan fyve, and Hudde wan twa.
Glad and blith thai were that thei had don sa;
Thai wolde have thaim to Tibbe, and present hir with tha;
The capuls were so wery that thei myzt not ga,
But stille can thei stonde.
"Alas!" quod Hud, "my joye I lese:
Me had lever then a ston of chese
That dere Tibbe had alle these,
And wist hit were my sonde."

175. my noye. MS. H.
myn one. Wright.

Perkyn turnyd hym aboute in that ilke throng;
He fouzt fresshly, for he had rest hym long.
He was war of Tirry take Tib be the hond,
And wold have lad hir away with a luf-song
And Perkyn after ran,
And of his capull he hym drowe,
And gaf hym of his flayle inowe.
Then "Te he," quod Tib, and lowe:
"Ze ar a duzty man."

Thus thai ruggat and thei ruggat, til hit was ny nyzt.
Alle the wyves of Totenham come to se that sizt,
To fech home thaire husbondis that were thaym trouthe-plizt,
With wispys and kexis, that was a rich lizt,
Her husbondis home to fech.

191–194. MS. Harl.

Among those wery boyes he wrest and he wrang,
He threw tham doun to the erth, and thrast them amang,
When he saw Tyrry away wyth Tyb fang,
And after hym ran.

201–207. Here evidently corrupted. In MS. Harl. as follows:

Wyth wyspes, and kexis, and ryschys there lyzt,
To fetch hom ther husbandes that were tham trouth-plyzt.
And sum brozt gret harwos
Ther husbandes hom to fetch,
Sum on dores, and sum on hech,
Sum on hyrdyllys, and sum on crech,
And sum on whele-barows.

And sum they had in armys,
That were febull wreches,
And sum on whelebarowes,
And sum on criches.

They gedurt Perkyn aboute on every side,
And graunt hym ther the gre, the more was his pride.
Tib and he with gret myrth hamward can ride,
And were al nyzt togedur til the morow tide.
And to chirch thay went.
So wel his nedis he hase spedde,
That dere Tibbe he shall wedde;
The chefe men that hir thider ledde
Were of the turnament.

To that rich fest come mony for the nonys;
Sum come hiphalt, and sum trippande thither on the stonys;
Sum with a staffe in his honde, and sum too at onys;
Of sum were the hedis brokyn, of sum the schulder bonys.
With sorow come they thidur.
Woo was Hawkyn, wo was Harry,
Woo was Tomkyn, woo was Tirry,

212. MS. H. And thay ifere assent.
215. MS. H. The prayse-folk that hur led.

And so was al the company,
But zet thei come togeder.

At that fest were thei servyd in a rich aray:
Every fyve and fyve had a cokeney.
And so they sate in jolite al the long daye;
Tibbe at nyzt, I trow, hade a sympull aray.
Micull myrth was thaym among:
In every corner of the howse
Was melodye deliciouse,
Ffor to here preciouse,
Off six mennys song.

224–5. MS. H.

And so was all the bachelary,
When thay met togedyr.

226. MS. H. with a ryche aray.

229. MS. H.

And at the last thay went to bed with ful gret deray.

N. B. The letter z in our reprint of this poem often represents the old character ȝ, which has generally the force of gh (aspirated g), sometimes of y.

THE WYF OF AUCHTIRMUCHTY.

This ballad has been handed down, through manuscript and oral tradition, in several forms. The oldest copy is furnished by the Bannatyne MS., and this has been often printed, with more or less correctness: as in Ramsay's *Evergreen*, ii. 137; Lord Hailes's *Ancient Scotish Poems, &c.* p. 215; Herd's *Scotish Songs*, ii. 237; Pinkerton's *Select Scottish Ballads*, ii. 97. Our text is that of Laing, *Select Remains, &c.*, which professes to be carefully given from the manuscript. Mr. Laing has added in the margin the most important variations of other editions. Allan Ramsay altered several verses and added others.

In the Bannatyne MS. this piece is subscribed with the name of "Mofat," and on this ground the authorship has been attributed to Sir John Moffat, who is supposed to have lived in the earlier part of the 16th century.

Ritson, who intended to insert the *Wife of Auchtermuchty* in a projected volume of *Select Scotish Poems*, says in a manuscript note, "The subject of this poem seems to be borrowed from the first part of a story in the *Silva Sermonum Jucundissimorum*, Basil. 1568, 8vo. p. 116, though certainly from a more ancient authority." (Laing.) This story is cited at the end of the volume from which we print. In Wright and Halliwell's *Reliquiæ Antiquæ*, ii. 195, is the first *fit* of an English ballad on the same subject, "from a MS. on paper, of the reign of Henry VII," *(Ballad of a Tyrannical Husband.)* *John Grumlie* in Cun-

ningham's *Songs of Scotland*, ii. 123, is another variety. See also *Nursery Rhymes of England*, p. 32, Per. Soc. vol. iv. In 1803, there appeared at Edinburgh a translation of Ramsay's ballad into Latin rhyme.

In Auchtirmuchty thair dwelt ane man,
An husband, as I hard it tauld,
Quha weill could tippill owt a can,
And naithir luvit hungir nor cauld.
Quhill anis it fell upoun a day,
He yokkit his pluch upoun the plane;
Gif it be trew as I hard say,
The day was foull for wind and rane.

He lowsit the pluche at the landis end,
And draif his oxin hame at evin;
Quhen he come in he lukit bend,
And saw the wyf baith dry and clene,
And sittand at ane fyre, beik and bauld,
With ane fat soup, as I hard say;
The man being verry weit and cauld,
Betwene thay twa it was na play.

Quoth he, "Quhair is my horsis corne?
My ox hes naithir hay nor stray;
Dame, ye mon to the pluch to morne;
I salbe hussy, gif I may."
"Husband," quoth scho, "content am I
To tak the pluche my day about,
Sa ye will reull baith kavis and ky,
And all the house baith in and owt.

"But sen that ye will husyskep ken,
First ye sall sift and syne sall kned;
And ay as ye gang but and ben,
Luk that the bairnis dryt not the bed.
Yeis lay ane soft wisp to the kill;
We haif ane deir ferme on o[u]r heid;
And ay as ye gang furth and in,
Keip weill the gaislingis fra the gled."

The wyf was up richt late at evin,
I pray God gif her evill to fair!
Scho kyrnd the kyrne, and skumd it clene,
And left the gudeman bot the bledoch bair
Than in the mornyng up scho gatt,
And on hir hairt laid hir disjune;
Scho put als mekle in hir lap,
As micht haif ser[v]d them baith at nune.

Sayis, "Jok, will thou be maister of wark,
And thou sall had, and I sall kall;
Ise promise thé ane gude new sark,
Athir of round claith or of small."
Scho lousit oxin aucht or nyne,
And hynt ane gad-staff in hir hand;
And the gudman raiss eftir syne,
And saw the wyf had done command.

And caud the gaislingis furth to feid;
Thair was bot sevensum of thame all;
And by thair cumis the gredy gled,

And likkit up five, left him bot twa.
Than out he ran in all his mane,
How sune he hard the gaislingis cry;
Bot than or he come in agane,
The calfis brak louss and sowkit the ky.

The calvis and ky being met in the lone,
The man ran with ane rung to red;
Than by thair cumis ane ill-willy cow,
And brodit his buttok quhill that it bled.
Than hame he ran to an rok of tow,
And he satt doun to say the spynning;
I trow he lowtit our neir the low,
Quoth he, "This wark hes ill begynning."

Than to the kyrn that he did stoure,
And jumlit at it quhill he swatt:
Quhen he had jumlit a full lang houre,
The sorrow crap of butter he gatt.
Albeit na butter he could gett,
Yit he wes cummerit with the kyrne,
And syne he het the milk our hett,
And sorrow a spark of it wald yirne.

Than ben thair come ane gredy sow,
I trow he cund hir littil thank;
For in scho schot hir mekle mow,
And ay scho winkit and scho drank.
He cleikit up ane crukit club,
And thocht to hitt the sow ane rout;

The twa gaislingis the gled had left,
That straik dang baith thair harnis out.

[He gat his foot upon the spyre,
To have gotten the flesche doune to the pat;
He fell backward into the fyre,
And brack his head on the keming stock.
Yit he gat the mekle pat upon the fyre,
And gat twa cannes, and ran to the spout;
Er he came in, quhat thought ye of that?
The fyre brunt aw the pat-a... out.][1]

Than he beur kendling to the kill,
But scho start all up in ane low;
Quhat evir he hard, quhat evir he saw,
That day he had na will to mow.
Then he yeid to tak up the bairnis,
Thocht to haif fund thame fair and clene;
The first that he gat in his armis
Was all bedirtin to the ene.

The first that he gat in his armis,
It was all dirt up to the eine;
"The devill cut of thair handes," quoth he,
"That fild you all sa fow this strene."
He trailit foull scheitis doun the gait,

[1] This stanza, which does not occur in the Bannatyne MS., or in the ordinary printed copies, is given by Laing from a MS. "written in a hand not much later than the year 1600."

Thought to haif wescht thame on ane stane;
The burne wes rissin grit of spait,
Away fra him the scheitis hes tane.

Then up he gat on ane know heid,
On hir to cry,[1] on hir to schout;
Scho hard him, and scho hard him not,
Bot stoutly steird the stottis about.
Scho draif the day unto the night,
Scho lousit the pluch, and syne come hame;
Scho fand all wrang that sould bene richt,
I trow the man thought richt grit schame.

Quoth he, "My office I forsaik,
For all the dayis of my lyf,
For I wald put ane house to wraik,
Had I bene twenty dayis gudwyf."
Quoth scho, "Weill mote ye bruke your place,
For trewlie I will never excep it:"
Quoth he, "Feind fall the lyaris face,
Bot yit ye may be blyth to get it."

Than up scho gat ane mekle rung,
And the gudman maid to the doir[2];
Quoth he, "Dame, I sall hald my tung,
For and we fecht I'ill get the woir."
Quoth he, "Quhen I forsuk my pluche,
I trow I but forsuk my seill;
And I will to my pluch agane,
Ffor I and this howse will nevir do weill."

[1] MS. cray [2] MS. dur.

THE FRIAR IN THE WELL.

An old story, often referred to, e. g. in Skelton's *Colyn Cloute*, v. 879. The ballad is found in various collections in the British Museum, and is cited in part from one of these, in Dyce's note to the passage in Skelton. There is a Scottish version in Kinloch's *Ballad Book*, p. 25. The following is from Durfey's *Pills to Purge Melancholy*, iii. 325 (*The Fryer and the Maid*), but as that copy is abridged, we have supplied the omitted stanzas from Chappell's *Popular Music*, p. 273.

As I lay musing all alone,
A merry tale I thought upon;
Now listen a while, and I will you tell
Of a fryer that loved a bonny lass well.

He came to her when she was going to bed,
Desiring to have her maidenhead;
But she denyed his desire,
And said that she did fear hell-fire.

"Tush, tush," quoth the fryer, "thou needst not doubt,
If thou wert in hell, I could sing thee out:"
"Why then," quoth the maid, "thou shalt have thy request;"
The fryer was as glad as a fox in his nest.

"But one thing more I must require,[1]
More than to sing me out of hell-fire;
That is, for doing of the thing,
An angel of money you must me bring."

"Tush, tush," quoth the fryer, "we two shall agree;
No money shall part thee, [my love,] and me;
Before thy company I will lack,
I'll pawn the grey gown off my back."

The maid bethought her on a wile,
How she might this fryer beguile.
When he was gone, the truth to tell,
She hung a cloth before a well.

The fryer came, as his bargain was,
With money unto his bonny lass;
"Good morrow, fair maid;" "Good morrow," quoth she;
"Here is the money I promis'd thee."

She thank'd him, and she took the money:
"Now lets go to't, my own dear honey:'
"Nay, stay awhile, some respite make;
If my master should come, he would us take."

"Alas!" quoth the maid, "my master doth come."
"Alas!" quoth the fryer, "where shall I run?"

[1] request.

"Behind yon cloth run thou," quoth she,
"For there my master cannot see."

Behind the cloth the fryer went,
And was in the well incontinent.
"Alas!" quoth he, "I'm in the well;"
"No matter" quoth she, "if thou wert in hell

"Thou saidst thou could sing me out of hell:
I prithee sing thyself out of the well.
Sing out," quoth she, "with all thy might,
Or else thou'rt like to sing there all night."

The fryer sang out with a pitiful sound,
"O help me out, or I shall be drown'd."
["I trow," quoth she, "your courage is cool'd;"
Quoth the fryer, "I never was so fool'd.
"I never was served so before;"
"Then take heed," quoth she, "thou com'st here
no more."

Quoth he, "For sweet St. Francis sake,
On his disciple some pity take:"
Quoth she, "St. Francis never taught
His scholars to tempt young maids to naught."

The friar did entreat her still
That she would help him out of the well.
She heard him make such piteous moan,
She help'd him out, and bid him begone.

Quoth he, "Shall I have my money again,
Which from me thou hast before-hand ta'en?"
"Good sir," quoth she, "there's no such matter;
I'll make you pay for fouling the water."

The friar went along the street,
Dropping wet, like a new-wash'd sheep;
Both old and young commended the maid
That such a witty prank had play'd.]

GET UP AND BAR THE DOOR.

Herd's *Scottish Songs*, ii. 63.

First printed by Herd in a slightly different form, ed. 1776, ii. 159; also Johnson's *Museum*, p. 310, and Ritson's *Scottish Songs*, i. 226. The hero of this story is traditionally known as one Johnie Blunt, who lived on Crawford Moor. Several versions of a song called by his name are current among the Scottish peasantry, one of which is given in Johnson's *Museum*, p. 376.—This ballad, says Stenhouse, furnished Prince Hoare with one of the principal scenes in his musical entertainment of *No Song, no Supper*, "acted at Drury Lane in 1790, and since throughout the United Kingdom with great success."

It fell about the Martinmas time,
And a gay time it was than,

That our gudewife had puddings to mak,
And she boil'd them in the pan.

The wind blew cauld frae east and north,
And blew into the floor;
Quoth our gudeman to our gudewife,
"Get up and bar the door."

"My hand is in my hussyskep,
Goodman, as ye may see;
An' it shou'dna be barr'd this hunder year,
It's ne'er be barr'd by me."

They made a paction 'tween them twa,
They made it firm and sure,
That the first word whaever spak,
Should rise and bar the door.

Than by there came twa gentlemen,
At twelve o'clock at night,
Whan they can see na ither house,
And at the door they light.

"Now whether is this a rich man's house,
Or whether is it a poor?"
But ne'er a word wad ane o' them speak,
For barring of the door.

And first they ate the white puddings,
And syne they ate the black:

Muckle thought the gudewife to hersell,
Yet ne'er a word she spak.

Then ane unto the ither said,
"Here, man, tak ye my knife;
Do ye tak aff the auld man's beard,
And I'll kiss the gudewife."

"But there's na water in the house,
And what shall we do than?"
"What ails ye at the pudding bree
That boils into the pan?"

O up then started our gudeman,
An angry man was he;
"Will ye kiss my wife before my een,
And scald me wi' pudding bree?"

O up then started our gudewife,
Gied three skips on the floor;
"Gudeman, you have spak the first word;
Get up and bar the door."

THE DRAGON OF WANTLEY.

Percy's *Reliques*, iii. 350. *Old Ballads*, i. 37.

This in its way most admirable ballad is clearly a parody of some ancient *Kæmperise*. The armor studded with spikes connects this story with the legend of the *Worm of Lambton* (see vol. i. p. 281, and *post*, p. 136), which, we are inclined to think with Grundtvig (i. 346), may have some radical connection with Regner Lodbrog's fight with the snake that guarded Thora's bower. The well in v. 100 corresponds to the pit in which the hero stands in *Ormekampen*, Grundtvig, i. 342. — Printed by Percy from a copy in Roman letter, in the Pepys Collection, "collated with such others as could be procured." PERCY.

OLD stories tell how Hercules
A dragon slew at Lerna,
With seven heads, and fourteen eyes,
To see and well discerne-a:
But he had a club, this dragon to drub,
Or he had ne'er done it, I warrant ye:
But More of More-Hall, with nothing at all,
He slew the dragon of Wantley.

This dragon had two furious wings,
Each one upon each shoulder;
With a sting in his tayl, as long as a flayl,
Which made him bolder and bolder.
He had long claws, and in his jaws
Four and forty teeth of iron,
With a hide as tough as any buff,
Which did him round environ.

Have you not heard how the Trojan horse
Held seventy men in his belly?
This dragon was not quite so big,
But very near, I'll tell ye.
Devoured he poor children three,
That could not with him grapple;
And at one sup he eat them up,
As one would eat an apple.

All sorts of cattle this dragon did eat;
Some say he ate up trees,
And that the forests sure he would
Devour up by degrees;
For houses and churches were to him geese and turkies;[1]
He ate all, and left none behind,
But some stones, dear Jack, that he could not crack,
Which on the hills you will find.

In Yorkshire, near fair Rotherham,
The place I know it well,
Some two or three miles, or thereabouts,
I vow I cannot tell;
But there is a hedge, just on the hill edge,
And Matthew's house hard by it;
O there and then was this dragon's den,
You could not chuse but spy it.

[1] were to him gorse and birches. Other copies.

Some say, this dragon was a witch;
Some say, he was a devil;
For from his nose a smoke arose,
And with it burning snivel;
Which he cast off, when he did cough,
In a well that he did stand by,
Which made it look just like a brook
Running with burning brandy.

Hard by a furious knight there dwelt,
Of whom all towns did ring,
For he could wrestle, play at quarter-staff, kick, cuff and huff,
Call son of a w...., do any kind of thing.
By the tail and the main, with his hands twain,
He swung a horse till he was dead;
And that which is stranger, he for very anger
Eat him all up but his head.

These children, as I told, being eat,
Men, women, girls, and boys,
Sighing and sobbing, came to his lodging,
And made a hideous noise;
"O save us all, More of More-Hall,
Thou peerless knight of these woods;
Do but slay this dragon, who won't leave us a rag on,
We'll give thee all our goods."

"Tut, tut," quoth he, "no goods I want:
But I want, I want, in sooth,
A fair maid of sixteen, that's brisk and keen,
With smiles about the mouth,
Hair black as sloe, skin white as snow,
With blushes her cheeks adorning,
To anoynt me o'er night, ere I go to fight,
And to dress me in the morning."

This being done, he did engage
To hew the dragon down;
But first he went, new armour to
Bespeak at Sheffield town;
With spikes all about, not within but without,
Of steel so sharp and strong,
Both behind and before, arms, legs, and all o'er,
Some five or six inches long.

Had you but seen him in this dress,
How fierce he look'd and how big,
You would have thought him for to be
Some Egyptian porcupig.
He frighted all, cats, dogs, and all,
Each cow, each horse, and each hog:
For fear they did flee, for they took him to be
Some strange outlandish hedge-hog.

To see this fight, all people then
Got up on trees and houses;

On churches some, and chimneys too;
But these put on their trowses,
Not to spoil their hose. As soon as he rose,
To make him strong and mighty,
He drank by the tale, six pots of ale,
And a quart of aqua-vitæ.

It is not strength that always wins,
For wit doth strength excell;
Which made our cunning champion
Creep down into a well,
Where he did think, this dragon would drink,
And so he did in truth;
And as he stoop'd low, he rose up and cry'd,
"Boh!"
And hit him in the mouth.

"Oh," quoth the dragon, "pox take thee, come out!
Thou disturb'st me in my drink:"
And then he turn'd, and s . . . at him;
Good lack how he did stink!
"Beshrew thy soul, thy body's foul,
Thy dung smells not like balsam;
Thou son of a w...., thou stink'st so sore,
Sure thy diet is unwholesome."

Our politick knight, on the other side,
Crept out upon the brink,
And gave the dragon such a douse,

He knew not what to think:
"By cock," quoth he, "say you so, do you see?"
And then at him he let fly
With hand and with foot, and so they went to't;
And the word it was, Hey boys, hey!

"Your words," quoth the dragon, "I don't understand;
Then to it they fell at all,
Like two wild boars so fierce, if I may
Compare great things with small.
Two days and a night, with this dragon did fight
Our champion on the ground;
Though their strength it was great, their skill it was neat,
They never had one wound.

At length the hard earth began to quake,
The dragon gave him a knock,
Which made him to reel, and straitway he thought,
To lift him as high as a rock,
And thence let him fall. But More of More-Hall,
Like a valiant son of Mars,
As he came like a lout, so he turn'd him about,
And hit him a kick on the a . . .

"Oh," quoth the dragon, with a deep sigh,
And turn'd six times together,

Sobbing and tearing, cursing and swearing,
Out of his throat of leather;

"More of More-Hall! O thou rascàl!
Would I had seen thee never;
With the thing at thy foot, thou hast prick'd my
a . . . gut,
And I am quite undone forever."

"Murder, murder," the dragon cry'd,
"Alack, alack, for grief;
Had you but mist that place, you could
Have done me no mischief."
Then his head he shaked, trembled and quaked,
And down he laid and cry'd;
First on one knee, then on back tumbled he,
So groan'd, kickt, s . . ., and dy'd.

*** In the improved edition of the *Relques*, a most extraordinary attempt to explain the foregoing burlesque as an allegory (!) is made in a "Key" appended to the ballad, and said to be "communicated by Godfrey Bosville, Esq., of Thorp, near Malton, in Yorkshire."

"Warncliff Lodge, and Warncliff Wood (vulgarly pronounced Wantley), are in the parish of Penniston, in Yorkshire. The rectory of Penniston was part of the dissolved monastery of St. Stephen's, Westminster; and was granted to the Duke of Norfolk's family: who therewith endowed an hospital, which he built at Sheffield, for women. The trustees let the impropriation of the great tithes of Penniston to the Wortley family, who got a great deal by it, and wanted

to get still more: for Mr. Nicholas Wortley attempted to take the tithes in kind, but Mr. Francis Bosville opposed him, and there was a decree in favour of the modus in 37th Eliz. The vicarage of Penniston did not go along with the rectory, but with the copyhold rents, and was part of a large purchase made by Ralph Bosville, Esq., from Queen Elizabeth, in the 2d year of her reign: and that part he sold in 12th Eliz. to his elder brother Godfrey, the father of Francis; who left it, with the rest of his estate, to his wife, for her life, and then to Ralph, third son of his uncle Ralph. The widow married Lyonel Rowlestone, lived eighteen years, and survived Ralph.

"This premised, the ballad apparently relates to the law-suit carried on concerning this claim of tithes made by the Wortley family. 'Houses and churches were to him geese and turkeys:' which are titheable things, the Dragon chose to live on. Sir Francis Wortley, the son of Nicholas, attempted again to take the tithes in kind: but the parishioners subscribed an agreement to defend their modus. And at the head of the agreement was Lyonel Rowlestone, who is supposed to be one of 'the stones, dear Jack, which the Dragon could not crack.' The agreement is still preserved in a large sheet of parchment, dated 1st of James I., and is full of names and seals, which might be meant by the coat of armour, "with spikes all about, both within and without." More of More-hall was either the attorney, or counsellor, who conducted the suit. He is not distinctly remembered, but More-hall is still extant at the very bottom of Wantley [Warncliff] Wood, and lies so low, that it might be said to be in a well: as the Dragon's den [Warncliff Lodge] was at the top of the wood 'with Matthew's house hard by it.' The keepers belonging to the Wortley family were named, for many generations, Matthew Northall: the last of them left this lodge, within memory, to be keeper to the Duke of Norfolk. The present owner of More-hall still attends Mr. Bosville's Manor Court at Oxspring, and pays a rose a year. 'More of More-Hall, with nothing at all, slew the Dragon of Wantley.' He gave him, instead of tithes, so small a modus, that it was in effect, nothing at all, and was slaying him with a vengeance. 'The poor children three,' &c., cannot surely

mean the three sisters of Francis Bosville, who would have been coheiresses, had he made no will? The late Mr. Bosville had a contest with the descendants of two of them, the late Sir George Saville's father, and Mr. Copley, about the presentation to Penniston, they supposing Francis had not the power to give this part of the estate from the heirs at law; but it was decided against them. The Dragon (Sir Francis Wortley) succeeded better with his cousin Wordesworth, the freehold lord of the manor, (for it is the copyhold manor that belongs to Mr. Bosville,) having persuaded him not to join the refractory parishioners, under a promise that he would let him his tithes cheap: and now the estates of Wortley and Wordesworth are the only lands that pay tithes in the parish.

"N. B. The 'two days and a night,' mentioned on page 136, as the duration of the combat, was probably that of the trial at law."

Note to page 128, and page 131. Grundtvig, ii. 653, refers to a Bœotian legend in Pausanias ix. 26, 5, for an instance of a similar contrivance. The story goes, that one Menestratus, to save a friend who was about to be exposed in due course to a dragon, made himself a brazen breastplate, which had on every scale a hook with the point bent upwards. Armed in this, he went voluntarily to meet the monster, and destroyed him, though at the expense of his own life.

APPENDIX.

KEMPY KAYE.

From Sharpe's *Ballad Book*, p. 81.

There is a resemblance in two points between this ballad and the Danish *Greve Genselin* (Grundtvig, No. 16, translated by Jamieson, *Illustrations*, p. 310). The characters in both are giants: the smallest kemp that danced at Genselin's bridal was "fifteen ells to his knee." Secondly, the bridal in the one ballad and the wooing in the other are described in a style of extravagant parody; more gross in the English, however, than in the Danish, where it is confined to the bride's enormous appetite. This portion of *Greve Genselin* occurs also in *Tord af Havsgaard* (Grundtvig, No. 1), which ballad is founded upon the story of Thor's Hammer in the *Edda*.

Kempy Kaye's a wooing gane,
  Far far ayont the sea,
An' he has met with an auld auld man,
  His gudefather to be.

"Gae scrape yeersel, and gae scart yeersel,
  And mak your bruchty face clean,
For the wooers are to be here the nicht,
  And yeer body's to be seen.[1]

"What's the matter wi' you, my fair maiden,
  You luk so pale and wan?
I'm sure you was once the fairest maiden
  That ever the sun shined on."

[1] *Var.* For Kempy Kaye's to be here the nicht,
Or else the morn at een.

Sae they scrapit her, and they scartit her,
Like the face of an assy pan,
And in cam Kempy Kaye himself,
A clever and tall young man.

His teeth they were like tether sticks,
His nose was three feet lang;
Between his shouthers was ells three,
Between his een a span.[1]

"I'm coming to court your dochter dear,
An' some pairt of your gear:"
"An' by my sooth," quo' Bengoleer,
"She'll sair a man o' weir.

"My dochter she's a thrifty lass;
She span seven year to me;
An' if it war weil counted up,
Full ten wobs it would be."

He led his dochter by the han',
His dochter ben brought he;
"O is she not the fairest lass
That's in great Christendye?"

Ilka hair intil her head
Was like a heather cow,
And ilka louse aninder it
Was like a lintseed bow.[2]

[1] See *King Henry*, v. 21, 22, vol. i. p. 148, and *The Wee Wee Man*, vol. i. p. 126, note. Also *Carle of Carlile*, v. 177-188, in Madden's *Syr Gawayne*, p. 256.

[2] *Var.* Was like a brucket yowe.

She had lauchty teeth, an' kaily lips,
  An' wide lugs fu' o' hair;
Her pouches fu' o' pease-meal daigh,
  War hinging down her spare.

Ilka ee intil her head
  Was like a rotten ploom,
An' down down browit was the quean,
  An' sairly did she gloom.

Ilka nail upon her hand
  Was like an iron rake,
An' ilka teeth into her head
  Was like a tether stake.

She gied to him a gay gravat
  O' the auld horse's sheet,
And he gied her a gay gold ring
  O' the auld couple reet.

KEMPY KAYE.

From Kinloch's *Ballad Book*, p. 41.

Kempy Kaye is a wooing gane
  Far far ayont the sea,
And there he met wi' auld Goling,
  His gudefather to be, be,
  His gudefather to be.

"Whar are ye gaun, O Kempy Kaye,
Whar are ye gaun sa sune?"
"O I am gaun to court a wife,
And think na ye that's weel dune, dune,
And think na ye that's weel dune?"

"And ye be gaun to court a wife,
As ye do tell to me,
'Tis ye sall hae my Fusome Fug,
Your ae wife for to be, be,
Your ae wife for to be."

"Rise up, rise up my Fusome Fug,
And mak your foul face clean,
For the brawest wooer that ere ye saw
Is come develling doun the green, green,
Is come develling doun the green."

Up then raise the Fusome Fug,
To mak her foul face clean;
And aye she curs'd her mither
She had na water in, in,
She had na water in.

She rampit out, and she rampit in,
She rampit but and ben;
The tittles and tattles that hang frae her tail
Wad muck an acre o' land, land,
Wad muck an acre o' land.

She had a neis upon her face
Was like an auld pat-fit;

Atween her neis bot and her mou
  Was inch thick deep o' dirt, dirt,
  Was inch thick deep o' dirt.

She had twa een intil her head
  War like twa rotten plooms;
The heavy brows hung down her face,
  And O I vow she glooms, glooms!
  And O I vow she glooms!

Ilka hair that was on her head
  Was like a heather cow,
And ilka louse that lookit out
  Was like a lintseed bow, bow,
  Was like a lintseed bow.

When Kempy Kaye cam to the house,
  He lookit thro' a hole,
And there he saw the dirty drab
  Just whisking oure the coal, coal,
  Just whisking oure the coal.

He gied to her a braw silk napkin,
  Was made o' an auld horse brat;
"I ne'er wore a silk napkin a' my life,
  But weel I wat Is'e wear that, that,
  But weel I wat Is'e wear that."

He gied to her a braw gowd ring,
  Was made frae an auld brass pan,
"I ne'er wore a gowd ring in a' my life,
  But now I wat I'se wear ane, ane,
  But now I wat Is'e wear ane."

Whan thir twa loves had met thegither,
O kissing to tak their fill,
The slaver that hang atween their twa gabs
Wad hae tether'd a ten year auld bill, bill,
Wad hae tether'd a ten year auld bill.

THE JOVIAL HUNTER OF BROMSGROVE.

From *Ancient Poems, Ballads, and Songs of the Peasantry of England*, edited by Robert Bell, p. 124. This ballad, says the editor, "has long been popular in Worcestershire and some of the adjoining counties. It was printed for the first time by Mr. Allies of Worcester, under the title of *The Jovial Hunter of Bromsgrove;* but amongst the peasantry of that county, and the adjoining county of Warwick, it has always been called *The Old Man and his Three Sons*—the name given to a fragment of the ballad still used as a nursery song in the north of England, the chorus of which slightly varies from that of the ballad: (see p. 250 of the same publication.) Mr. Bell imagines that there is an allusion to this ballad in *As You Like It*, i. 2, where Le Beau says

"There comes an old man and his three sons,"

and Celia replies,

"I could match this beginning with an old tale."

Old Sir Robert Bolton had three sons,
Wind well thy horn, good hunter;
And one of them was Sir Ryalas,
For he was a jovial hunter.

He ranged all round down by the wood side,
Wind well thy horn, good hunter,
Till in a tree-top a gay lady he spied,
For he was a jovial hunter.

"O, what dost thee mean, fair lady?" said he,
Wind well thy horn, good hunter;
"The wild boar's killed my lord, and has thirty men gored,
And thou beest a jovial hunter.

"O what shall I do this wild boar for to see?"
Wind well thy horn, good hunter;
"O, thee blow a blast, and he'll come unto thee,
As thou beest a jovial hunter.

Then he blowed a blast, full north, east, west and south,
Wind well thy horn, good hunter;
And the wild boar then heard him full in his den,
As he was a jovial hunter.

Then he made the best of his speed unto him,
Wind well thy horn, good hunter;
[Swift flew the boar, with his tusks smeared with gore,][1]
To Sir Ryalas, the jovial hunter.

[1] Inserted by Bell.

Then the wild boar, being so stout and so strong,
Wind well thy horn, good hunter;
Thrashed down the trees as he ramped him along,
To Sir Ryalas, the jovial hunter.

"O what dost thee want of me?" wild boar, said he,
Wind well thy horn, good hunter;
"O I think in my heart I can do enough for thee,
For I am the jovial hunter."

Then they fought four hours in a long summer day,
Wind well thy horn, good hunter;
Till the wild boar fain would have got him away
From Sir Ryalas, the jovial hunter.

Then Sir Ryalas drawed his broad sword with might,
Wind well thy horn, good hunter;
And he fairly cut the boar's head off quite,
For he was a jovial hunter.

Then out of the wood the wild woman flew,
Wind well thy horn, good hunter;
"O my pretty spotted pig thou hast slew,
For thou beest a jovial hunter.

"There are three things, I demand them of thee,
Wind well thy horn, good hunter;
"It's thy horn, and thy hound, and thy gay lady,
As thou beest a jovial hunter."

"If these three things thou dost ask of me,"
Wind well thy horn, good hunter;

It's just as my sword and thy neck can agree,
For I am a jovial hunter."

Then into his long locks the wild woman flew,
Wind well thy horn, good hunter;
Till she thought in her heart to tear him through,
Though he was a jovial hunter.

Then Sir Ryalas drawed his broad sword again,
Wind well thy horn, good hunter;
And he fairly split her head into twain,
For he was a jovial hunter.

In Bromsgrove church, the knight he doth lie,
Wind well thy horn, good hunter;
And the wild boar's head is pictured thereby,
Sir Ryalas, the jovial hunter.

THE BLUDY SERK.

The Bludy Serk, both story and morality, is taken from the *Gesta Romanorum;* see two forms of the tale in Madden's *Old English Versions*, &c. p. 22, p. 404.

This poem is preserved in the Bannatyne Manuscript, and has been several times printed. The present copy is from Laing's *Select Remains of the Ancient Popular Poetry of Scotland.* The author is Robert Henryson, whose ballad of *Robene and Makyne* has been given in the fourth volume of this collection.

This hindir yeir I hard be tald,
Thair was a worthy king;
Dukis, erlis, and barronis bald,
He had at his bidding.
The lord was anceane and ald,
And sexty yeiris cowth ring;
He had a dochter, fair to fald,
A lusty lady ying.

Off all fairheid scho bur the flour,
And eik hir faderis air;
Off lusty laitis and he honour;
Meik, bot and debonair.
Scho wynnit in a bigly bour;
On fold wes none so fair;
Princes luvit hir, paramour,
In cuntries our all quhair.

Thair dwelt a lyt besyde the king
A fowll gyane of ane;
Stollin he hes the lady ying,
Away with hir is gane;
And kest hir in his dungering,
Quhair licht scho micht se nane;
Hungir and cauld and grit thristing
Scho fand in to hir wame.

He wes the laithliest on to luk
That on the grund mycht gang;
His nailis wes lyk ane hellis cruk,
Thairwith fyve quarteris lang.
Thair wes nane that he ourtuk,
In rycht or yit in wrang,

But all in schondir he thame schuke,
The gyane wes so strang.

He held the lady day and nycht
Within his deip dungeoun;
He wald nocht gif of hir a sicht
For gold nor yit ransoun,
Bot gife the king mycht get a knycht
To fecht with his persoun,
To fecht with him, both day and nycht,
Quhill ane wer dungin doun.

The king gart seik baith fer and neir,
Beth be se and land,
Off any knycht gife he micht heir,
Wald fecht with that gyand.
A worthy prince, that had no peir,
Hes tane the deid on hand,
For the luve of the lady cleir,
And held full trewe cunnand.

That prince come prowdly to the toun,
Of that gyane to heir,
And fawcht with him, his awin persoun,
And tuke him presonier,
And kest him in his awin dungeoun,
Allane withouttin feir,
With hungir, cawld, and confusioun,
As full weill worthy weir;

Syne brak the bour, had hame the bricht,
Vnto hir fadir he;[1]

[1] MS. deir.

Sa evil wondit was the knycht,
That he behuvit to de.
Unlusum was his likame dicht,
His sark was all bludy;
In all the warld was thair a wicht
So petyouse for to se!

The lady murnyt, and maid grit mone,
With all her mekle micht:
"I lufit nevir lufe, bot one,
That dulfully now is dicht!
God sen my lyfe wer fra me tone,
Or I had sene yone sicht;
Or ellis in begging evir to gone,
Furth with yone curtass knycht!"

He said, "Fair lady, now mone I
De, trestly ye me trow:
Tak ye my sark that is bludy,
And hing it forrow yow:
First think on it, and syne on me,
Quhen men cumis yow to wow."
The lady said, "Be Mary fre,
Thairto I mak a wow."

Quhen that scho lukit to the serk,
Scho thocht on the persoun,
And prayit for him with all hir harte,
That lowsd hir of bandoun,
Quhair scho was wont to sit full merk,
In that deip dungéoun;
And ever quhill scho wes in quert,
That wass hir a lessoun.

Sa weill the lady luvit the knycht,
That no man wald scho tak:
Sa suld we do our God of micht
That did all for us mak;
Quhilk fullély to deid was dicht,
For sinfull manis saik;
Sa suld we do both day and nycht,
With prayaris to him mak.

MORALITAS.

This king is lyk the trinitie,
Baith in hevin and heir:
The manis saule to the lady,
The gyane to Lucefeir:
The knycht to Chryst, that deit on tre,
And coft our synnis deir:
The pit to hell, with panis fell,
The syn to the woweir.

The lady was wowd, but scho said nay,
With men that wald hir wed;
Sa suld we wryth all syn away,
That in our breistis bred.
I pray to Jesu Chryst verrey
For us his blud that bled,
To be our help on domysday,
Quhair lawis ar straitly led.

The saule is Godis dochtir deir,
And eik his handewerk,
That was betrasit with Lucifeir,
Quha sittis in hell full merk.

Borrowit with Chrystis angell cleir,
Hend men, will ye nocht herk?
For his lufe that bocht us deir,
Think on the Bludy Serk!

THE WANTON WIFE OF BATH.

Evans's *Old Ballads*, i. 277; Collection of 1723, ii. 173.

This excellent ballad, to adopt the encomium of Addison, (*Spectator*, No. 247,) was admitted by Percy into the earlier editions of the *Reliques*, (iii. 146, 1st ed.) though excluded from the revised edition of 1794. The same story circulates among the peasantry of England and Scotland in the form of a penny tract or chap-book; *Notices of Popular Histories*, p. 16, Percy Soc. vol. xxiii., *Notes and Queries*. New Series, vol. iii. p. 49. The jest is an old one. Mr. Halliwell refers to a *fabliau* in Barbazan's collection, which contains the groundwork of this piece. *Du Vilain qui conquist Paradis par Plait*, Méon's ed. iv. 114.

In Bath a wanton wife did dwell,
As Chaucer he doth write,
Who did in pleasure spend her days,
In many a fond delight.

Upon a time love sick she was,
And at the length did die;

Her soul at last at Heaven's gate
Did knock most mightily.

Then Adam came unto the gate:
"Who knocketh there?" quoth he:
'I am the Wife of Bath," she said,
"And fain would come to thee."

"Thou art a sinner," Adam said,
"And here no place shall have;"
"And so art thou, I trow," quoth she,
"And gip, a doting knave!

"I will come in in spite," she said,
"Of all such churls as thee;
Thou wert the causer of our woe,
Our pain and misery;

"And first broke God's commandments,
In pleasure of thy wife:"
When Adam heard her tell this tale,
He run away for life.

Then down came Jacob at the gate,
And bids her pack to hell:
"Thou false deceiver, why?" said she;—
"Thou mayst be there as well.

"For thou deceiv'dst thy father dear,
And thine own brother too:"
Away slunk Jacob presently,
And made no more ado.

She knocks again with might and main,
And Lot he chides her straight:
"Why then," quoth she, "thou drunken ass,
Who bid thee here to prate?

"With thy two daughters thou didst lie,
On them two bastards got:"
And thus most tauntingly she chaft
Against poor silly Lot.

"Who calleth there," quoth Judith then,
"With such shrill sounding notes?"
"This fine minks surely came not here,"
Quoth she, "for cutting throats!"

Good Lord, how Judith blush'd for shame,
When she heard her say so!
King David hearing of the same,
He to the gate did go.

Quoth David, "Who knocks there so loud,
And maketh all this strife?"
"You were more kind good sir," she said,
"Unto Uriah's wife.

"And when thy servant thou didst cause
In battle to be slain,
Thou causedst then more strife than I,
Who would come here so fain."

"The woman's mad," said Solomon,
"That thus doth taunt a king;"

"Not half so mad as you," she said,
"I trow, in many a thing.

"Thou hadst seven hundred wives at once,
For whom thou didst provide,
And yet three hundred wh····, God wot,
Thou didst maintain beside.

"And those made thee forsake thy God,
And worship stocks and stones;
Besides the charge they put thee to
In breeding of young bones.

"Hadst thou not been besides thy wits,
Thou wouldst not thus have ventur'd;
And therefor I do marvel much
How thou this place hast entered."

"I never heard," quoth Jonas then,
"So vile a scold as this;"
"Thou wh···son runaway," quoth she,
"Thou diddest more amiss."

"They say," quoth Thomas, "women's tongues
Of aspen leaves are made;"
"Thou unbelieving wretch," quoth she,
"All is not true that's said."

When Mary Magdalen heard her then,
She came unto the gate;
Quoth she, "Good woman, you must think
Upon your former state."

"No sinner enters in this place,"
Quoth Mary Magdalen then;
"'Twere ill for you, fair mistress mild,
She answered her again.

"You for your honesty," quoth she,
"Had once been ston'd to death,
Had not our Saviour Christ come by
And written on the earth.

"It was not by your occupation
You are become divine;
I hope my soul, by Christ's passion,
Shall be as safe as thine."

Then rose the good apostle Paul;
Unto this wife he cried,
"Except thou shake thy sins away,
Thou here shalt be denied."

"Remember, Paul, what thou hast done,
All thro' a lewd desire,
How thou didst persecute God's church
With wrath as hot as fire."

Then up starts Peter at the last,
And to the gate he hies;
"Fond fool," quoth he, "knock not so fast,
Thou weariest Christ with cries."

"Peter," said she, "content thyself,
For mercy may be won;

I never did deny my Christ
As thou thyself hast done.'"

When as our Saviour Christ heard this,
With heavenly angels bright,
He comes unto this sinful soul,
Who trembled at his sight.

Of him for mercy she did crave;
Quoth he, "Thou hast refused
My proffer'd grace and mercy both,
And much my name abused."

"Sore have I sinn'd, O Lord," she said,
"And spent my time in vain;
But bring me, like a wand'ring sheep,
Into thy fold again.

"O Lord my God, I will amend
My former wicked vice;
The thief for one poor silly word
Past into Paradise."

"My laws and my commandments,"
Saith Christ, "were known to thee;
But of the same, in any wise,
Not yet one word did ye."

"I grant the same, O Lord," quoth she;
"Most lewdly did I live;
But yet the loving father did
His prodigal son forgive."

"So I forgive thy soul," he said,
"Through thy repenting cry;
Come you therefore into my joy,
I will not thee deny."

THE GENTLEMAN IN THRACIA.

From Collier's *Roxburghe Ballads*, p. 17.

This ballad is founded on a tale in the *Gesta Romanorum*, (*Old English Versions*, &c. p. 140.) Nearly the same story occurs in Barbazan's *Fabliaux*, ii. 440, and also, says Madden, in the *Contes Tartares* of Gueulette, iii. 157, and many other places. The model for all these is of course the Judgment of Solomon, in 1 *Kings*, iii. 16–27. See Douce, ii. 385.

Mr. Collier remarks that this ballad is without date, but was undoubtedly written late in the sixteenth or early in the seventeenth, century.

In searching ancient chronicles,
It was my chance to finde
A story worth the writing out,
In my conceit and mind.
It is an admonition good
That children ought to have,
With reverence for to thinke upon
Their parents laid in grave.

In Thracia liv'd a gentleman,
Of noble progeny,

Who rul'd his household with great fame,
And true integrity.
This gentleman did take to wife
A neat and gallant dame,
Whose outward shew and beauty bright
Did many hearts inflame.

The luster that came from her lookes,
Her carriage and her grace,
Like beauteous Cynthia did outshine
Each lady in that place.
And being puffed up in pride,
With ease and jollity,
Her husband could not her content;
She other men must try.

Lasciviously long time she liv'd,
Yet bore it cunningly;
For she had those that watch'd so well,
That he could nought espy.
With bribes and gifts she so bewitch'd
The hearts of some were neere,
That they conceal'd her wickednesse,
And kept it from her deare.

Thus spending of her time away
In extreme wantonesse,
Her private friends, when she did please,
Unto her had accesse.
But the all-seeing eye of heaven
Such sinnes will not conceale,
And by some meanes at last will he
The truth of all reveale.

Upon a time sore sicke she fell,
Yea to the very death,
And her physician told her plaine
She must resigne her breath.
Divines did likewise visit her,
And holy counsell gave,
And bade her call upon the Lord,
That he her soule might save.

Amongst the rest, she did desire
They would her husband bring;
"I have a secret to reveale,"
She said, "my heart doth sting."
Then he came posting presently
Unto her where she lay,
And weeping then he did desire,
What she to him would say.

She did intreat that all might voyd
The roome, and he would stay;
"Your pardon, husband, I beseech,"
Unto him she did say:
'For I have wrong'd your marriage-bed,
And plaid the wanton wife;
To you the truth I will reveale,
Ere I depart this life.

'Foure hopefull sonnes you think you have;
To me it best is knowne,
And three of them are none of yours;
Of foure but one's your owne,
And by your selfe on me begot,
Which hath a wanton beene;

These dying teares forgivenesse beg;
Let mercy then be seene."

This strooke her husband in a dump,
His heart was almost dead;
But rouzing of his spirits up,
These words to her he said.
"I doe forgive thee with my heart,
So thou the truth wilt tell,
Which of the foure is my owne sonne,
And all things shall be well."

"O pardon me, my husband deare,"
Unto him she did say;
"They are my children every one,"
And so she went away.
Away he goes with heavy heart;
His griefes he did conceale,
And like a wise and prudent man,
To none did it reveale.

Not knowing which to be his owne,
Each of his love did share,
And to be train'd in vertues paths
Of them he had a care.
In learning great and gentle grace
They were brought up and taught,
Such deare affection in the hearts
Of parents God hath wrought.

They now were growne to mens estates,
And liv'd most gallantly;

Each had his horse, his hawke, his hound,
And did their manhood try.
The ancient man did joy thereat,
But yet he did not know
Which was his sonne amongst the foure;
That bred in him much woe.

At length his glasse of life was run,
The fates doe so decree;
For poore and rich they all must dye,
And death will take no fee.
Unto some judges he did send,
And counsell that were grave,
Who presently to him did come
To know what he would have.

They coming then to his beds side,
Unto them he did say:
"I know you all to be my friends,
Most faithfull every way;
And now, before I leave the world,
I beg this at your hands,
To have a care which of my sonnes
Shall have my goods and lands."

And to them all he did relate
What things his wife had done.
"There is but one amongst the foure
That is my native sonne;
And to your judgement I commit,
When I am laid in grave,
Which is my sonne, and which is fit
My lands and goods to have."

He dying, they in councill sate
What best were to be done;
For 'twas a taske of great import
To judge which was his sonne.
The brothers likewise were at strife,
Which should the living have,
When as the ancient man was dead,
And buried in his grave.

The judges must decide the cause,
And thus they did decree:
The dead man's body up to take,
And tye it to a tree;
A bow each brother he must have,
And eke an arrow take,
To shoot at their dead fathers corps,
As if he were a stake.

And he whose arrow nearest hit
His heart, as he did stand,
They'd judge him for to be right heire,
And fit to have the land.
On this they all did straight agree,
And to the field they went;
Each had a man his shaft to beare,
And bow already bent.

"Now," quoth the judges, "try your skill
Upon your father there,
That we may quickly know who shall
Unto the land be heire."
The oldest took his bow in hand,
And shaft, where as he stood,

Which pierc'd so deep the dead mans brest,
That it did run with blood.

The second brother then must shoot,
Who straight did take his aime,
And with his arrow made a wound,
That blood came from the same.
The third likewise must try his skill
The matter to decide;
Whose shaft did make a wound most deep
Into the dead man's side.

Unto the fourth and youngest, then,
A bow and shaft were brought;
Who said, "D'ee thinke that ere my heart
Could harbour such a thought,
To shoot at my dear father's heart,
Although that he be dead,
For all the kingdomes in the world
That farre and wide are spread?"

And turning of him round about,
The teares ran downe amaine:
He flung his bow upon the ground,
And broke his shaft in twaine.
The judges seeing his remorse,
They then concluded all
He was the right, the other three
They were unnaturall.

And so he straight possest the lands,
Being made the heire of all,

And heaven by nature in this kind
Unto his heart did call.
His brothers they did envy him,
But yet he need not care,
And of his wealth, in portions large,
Unto them he did share.

SIR RICHARD WHITTINGTON'S ADVANCEMENT.

This ballad is taken from *The Crowne-Garland of Golden Roses*, p. 20, Percy Society, vol. vi. Another copy is in *A Collection of Old Ballads*, i. 130. A play called *The History of Whittington* was entered on the Stationers' books in Feb. 1604, and the "famous fable of Whittington and his puss" is mentioned in *Eastward Hoe*, 1605. (Weber and Halliwell.)

"There is something so fabulous," (says the editor of *Old Ballads*, following Grafton and Stow,) "or at least, that has such a romantic appearance, in the history of Whittington, that I shall not choose to relate it; but refer my credulous readers to common tradition, or to the penny histories. Certain it is that there was such a man; a citizen of London, by trade a mercer, and one who has left public edifices and charitable works enow behind him, to transmit his name to posterity. Amongst others, he founded a house of prayer; with an allowance for a master, fellows, choristers, clerks, &c., and an almshouse for

thirteen poor men, called Whittington College. He entirely rebuilt the loathsome prison, which then was standing at the west gate of the city, and called it Newgate. He built the better half of St. Bartholomew's Hospital, in West-Smithfield, and the fine library in Grey-Fryars, now called Christ's Hospital. as also great part of the east end of Guildhall, with a chapel, and a library in which the records of the city might be kept. ..... 'Tis said of him, that he advanced a very considerable sum of money towards carrying on the war in France, under this last monarch. He married Alice, the daughter of Hugh and Molde Fitzwarren: at whose house, traditions say, Whittington lived a servant, when he got his immense riches by venturing his cat in one of his master's ships. However, if we may give credit to his own will, he was a knight's son; and more obliged to an English king and prince, than to any African monarch, for his riches. For when he founded Whittington College, and left a maintenance for so many people, as above related, they were, as Stow records it, for this maintenance bound to pray for the good estate of Richard Whittington, and Alice his wife, their founders; and for Sir William Whittington, and Dame Joan his wife; and for Hugh Fitzwarren, and Dame Molde his wife; the fathers and mothers of the said Richard Whittington and Alice his wife; for King Richard the Second, and Thomas of Woodstock, Duke of Gloucester, special lords and promoters of the said Richard Whittington, &c."

Richard Whittington was Sheriff of London in the 18th year of Richard the Second, 1394, was then knighted, and chosen Mayor in the 22d year of the

same reign, 1398. He was again Mayor in the 9th year of Henry the Fourth, 1407, and the 8th of Henry the Fifth, 1420.

Keightley has devoted a chapter of his *Tales and Popular Fictions* (the seventh) to the legend of Whittington and his Cat. He cites two similar stories from Thiele's *Danish Popular Traditions*, another from the letters of Count Magalotti, a Florentine of the latter half of the 17th century, another from the *Facezie* of Arlotto, a Tuscan humorist of the 15th century, another, of Venetian origin, from a German chronicle of the 13th century, and finally one from the Persian *Tarikh al Wasaf*, a work said to have been composed at the end of the 13th or the beginning of the 14th century. Mr. Halliwell adds one more of a Portuguese wrecked on the coast of Guinea, from the *Description of Guinea*, 1665.

HERE must I tell the praise
Of worthy Whitttington,
Known to be in his dayes
Thrice Maior of London.
But of poor parentage,
Borne was he, as we heare,
And in his tender age
Bred up in Lancashire.

Poorely to London than
Came up this simple lad,
Where, with a marchant-man,
Soone he a dwelling had,
And in a kitchen plast,
A scullion for to be

Whereas long time he past
In labour drudgingly.

His daily service was
Turning spitts at the fire;
And to scour pots of brasse,
For a poore scullions hire.
Meat and drinke all his pay,
Of coyne he had no store;
Therefore to run away,
In secret thought he bore.

So from this marchant-man,
Whittington secretly
Towards his country ran,
To purchase liberty.
But as he went along,
In a fair summer's morne,
Londons bells sweetly rung,
"Whittington, back return!"

Evermore sounding so,
"Turn againe, Whittington;
For thou in time shall grow
Lord-Maior of London."
Whereupon back againe
Whittington came with speed,
A prentise to remaine,
As the Lord had decreed.

"Still blessed be the bells;
(This was his daily song)

They my good fortune tells,
  Most sweetly have they rung.
If God so favour me,
  I will not proove unkind;
London my love shall see,
  And my great bounties find."

But see his happy chance!
  This scullion had a cat,
Which did his state advance,
  And by it wealth he gat.
His maister ventred forth,
  To a land far unknowne,
With marchandize of worth,
  As is in stories showne.

Whittington had no more
  But this poor cat as than,
Which to the ship he bore,
  Like a brave marchant-man.
"Vent'ring the same," quoth he
  "I may get store of golde,
And Maior of London be,
  As the bells have me told.'

Whittington's marchandise,
  Carried was to a land
Troubled with rats and mice,
  As they did understand.
The king of that country there,
  As he at dinner sat,
Daily remain'd in fear
  Of many a mouse and rat.

Meat that in trenchers lay,
No way they could keepe safe;
But by rats borne away,
Fearing no wand or staff.
Whereupon, soone they brought
Whittingtons nimble cat;
Which by the king was bought;
Heapes of gold giv'n for that.

Home againe came these men
With their ships loaden so,
Whittingtons wealth began
By this cat thus to grow.
Scullions life he forsooke
To be a marchant good,
And soon began to looke
How well his credit stood.

After that he was chose
Shriefe of the citty heere.
And then full quickly rose
Higher, as did appeare.
For to this cities praise,
Sir Richard Whittington
Came to be in his dayes
Thrise Maior of London.

More his fame to advance,
Thousands he lent his king,
To maintaine warres in France,
Glory from thence to bring.
And after, at a feast
Which he the king did make,

He burnt the bonds all in jeast,
And would no money take.

Ten thousand pound he gave
To his prince willingly,
And would not one penny have;
This in kind curtesie.
God did thus make[1] him great,
So would he daily see
Poor people fed with meat,
To shew his charity.

Prisoners poore cherish'd were,
Widdowes sweet comfort found;
Good deeds, both far and neere,
Of him do still resound.
Whittington Colledge is
One of his charities;
Records reporteth this
To lasting memories.

Newgate he builded faire,
For prisoners to live in;
Christs-Church he did repaire,
Christian love for to win.
Many more such like deedes
Were done by Whittington;
Which joy and comfort breedes,
To such as looke thereon.

Lancashire, thou hast bred
This flower of charity:

[1] made.

Though he be gon and dead
Yet lives he lastingly.
Those bells that call'd him so,
" Turne again, Whittington,'
Call you back many moe
To live so in London.

CATSKIN'S GARLAND, OR, THE WANDERING YOUNG GENTLEWOMAN.

Moore's *Pictorial Book of Ancient Ballad Poetry*, p. 596

Only in a very debased form is this enchanting tale preserved by English tradition. The following ballad is given, in the collection cited above, from a modern broadside, but has here received a few improvements from two other copies cited by the editor. Mr. Halliwell has printed another version of Catskin in *The Nursery Rhymes of England*, p. 48, Percy Society, vol. iv. The story is possessed by almost every nation in Europe. It is found not only among the Northern races, but among the Hungarians, Servians, Wallachians, Welsh, Italians, and French. In Germany it is current in a great variety of forms, the two most noteworthy of which are *Aschenputtel*, to which correspond *Cennerentola* in the *Pentamerone* (i. 6), the *Cendrillon* of Perrault, and the *Finette Cendron* of Madame d'Aulnoy; and *Allerlei-Rauh*, which is the same as the *Peau d'Ane* of Perrault, the *She-Bear* of the *Pentamerone* (ii. 6), and the *Dora-*

lice of Straparola (i. 4). — See the Grimms' *Kinder-und-Haus-Märchen*, No. 21, 65, and notes in vol. iii.; also the Swedish story of *The Little Gold Shoe*, and *The Girl clad in Mouse-skin*, from the Danish, in Thorpe's *Yule Tide Stories*, pp. vii. 112, 375.

PART I.

You fathers and mothers, and children also,
Come near unto me, and soon you shall know
The sense of my ditty, for I dare to say,
The like hasn't been heard of this many long day.

This subject which to you I am to relate,
It is of a 'squire who had a large estate;
And the first dear infant his wife she did bare,
Was a young daughter, a beauty most fair.

He said to his wife, "Had this but been a boy;
It would please me better, and increase my joy;
If the next be of the same sort, I declare,
Of what I am possessed it shall have no share."

In twelve months after, this woman, we hear,
Had another daughter, of beauty most clear;
And when her father knew 'twas a female,
Into a bitter passion he presently fell.

Saying, "Since this is of the same sort as the first,
In my habitation she shall not be nurs'd;
Pray let it be sent into the country,
For where I am, truly this child shall not be."

With tears his dear wife unto him did say,
"My dear, be contented, I'll send her away."
Then into the country this child she did send,
For to be brought up by an intimate friend.

Altho' that her father hated her so,
He good education on her did bestow,
And with a gold locket, and robes of the best,
This slighted young damsel was commonly drest.

But when unto stature this damsel was grown,
And found from her father she had no love shewn,
She cried, "Before I will lie under his frown,
I am fully resolv'd to range the world round."

PART II.

But now mark, good people, the cream of the jest,
In what a strange manner this female was drest:
Catskins into a garment she made, I declare,
The which for her clothing she daily did wear.

Her own rich attire, and jewels beside,
They up in a bundle together were ty'd;
And to seek her fortune she wander'd away,
And when she had wander'd a cold winter's day,

In the evening-tide she came to a town,
Where at a knight's door she sat herself down,
For to rest herself, who was weary for sure.
This noble knight's lady then came to the door,

And seeing this creature in such sort of dress,
The lady unto her these words did express,
"From whence came you, or what will you have?"
She said, "A night's rest in your stable I crave."

The lady said to her, "I grant thy desire,
Come into the kitchen, and stand by the fire;"
Then she thank'd the lady, and went in with haste,
Where she was gaz'd on from biggest to the least.

And, being warm'd, her hunger was great,
They gave her a plate of good food for to eat;
And then to an outhouse this damsel was led,
Where with fresh straw she soon made her a bed.

And when in the morning the day-light she saw,
Her rich robes and jewels she hid in the straw;
And being very cold, she then did retire,
And went into the kitchen, and stood by the fire.

The cook said, "My lady promis'd that thou[1]
Shouldest be a scullion to wait on me now:[2]
What say'st thou, girl, art thou willing to bide?"
"With all my heart," then she to her reply'd.

To work at her needle she could very well,
And [for] raising of paste few could her excel;
She being so handy, the cook's heart did win,
And then she was call'd by the name of Catskin.

[1] thee. [2] upon me.

PART III.

This knight had a son both comely and tall,
Who often-times used to be at a ball,
A mile out of town, and one evening-tide,
To see a fine dancing away he did ride.

Catskin said to his mother, "Madam, let me
Go after your son, this ball for to see."
With that, in a passion this lady she grew,
And struck her with a ladle, and broke it in two.

Being thus served, she then got away,
And in her rich garments herself did array;
Then to see this ball she then did retire,
Where she danced so fine all did her admire.

The sport being done, this young squire did say,
"Young lady, where do you live, tell me, I pray?"
Her answer to him was, "Sir, that I will tell;
At the sign of the Broken Ladle I dwell."

She being very nimble, got home first, 'tis said,
And with her catskin robes she soon was arrayed;
Then into the kitchen again she did go,
But where she had been none of them did know.

Next night the young 'squire, himself to content,
To see the ball acted, away then he went.
She said, "Let me go this ball for to view;"
She struck her with a skimmer, and broke it in two

Then out of doors she ran, being full of heaviness,
And with her rich garments herself she did dress;

For to see this ball she ran away with speed,
And to see her dancing all wonder'd indeed.

The ball being ended, the 'squire said then,
"Pray where do you live?" She answered again,[1]
"Sir, because you ask me, account I will give;
At the sign of the Broken Skimmer I live."

Being dark, she left him, and home[ward] did hie,
And in her catskin robes she was drest presently,
And into the kitchen among them she went,
But where she had been they were all innocent.

[When] the 'squire came home and found Catskin there,
He was in amaze, and began for to swear,
"For two nights at the ball has been a lady,
The sweetest of beauties that e'er I did see.

"She was the best dancer in all the whole place,
And very much like our Catskin in the face;
Had she not been drest in that costly degree,
I would have sworn it was Catskin's body."

Next night he went to see this ball once more;
Then she ask'd his mother to go as before;
Who having a bason of water in hand,
She threw it at Catskin, as I understand.

Shaking her wet ears, out of doors she did run,
And dressed herself when this thing she had done

[1] answered him.

To see this ball acted she then run her ways,
To see her fine dancing all gave her the praise.

And having concluded, the young squire he
Said, "From whence do you come, pray now tell me?"
Her answer was, "Sir, you shall know the same,
From the sign of the Bason of Water I came."

Then homeward she hurried, as fast as might be.
This young 'squire then was resolved to see
Whereto she belong'd, then follow'd Catskin:
Into an old straw-house he saw her creep in.

He said, "O brave Catskin, I find it is thee,
Who these three nights together has so charmed me;
Thou'rt the sweetest creature my eyes e'er beheld;
With joy and comfort my heart it is fill'd.

"Thou art the cook's scullion, but as I have life,
Grant me [but] thy love, and I'll make thee my wife
And you shall have maids to wait at your call."
"Sir, that cannot be; I've no portion at all."

'Thy beauty is portion, my joy and my dear;
I prize it far better than thousands a year;
And to gain my friends' consent, I've got a trick;
I'll go to my bed and feign myself sick.

"There's none shall attend me but thee, I profess,[1]
And some day or other in thy richest dress

[1] protest.

Thou shalt be drest; if my parents come nigh,
I'll tell them that for thee sick I do lie."

PART IV.

Having thus consulted, this couple partèd.
Next day this young 'squire took to his bed.
When his dear parents this thing perceiv'd,
For fear of his death they were heartily griev'd.

To tend him they sent for a nurse presently:
He said, "None but Catskin my nurse now shall be."
His parents said, "No." He said, "But she shall,
Or else I'll have none for to nurse me at all."

His parents both wonder'd to hear him say thus,
That no one but Catskin must be his nurse;
So then his dear parents their son to content,
Up into the chamber poor Catskin they sent.

Sweet cordials and other rich things were prepar'd,
Which betwixt this young couple was equally shar'd;
And when all alone, they in each other's arms
Enjoy'd one another in love's pleasant charms.

At length on a time poor Catskin, 'tis said,
In her rich attire she then was array'd;
And when his mother the chamber drew near,
Then much like a goddess did Catskin appear.

Which caus'd her to startle, and thus she did say;
"What young lady's this, son, tell me I pray?"

He said, "It is Catskin, for whom I sick lie,
And without I have her with speed I shall die."

His mother ran down for to call the old knight,
Who ran up to see this amazing great sight;
He said, "Is this Catskin we hold so in scorn?
I ne'er saw a finer dame since I was born."

The old knight said to her, "I pry'thee tell me,
From whence dost thou come, and of what family."
Then who was her parents she gave them to know,
And what was the cause of her wandering so.

The young 'squire said, "If you will save my life,
Pray grant this young creature may be my wife."
His father reply'd, "Your life for to save,
If you are agreed, my consent you shall have."

Next day, with great triumph and joy, as we hear,
There were many coaches came far and near;
She much like a goddess drest in great array,
Catskin to the 'squire was married that day.

For several days this great wedding did last,
Where was many topping and gallant rich guests;
And for joy the bells rung all over the town,
And bottles of claret went merrily round.

When Catskin was married, her fame to raise,
To see her modest carriage all gave her the praise;
Thus her charming beauty the squire did win,
And who lives so great as he and Catskin?

PART V.

Now in the fifth part I'll endeavour to shew,
How things with her parents and sister did go;
Her mother and sister of life [are] bereft,
And all alone the old knight he was left.

And hearing his daughter being married so brave,
He said, "In my noddle a fancy I have;
Drest like a poor man a journey I'll make,
And see if on me some pity she'll take.

Then drest like a beggar he goes to the gate,
Where stood his daughter, who appear'd very great;
He said, "Noble lady, a poor man I be,
And am now forced to crave charity."

With a blush she asked him from whence he came,
With that then he told her, and also his name;
She said, "I'm your daughter, whom you slighted so,
Yet, nevertheless, to you kindness I'll shew.

"Thro' mercy the Lord hath provided for me.
Now, father, come in and sit down," then said she.
Then the best of provisions the house could afford,
For to make him welcome was set on the board.

She said, "Thou art welcome; feed hearty, I pray;
And, if you are willing, with me you shall stay
So long as you live." Then he made this reply,
"I am only come thy love for to try

'Thro' mercy, my child, I am rich, and not poor;
I have gold and silver enough now in store;
And for the love that at thy house I have found,
For a portion I'll give thee ten thousand pounds."

So in a few days after, as I understand,
This man he went home and sold off his land;
And ten thousand pounds to his daughter did give,
And now altogether in love they do live.

THE TAMING OF A SHREW.

RITSON'S *Ancient Songs and Ballads*, ii. 242. "From one of the Sloan MSS. in the Museum, No. 1489. The writing of Charles the First's time." A far superior poem on the very popular subject of the disciplining of wives is that of *The Wife Lapped in Morels Skin*, printed in Utterson's *Select Pieces of Early Popular Poetry*, ii. 173, and as an appendix to the Shakespeare Society's edition of the old *Taming of a Shrew*. As a counterpart to these pieces may be mentioned the amusing poem called *An Ballad of Matrymonie*, in Laing's *Select Remains*, or *The Honeymoon*, Aytoun's *Ballads of Scotland*, i. 284.

AL you that are assembled heere,
Come listen to my song,
But first a pardon I must crave,
For feare of further wrong;
I must entreat thes good wyves al
They wil not angrye be,

And I will sing a merrye song,
If they thereto agree.

Because the song I mean to sing
Doth touch them most of all,
And loth I were that any one
With me shold chide and brawle.
I have anough of that at home,
At boarde, and eake in bed;
And once for singing this same song
My wyfe did breake my head.

But if thes good wyves all be pleasd,
And pleased be the men,
Ile venture one more broken pate,
To sing it once agayne.
But first Ile tell you what it's cald,
For feare you heare no more;
'Tis calde the Taming of a Shrew,
Not often sung before.

And if I then shall sing the rest,
A signe I needs must have;
Hold but your finger up to me,
Or hem,—that's al I crave—
Then wil I sing it with a harte,
And to it roundelye goe;
You know my mynde, now let me see
Whether I shal sing't or no. *Hem.*

Well then, I see you willing are
That I shall sing the reste;

To pleasure al thes good wyves heire
I meane to do my best.
For I do see even by their lookes
No hurte to me they thinke,
And thus it chancte upon a tyme,
(But first give me a drinke.)

Not long agoe a lustye lad
Did woe a livelye lasse,
And long it was before he cold
His purpose bring to passe;
Yet at the lenth it thus fell out,
She granted his petition,
That she would be his wedded wyfe,
But yet on this condicion.

That she shold weare the breeches on
For one yeare and a day,
And not to be controld of him
Whatsoere she'd do or say.[1]
She rulde, shee raignd, she had hir wil
Even as she wold require;
But marke what fell out afterwards,
Good wyves I you desyre.

She made him weary of his lyfe;
He wisht that death wold come,
And end his myserye at once,
Ere that the yeare was run;
He thought it was the longest yeare
That was since he was borne.

[1] she did or said.

But he cold not the matter mend,
For he was thereto sworne.

Yet hath the longest day his date;
For this we al do know,
Although the day be neer soe long,
To even soone wil it goe.
So fell it out with hir at lenth,
The yeare was now come out;
The sun, and moone, and all the starres,
Their race had run about.

Then he began to rouse himselfe,
And to his wyfe he saide,
"Since that your raigne is at an end,
Now know me for your heade."
But she that had borne swaye so long
Wold not be under brought,
But stil hir tounge on pattens ran,
Though many blowes she caught.

He bet hir backe, he bet hir syde,
He bet hir blacke and blew;
But for all this she wolde not mend,
But worse and worse she grew.
When that he saw she wolde not mend,
Another way wrought hee;
He mewde hir up as men mew hawkes,
Where noe light she cold see.

And kept hir without meate or drinke
For four dayes space and more;

Yet for all this she was as ill
As ere she was before.
When that he saw she wold not mend,
Nor that she wold be quiet,
Neither for stroakes nor locking up,
Nor yet for want of dyet,

He was almost at his wits end,
He knew not what to doe;
So that with gentlenes againe
He gane his wyfe to woo.
But she soone bad him holde his peace,
And sware it was his best,
But then he thought him of a wyle
Which made him be at rest.

He told a frend or two of his
What he had in his mynde;
Who went with him into his house,
And when they all had dynde,
"Good wyfe," quoth he, "thes frends of myne
Come hither for your good;
There lyes a vayne under your toung,
Must now be letten blood."

Then she began to use hir tearmes,
And rayléd at them fast;
Yet bound they hir for al hir strenth
Unto a poaste at laste,
And let hir blood under the toung,
And tho she bled full sore,
Yet did she rayle at them as fast
As ere she raylde before.

"Wel then," quoth he, "the faulte I see,
She hath it from her mother;
It is hir teeth infects hir toung,
And it can be noe other;
And since I now doe know the cause,
Whatsoever to me befall,
Ile plucke hir teeth out of hir toung,
Perhaps hir toung and all."

And with a payre of pinsers strong
He pluckt a great tooth out,
And for to plucke another thence,
He quicklye went about.
But then she held up both her hands,
And did for mercye pray,
Protesting that against his will,
She wold not doe nor saye.

Whereat hir husband was right glad,
That she had changde hir mynde,
For from that tyme unto hir death
She proved both good and kynde.
Then did he take hir from the poast,
And did unbind hir then;
I wold al shrews were served thus;
Al good wyves say Amen.

TITUS ANDRONICUS'S COMPLAINT.

On the 6th of February, 1593–4, *A Noble Roman Historye of Tytus Andronicus*, was entered in the Stationers' Registers, to John Danter, and also "the ballad thereof." The earliest known edition of Shakespeare's play was in 1600. The differences between this play and the ballad are thus stated by Percy.

"In the ballad is no mention of the contest for the empire between the two brothers, the composing of which makes the ungrateful treatment of Titus afterwards the more flagrant: neither is there any notice taken of his sacrificing one of Tamora's sons, which the tragic poet has assigned as the original cause of all her cruelties. In the play, Titus loses twenty-one of his sons in war, and kills another for assisting Bassianus to carry off Lavinia; the reader will find it different in the ballad. In the latter she is betrothed to the Emperor's son: in the play to his brother. In the tragedy, only two of his sons fall into the pit, and the third, being banished, returns to Rome with a victorious army, to avenge the wrongs of his house: in the ballad, all three are entrapped, and suffer death. In the scene, the Emperor kills Titus, and is in return stabbed by Titus's surviving son. Here Titus kills the Emperor, and afterwards himself." * * * * *

"The following is given from a copy in *The Golden Garland*, entitled as above; compared with three others, two of them in black letter in the Pepys col-

ection, entitled *The Lamentable and Tragical History of Titus Andronicus*, &c. To the Tune of *Fortune*. Printed for E. Wright.—Unluckily, none of these have any dates." Percy's *Reliques*, i. 238.

You noble minds, and famous martiall wights,
That in defence of native country fights,
Give eare to me, that ten yeeres fought for Rome,
Yet reapt disgrace at my returning home.

In Rome I lived in fame fulle threescore yeeres,
My name beloved was of all my peeres;
Fulle five-and-twenty valiant sonnes I had,
Whose forwarde vertues made their father glad.

*

For when Romes foes their warlike forces bent,
Against them stille my sonnes and I were sent;
Against the Goths full ten yeeres weary warre
We spent, receiving many a bloudy scarre.

Just two-and-twenty of my sonnes were slaine
Before we did returne to Rome againe:
Of five-and-twenty sonnes, I brought but three
Alive, the stately towers of Rome to see.

When wars were done, I conquest home did bring,
And did present my prisoners to the king,
The queene of Goths, her sons, and eke a Moore,
Which did such murders, like was nere before.

The emperour did make this queene his wife,
Which bred in Rome debate and deadly strife;

The Moore, with her two sonnes, did growe soe proud,
That none like them in Rome might bee allowd.

The Moore soe pleas'd this new-made empress' eie,
That she consented to him secretlye
For to abuse her husbands marriage bed,
And soe in time a blackamore she bred.

Then she, whose thoughts to murder were inclinde,
Consented with the Moore of bloody minde,
Against myselfe, my kin, and all my friendes,
In cruell sort to bring them to their endes.

Soe when in age I thought to live in peace,
Both care and griefe began then to increase:
Amongst my sonnes I had one daughter bright,
Which joy'd and pleased best my aged sight.

My deare Lavinia was betrothed than
To Cesars sonne, a young and noble man:
Who, in a hunting, by the emperours wife,
And her two sonnes, bereaved was of life.

He, being slaine, was cast in cruel wise
Into a darksome den from light of skies:
The cruell Moore did come that way as then
With my three sonnes, who fell into the den.

The Moore then fetcht the emperour with speed,
For to accuse them of that murderous deed;
And when my sonnes within the den were found,
In wrongfull prison they were cast and bound.

But nowe behold what wounded most my mind:
The empresses two sonnes, of savage kind,
My daughter ravished without remorse,
And took away her honour, quite perforce.

When they had tasted of soe sweete a flowre,
Fearing this sweete should shortly turne to sowre,
They cutt her tongue, whereby she could not tell
How that dishonoure unto her befell.

Then both her hands they basely cutt off quite,
Whereby their wickednesse she could not write,
Nor with her needle on her sampler sowe
The bloudye workers of her direfull woe.

My brother Marcus found her in the wood,
Staining the grassie ground with purple bloud,
That trickled from her stumpes, and bloudlesse armes:
Noe tongue at all she had to tell her harmes.

But when I sawe her in that woefull case,
With teares of bloud I wet mine aged face:
For my Lavinia I lamented more
Then for my two-and-twenty sonnes before.

When as I sawe she could not write nor speake,
With grief mine aged heart began to breake;
We spred an heape of sand upon the ground,
Whereby those bloudy tyrants out we found.

For with a staffe, without the helpe of hand.
She writt these wordes upon the plat of sand:

"The lustfull sonnes of the proud emperesse
Are doers of this hateful wickednesse."

I tore the milk-white hairs from off mine head,
I curst the houre wherein I first was bred;
I wisht this hand, that fought for countries fame,
In cradle rockt, had first been stroken lame.

The Moore, delighting still in villainy,
Did say, to sett my sonnes from prison free,
I should unto the king my right hand give,
And then my three imprisoned sonnes should live.

The Moore I caus'd to strike it off with speede,
Whereat I grieved not to see it bleed,
But for my sonnes would willingly impart,
And for their ransome send my bleeding heart.

But as my life did linger thus in paine,
They sent to me my bootlesse hand againe,
And therewithal the heades of my three sonnes,
Which filled my dying heart with fresher moanes.

Then past reliefe, I upp and downe did goe,
And with my teares writ in the dust my woe:
I shot my arrowes towards heaven hie,
And for revenge to hell often did crye.

The empresse then, thinking that I was mad,
Like Furies she and both her sonnes were clad,
(She nam'd Revenge, and Rape and Murder they)
To undermine and heare what I would say.

I fed their foolish veines a certaine space,[1]
Untill my friendes did find a secret place,
Where both her sonnes unto a post were bound,
And just revenge in cruell sort was found.

I cut their throates, my daughter held the pan
Betwixt her stumpes, wherein the bloud it ran:
And then I ground their bones to powder small,
And made a paste for pyes streight therewithall.

Then with their fleshe I made two mighty pyes,
And at a banquet, served in stately wise,
Before the empresse set this loathsome meat;
So of her sonnes own flesh she well did eat.

Myselfe bereav'd my daughter then of life,
The empresse then I slewe with bloudy knife,
And stabb'd the emperour immediatelie,
And then myself: even soe did Titus die.

Then this revenge against the Moore was found;
Alive they sett him halfe in the ground,
Whereas he stood untill such time he starv'd:
And soe God send all murderers may be serv'd.

[1] i. e. encouraged them in their foolish humours, or fancies. P.

JOHN DORY.

This ballad, formerly a very great favorite, and continually alluded to in works of the 16th and 17th centuries, is found among the "Freemen's Songs of three voices" in *Deuteromelia*, 1609; also in Playford's *Musical Companion*, 1687, and for one voice in *Wit and Mirth, or Pills to Purge Melancholy*, vol. i. 1698 and 1707. It is, however, much older than any of these books.

Carew, in his *Survey of Cornwall*, 1602, p. 135, writes: "Moreover, the prowess of one Nicholas, son to a widow near Foy, is descanted upon in an old three-man's song, namely, how he fought bravely at sea with John Dory, (a Genowey, as I conjecture,) set forth by John, the French King, and, after much bloodshed on both sides, took, and slew him, in revenge of the great ravine and cruelty which he had fore committed upon the Englishmen's goods and bodies." The only King John that could be meant here is of course John II. the Good, (see v. 10,) who was taken prisoner at Poitiers, and died in 1364. No John Doria is mentioned as being in the service of John the Good. — Ritson's *Ancient Songs*, ii. 57, and Chappell's *Popular Music*, p. 67.

As it fell on a holy-day,
And upon 'a' holy-tide-a,
John Dory bought him an ambling nag,
To Paris for to ride-a.

And when John Dory to Paris was come,
A little before the gate-a,
John Dory was fitted, the porter was witted,
To let him in thereat-a.

The first man that John Dory did meet,
Was good king John of France-a;
John Dory could well of his courtesie,
But fell downe in a trance-a.

"A pardon, a pardon, my liege and my king,
For my merie men and for me-a;
And all the churles in merie England,
Ile bring them all bound to thee-a."

And Nicholl was then a Cornish man,
A little beside Bohide-a,
And he mande forth a good blacke barke,
With fifty good oares on a side-a.

"Run up, my boy, unto the maine top,
And looke what thou canst spie-a:"
"Who ho! who ho! a goodly ship I do see,
I trow it be John Dory-a."

They hoist their sailes, both top and top,
The meisseine and all was tride-a;
And every man stood to his lot,
Whatever should betide-a.

The roring cannons then were plide,
And dub-a-dub went the drumme-a;
The braying trumpets lowd they cride,
To courage both all and some-a.

The grapling-hooks were brought at length,
The browne bill and the sword-a;
John Dory at length, for all his strength,
Was clapt fast under board-a.

SIR EGLAMORE.

Courage Crowned with Conquest: Or, a brief relation how that valiant knight and heroick champion, Sir Eglamore, bravely fought with, and manfully slew, a terrible huge great monstrous dragon. To a pleasant new tune.

This ballad is found "in *The Melancholie Knight*, by Samuel Rowlands, 1615; in the *Antidote to Melancholy*, 1661; in *Merry Drollery Complete*, 1661; in Dryden's *Miscellany Poems*, iv. 104; in the "Bagford and Roxburghe collections of Ballads," &c. (Chappell.) The various editions differ considerably. The following is from Ritson's *Ancient Songs*, (ed. 1790,) p. 211, where it was reprinted from a black-letter copy dated 1672.

Sir Eglamore, that valiant knight,
With his fa, la, lanctre down dilie,
He fetcht his sword and he went to fight,
With his fa, la, lanctre, &c.
As he went over hill and dale,
All cloathed in his coat of male,
With his fa, la, lanctre, &c.

A huge great dragon leapt out of his den,
Which had killed the Lord knows how many men;
But when he saw Sir Eglamore,
Good lack had ye seen how this dragon did roare!

This dragon he had a plaguy hide,
Which could both sword and spear abide;
He could not enter with hacks and cuts,
Which vext the knight to the very hearts blood and guts.

All the trees in the wood did shake,
Stars did tremble, and men did quake;
But had ye seen how the birds lay peeping,
'Twould have made a mans heart to fall a-weeping

But it was too late to fear,
For now it was come to fight dog, fight bear;
And as a yawning he did fall,
He thrust his sword in, hilt and all.

But now as the knight in choler did burn,
He owed the dragon a shrewd good turn:
In at his mouth his sword he bent,
The hilt appeared at his fundament.

Then the dragon, like a coward, began to fly
Unto his den, that was hard by;
And there he laid him down and roar'd;
The knight was vexed for his sword.

"The sword, that was a right good blade,
As ever Turk or Spaniard made,

I for my part do forsake it,
And he that will fetch it, let him take it."

When all this was done, to the ale-house he went,
And by and by his two pence he spent;
For he was so hot with tugging with the dragon,
That nothing would quench him but a whole flaggon.

Now God preserve our King and Queen,
And eke in London may be seen
As many knights, and as many more,
And all so good as Sir Eglamore.

JEPHTHAH, JUDGE OF ISRAEL.

We have thought it necessary to include in this collection one or two specimens of ballads founded on stories in the Jewish Scriptures. Besides those here selected, it may be well to refer to the following: *The Constancy of Susanna*, (cited in *Twelfth Night*,) Evans, i. 11; *David and Bathsheba*, *id.* p. 291; *Tobias*, *Old Ballads*, ii. 158; *Holofernes*, *The Garland of Goodwill*, p. 85, and *Old Ballads*, ii. 166.

Every one will remember that the ballad of *Jephthah* is quoted in *Hamlet* (Act II. sc. 2). Percy published an imperfect copy of this piece, written down from the recollection of a lady (*Reliques*, i. 193). The following is from a black-letter copy reprinted in Evans, i. 7, which was entitled "*Jepha, Judge of Israel.*"

I HAVE read that many years agoe,
When Jeph[th]a, judge of Israel,
Had one fair daughter and no moe,[1]
Whom he loved passing well.
And as by lot, God wot,
It came to passe, most like it was,
Great warrs there should be,
And who should be the chiefe but he, but he,

When Jeph[th]a was appointed now
Chiefe captain of the company,
To God the Lord he made a vow,
If he might have the victory,
At his return, to burn,
For his offering, the first quick thing,
Should meet with him then,
From his house when he came agen, agen,

It chanced so these warrs were done,
And home he came with victory;
His daughter out of doors did run
To meet her father speedily:
And all the way did play
To taber and pipe, and many a stripe,
And notes full high,
For joy that he was so nigh, so nigh.

When Jeph[th]a did perceive and see
His daughter firm and formostly,
He rent his cloths, and tore his haire,
And shrieked out most piteously:

[1] more.

" For thou art she," quoth he,
" Hath brought me low—alas, for woe!
And troubled me so,
That I cannot tell what to doe, to doe.

" For I have made a vow," quoth he,
Which must not be diminishéd;
A sacrifice to God on high;
My promise must be finishéd."
" As ye have spoke, provoke
No further care, but to prepare
Your will to fulfill,
According to God's will, God's will.

" For sithence God has given you might
To overcome your enemies,
Let one be offer'd up, as right,
For to perform all promises.
And this let be," quoth she,
" As thou hast said; be not afraid;
Although it be I,
Keep promise with God on high, on high.

" But father, do so much for me
As let me go to wildernesse,
There to bewaile my virginity,
Three months to bemoan my heavinesse.
And let there go some moe,
Like maids with me." " Content," quoth he,
And sent her away,
To mourn till her latter day, her day.

And when that time was come and gone
That she should sacrificed be,

This virgin sacrificed was,
For to fulfill all promises.
As some say, for aye
The virgins there, three times a year,
Like sorrow fulfill
For the daughter of Jeph[th]a still, still, still.

SAMSON.

Evans's *Old Ballads*, i. 283, from a black-letter copy.

When Samson was a tall young man,
His power and strength increased then,
And in the host and tribe of Dan
The Lord did bless him still.
It chanced so upon a day,
As he was walking on his way,
He saw a maiden fresh and gay
In Timnath.

With whom he fell so sore in love,
That he his fancy could not move;
His parents therefore he did prove,
And craved their good wills:
"I have found out a wife," quoth he;
"I pray ye, father, give her me;
Though she a stranger's daughter be,
I pass not."

Then did bespeak his parents dear,
"Have we not many maidens here,

Of country and acquaintance near,
For thee to love and like?"
"O no," quoth Samson presently,
"Not one so pleasant in my eye,
Whom I could find so faithfully
To fancy."

At length they granted their consent,
And so with Samson forth they went;
To see the maid was their intent,
Which was so fair and bright.
But as they were a-going there,
A lion put them in great fear,
Whom Samson presently did tear
In pieces.

When they were come unto the place,
They were agreed in the case;
The wedding day appointed was,
And when the time was come,
As Samson went for beauty's fees,
The lion's carcass there he sees,
Wherein a sort of honey bees
Had swarmed.

Then closely Samson went his way,
And not a word thereof did say,
Untill the merry feasting-day,
Unto the company.
"A riddle I will shew," quoth he;
"The meaning if you tell to me,
Within seven days I will give ye
Great riches.

"But if the meaning you do miss,
And cannot shew me what it is,
Then shall you give to me i-wiss
So much as I have said."
"Put forth the riddle then," quoth they,
"And we will tell it by our day,
Or we will lose, as thou dost say,
The wager."

"Then make," quoth he, "the total sum.
Out of the eater meat did come,
And from the strong did sweetness run;
Declare it, if you can."
And when they heard the riddle told,
Their hearts within them waxed cold,
For none of them could then unfold
The meaning.

Then unto Samson's wife went they,
And threatened her, without delay,
If she would not the thing bewray,
To burn her father's house.
Then Samson's wife, with grief and woe,
Desired him the same to shew,
And when she knew, she straight did go,
To tell them.

Then were they all full glad of this;
To tell the thing they did not miss;
"What stronger beast than a lion is?
What sweeter meat than honey?"
Then Samson answered them full round,

"If my heifer had not ploughed the ground,
So easily you had not found
My riddle.

Then Samson did his losses pay,
And to his father went his way:
But while[1] with them he there did stay,
His wife forsook him quite,
And took another to her love,
Which Samson's anger much did move:
To plague them therefore he did prove
His cunning.

A subtle thought he then had found,
To burn their corn upon the ground;
Their vineyards he destroyed round,
Which made them fret and fume.
But when they knew that Samson he
Had done them all this injury,
Because his wife did him deny,
They killed her.

And afterward they had decreed
To murder Samson for that deed;
Three thousand men they sent with speed,
To bring him bound to them.
But he did break his cords apace,
And with the jaw-bone of an ass
A thousand men, ere he did pass,
He killed.

[1] But wisht.

When all his foes were laid in dust,
Then Samson was full sore athirst;
In God therefore was all his trust,
To help his fainting heart:
For liquor thereabout was none:
The Lord therefore from the jaw-bone
Did make fresh water spring, alone
To help him.

Then Samson had a joyfull spright,
And in a city lay that night,
Whereas his foes, with deadly spite,
Did seek his life to spill:
But he at midnight then awakes,
And tearing down the city gates,
With him away the same he takes
Most stoutly.

Then on Delilah, fair and bright,
Did Samson set his whole delight,
Whom he did love both day and night,
Which wrought his overthrow.
For she with sweet words did entreat,
That for her sake he would repeat
Wherein his strength, that was so great,
Consisted.

At length, unto his bitter fall,
And through her suit, which was not small,
He did not let to show her all
The secrets of his heart.
"If that my hair be cut," quoth he,

"Which now so fair and long you see,
Like other men then shall I be
In weakness."

Then through deceit which was so deep,
She lulled Samson fast asleep;
A man she call'd, which she did keep,
To cut off all his hair.
Then did she call his hateful foes,
Ere Samson from her lap arose,
Who could not then withstand their blows,
For weakness.

To bind him fast they did devise,
Then did they put out both his eyes;
In prison wofully he lies,
And there he grinds the mill.
But God remembered all his pain,
And did restore his strength again,
Although that bound he did remain
In prison.

The Philistines now were glad of this;
For joy they made a feast i-wiss,
And all their princes did not miss
To come unto the same.
And being merry bent that day,
For Samson they did send straightway
That they might laugh to see him play
Among them.

Then to the house was Samson led,
And when he had their fancies fed,

He pluck'd the house upon their head,
And down they tumbled all.
So that with grief and deadly pain,
Three thousand persons there were slain;
Thus Samson then, with all his train,
Was brained.

QUEEN DIDO, OR, THE WANDERING PRINCE OF TROY.

Percy's *Reliques*, iii. 240, and Ritson's *Ancient Songs and Ballads*, ii. 101.

"Such is the title given in the Editor's folio MS. to this excellent old ballad, which, in the common printed copies, is inscribed, *Eneas, wandering Prince of Troy*. It is here given from that MS. collated with two different printed copies, both in black-letter, in the Pepys Collection." Percy.

As other ballads on classical subjects, may be mentioned *Constant Penelope*, *Reliques*, iii. 324; *Pyramus and Thisbe*, in *A Handfull of Pleasant Delites*, p. 42 (Park's *Heliconia*, vol. ii.); and *Hero and Leander* in Collier's *Roxburghe Ballads*, p. 227, from which was formed the song, or ballad, in the *Tea-Table Miscellany*, ii. 138, Ritson's *Scotish Songs*, ii. 198, &c.

When Troy towne had, for ten yeeres 'past,'
Withstood the Greekes in manfull wise,

Then did their foes encrease soe fast,
That to resist none could suffice:
Wast lye those walls, that were soe good,
And corne now growes where Troy towne stoode.

Æneas, wandering prince of Troy,
When he for land long time had sought,
At length arriving with great joy,
To mighty Carthage walls was brought;
Where Dido queene, with sumptuous feast,
Did entertaine that wandering guest.

And, as in hall at meate they sate,
The queene, desirous newes to heare,
Says, "Of thy Troys unhappy fate,
Declare to me, thou Trojan deare:
The heavy hap and chance soe bad,
That thou, poore wandering prince, hast had."

And then anon this comelye knight,
With words demure, as he cold well,
Of his unhappy ten yeares 'fight,'
Soe true a tale began to tell,
With wordes soe sweete, and sighes soe deepe,
That oft he made them all to weepe.

And then a thousand sighes he fet,
And every sigh brought teares amaine;
That where he sate the place was wett,
As though he had seene those warrs againe:
Soe that the queene, with ruth therfore,
Said, "Worthy prince, enough, no more."

1, 21. war. MS. and pr. cop.

And then the darksome night drew on,
And twinkling starres the skye bespred,
When he his dolefull tale had done,
And every one was layd in bedd:
Where they full sweetly tooke their rest,
Save only Dido's boyling brest.

This silly woman never slept,
But in her chamber, all alone,
As one unhappye, alwayes wept,
And to the walls shee made her mone;
That she shold still desire in vaine
The thing she never must obtaine.

And thus in grieffe she spent the night,
Till twinkling starres the skye were fled,
And Phœbus, with his glistering light,
Through misty cloudes appeared red;
Then tidings came to her anon,
That all the Trojan shipps were gone.

And then the queene with bloody knife
Did arme, her hart as hard as stone;
Yet, something loth to loose her life,
In woefull wise she made her mone;
And, rowling on her carefull bed,
With sighes and sobbes, these words shee sayd:

"O wretched Dido queene!" quoth shee,
"I see thy end approacheth neare;
For hee is fled away from thee,
Whom thou didst love and hold so deare:

What, is he gone, and passed by?
O hart, prepare thyselfe to dye.

"Though reason says thou shouldst forbeare,
And stay thy hand from bloudy stroke,
Yet fancy bids thee not to fear,
Which fetter'd thee in Cupids yoke.
Come death," quoth shee, "resolve my smart!"—
And with those words shee peerced her hart.

When death had pierced the tender hart
Of Dido, Carthaginian queene,
Whose bloudy knife did end the smart,
Which shee sustain'd in mournfull teene,
Æneas being shipt and gone,
Whose flattery caused all her mone,

Her funerall most costly made,
And all things finisht mournfullye,
Her body fine in mold was laid,
Where itt consumed speedilye:
Her sisters teares her tombe bestrewde,
Her subjects griefe their kindnesse shewed.

Then was Æneas in an ile
In Grecya, where he stayd long space,
Whereas her sister in short while
Writt to him to his vile disgrace;
In speeches bitter to his mind
Shee told him plaine he was unkind.

"False-harted wretch," quoth shee, "thou art;
And traiterouslye thou hast betraid

Unto thy lure a gentle hart,
Which unto thee much welcome made;
My sister deare, and Carthage' joy,
Whose folly bred her deere annoy.

"Yett on her death-bed when shee lay,
Shee prayd for thy prosperitye,
Beseeching God, that every day
Might breed thy great felicitye:
Thus by thy meanes I lost a friend;
Heaven send thee such untimely end."

When he these lines, full fraught with gall,
Perused had, and wayed them right,
His lofty courage then did fall;
And straight appeared in his sight
Queene Dido's ghost, both grim and pale;
Which made this valliant souldier quaile.

"Æneas," quoth this ghastly ghost,
"My whole delight, when I did live,
Thee of all men I loved most;
My fancy and my will did give;
For entertainment I thee gave,
Unthankefully thou didst me grave.

"Therfore prepare thy flitting soule
To wander with me in the aire,
Where deadlye griefe shall make it howle,
Because of me thou tookst no care:
Delay not time, thy glasse is run,
Thy date is past, thy life is done."

"O stay a while, thou lovely sprite;
Be not soe hasty to convay
My soule into eternall night,
Where itt shall ne're behold bright day:
O doe not frowne; thy angry looke
Hath made my breath my life forsooke.

"But, woe is me! all is in vaine,
And bootless is my dismall crye;
Time will not be recalled againe,
Nor thou surcease before I dye.
O lett me live, and make amends
To some of thy most dearest friends.

"But seeing thou obdurate art,
And wilt no pittye on me show,
Because from thee I did depart,
And left unpaid what I did owe,
I must content myselfe to take
What lott to me thou wilt partake."

And thus, as one being in a trance,
A multitude of uglye feinds
About this woffull prince did dance:
He had no helpe of any friends:
His body then they tooke away,
And no man knew his dying day.

GEORGE BARNWELL.

Percy's *Reliques*, iii. 297.

"THE subject of this ballad is sufficiently popular from the modern play which is founded upon it. This was written by George Lillo, a jeweller of London, and first acted about 1730.—As for the ballad, it was printed at least as early as the middle of the last century.

"It is here given from three old printed copies, which exhibit a strange intermixture of Roman and black-letter. It is also collated with another copy in the Ashmole Collection at Oxford, which is thus entitled: "*An excellent ballad of George Barnwell, a apprentice of London, who . . . thrice robbed his master, and murdered his uncle in Ludlow.* The tune is *The Merchant.*"

There is another copy in Ritson's *Ancient Songs*, ii. 156. Throughout the Second Part, the first line of each stanza has, in the old editions, two superfluous syllables, which Percy ejected; and Ritson has adopted the emendation.

THE FIRST PART.

ALL youths of fair England
That dwell both far and near
Regard my story that I tell,
And to my song give ear.

A London lad I was,
A merchant's prentice bound;
My name George Barnwell; that did spend
My master many a pound.

Take heed of harlots then,
And their enticing trains;
For by that means I have been brought
To hang alive in chains.

As I upon a day
Was walking through the street,
About my master's business,
A wanton I did meet.

A gallant dainty dame
And sumptuous in attire;
With smiling look she greeted me,
And did my name require.

Which when I had declar'd,
She gave me then a kiss,
And said, if I would come to her
I should have more than this.

"Fair mistress," then quoth I,
"If I the place may know,
This evening I will be with you;
For I abroad must go,

"To gather monies in,
That are my master's due:
And ere that I do home return
I'll come and visit you."

"Good Barnwell," then quoth she,
"Do thou to Shoreditch come,
And ask for Mrs. Milwood's house,
Next door unto the Gun.

"And trust me on my truth,
If thou keep touch with me,
My dearest friend, as my own heart
Thou shalt right welcome be."

Thus parted we in peace,
And home I passed right;
Then went abroad, and gathered in,
By six o'clock at night,

An hundred pound and one:
With bag under my arm
I went to Mrs. Millwood's house,
And thought on little harm.

And knocking at the door,
Straightway herself came down;
Rustling in most brave attire,
With hood and silken gown.

Who, through her beauty bright,
So gloriously did shine,
That she amaz'd my dazzling eyes,
She seemed so divine.

She took me by the hand,
And with a modest grace,
"Welcome, sweet Barnwell," then quoth she,
"Unto this homely place.

"And since I have thee found
As good as thy word to be,
A homely supper, ere we part,
Thou shalt take here with me."

"O pardon me," quoth I,
"Fair mistress, I you pray;
For why, out of my master's house
So long I dare not stay."

"Alas, good sir," she said,
"Are you so strictly ty'd,
You may not with your dearest friend
One hour or two abide?

"Faith, then the case is hard;
If it be so," quoth she,
"I would I were a prentice bound,
To live along with thee.

"Therefore, my dearest George,
List well what I shall say,
And do not blame a woman much,
Her fancy to bewray.

"Let not affection's force
Be counted lewd desire;
Nor think it not immodesty,
I should thy love require."

With that she turn'd aside,
And with a blushing red,
A mournful motion she bewray'd
By hanging down her head.

A handkerchief she had,
All wrought with silk and gold,
Which she, to stay her trickling tears,
Before her eyes did hold.

This thing unto my sight
Was wondrous rare and strange,
And in my soul and inward thought
It wrought a sudden change :

That I so hardy grew
To take her by the hand,
Saying, " Sweet mistress, why do you
So dull and pensive stand ? "

" Call me no mistress now,
But Sarah, thy true friend,
Thy servant, Milwood, honouring thee,
Until her life hath end.

" If thou wouldst here alledge
Thou art in years a boy ;
So was Adonis, yet was he
Fair Venus' only joy."

Thus I, who ne'er before
Of woman found such grace,
But seeing now so fair a dame
Give me a kind embrace,

I supt with her that night,
With joys that did abound ;
And for the same paid presently
In mony twice three pound.

An hundred kisses then,
For my farewel she gave;
Crying, "Sweet Barnwell, when shall I
Again thy company have?

"O stay not hence too long;
Sweet George, have me in mind:"
Her words bewicht my childishness,
She uttered them so kind.

So that I made a vow,
Next Sunday, without fail,
With my sweet Sarah once again
To tell some pleasant tale.

When she heard me say so,
The tears fell from her eye;
"O George," quoth she, "if thou dost fail,
Thy Sarah sure will dye."

Though long, yet loe! at last,
The appointed day was come,
That I must with my Sarah meet;
Having a mighty sum [1]

Of money in my hand,
Unto her house went I,
Whereas my love upon her bed
In saddest sort did lye.

[1] The having a sum of money with him on Sunday &c., shows this narrative to have been penned before the civil wars: the strict observance of the Sabbath was owing to the change of manners at that period. PERCY.

"What ails my heart's delight,
My Sarah dear?" quoth I;
"Let not my love lament and grieve,
Nor sighing pine and die.

"But tell me, dearest friend,
What may thy woes amend,
And thou shalt lack no means of help,
Though forty pound I spend."

With that she turn'd her head,
And sickly thus did say:
"Oh me, sweet George, my grief is great;
Ten pound I have to pay

Unto a cruel wretch;
And God he knows," quoth she,
"I have it not." "Tush, rise," I said,
"And take it here of me.

"Ten pounds, nor ten times ten,
Shall make my love decay;"
Then from my bag into her lap,
I cast ten pound straightway.

All blithe and pleasant then,
To banqueting we go;
She proffered me to lye with her,
And said it should be so.

And after that same time,
I gave her store of coyn,
Yea, sometimes fifty pound at once;
All which I did purloyn

And thus I did pass on;
Until my master then
Did call to have his reckoning in
Cast up among his men.

The which when as I heard,
I knew not what to say:
For well I knew that I was out
Two hundred pound that day.

Then from my master straight
I ran in secret sort;
And unto Sarah Milwood there
My case I did report.

But how she used this youth,
In this his care and woe,
And all a strumpet's wiley ways,
The second part may showe.

THE SECOND PART.

"YOUNG Barnwell comes to thee,
Sweet Sarah, my delight;
I am undone, unless thou stand
My faithful friend this night.

"Our master to accompts
Hath just occasion found;
And I am caught behind the hand
Above two hundred pound.

"And now his wrath to 'scape,
My love, I fly to thee,

Hoping some time I may remaine
In safety here with thee."

With that she knit her brows,
And looking all aquoy,
Quoth she, "What should I have to do
With any prentice boy?

"And seeing you have purloyn'd
Your master's goods away,
The case is bad, and therefore here
You shall no longer stay."

"Why, dear, thou know'st," I said,
"How all which I could get,
"I gave it, and did spend it all
Upon thee every whit."

Quoth she, "Thou art a knave,
To charge me in this sort,
Being a woman of credit fair,
And known of good report.

"Therefore I tell thee flat,
Be packing with good speed;
I do defie thee from my heart,
And scorn thy filthy deed."

"Is this the friendship, that
You did to me protest?
Is this the great affection, which
You so to me exprest?

"Now fie on subtle shrews!
The best is, I may speed
To get a lodging any where
For money in my need.

"False woman, now farewell;
Whilst twenty pound doth last,
My anchor in some other haven
With freedom I will cast."

When she perceiv'd by this,
I had store of money there,
"Stay, George," quoth she, "thou art too quick:
Why, man, I did but jeer.

"Dost think for all my speech,
That I would let thee go?
Faith, no," said she, "my love to thee
I-wiss is more than so."

"You scorne a prentice boy,
I heard you just now swear:
Wherefore I will not trouble you:"
"Nay, George, hark in thine ear;

"Thou shalt not go to-night,
What chance soe're befall;
But man, we'll have a bed for thee,
Or else the devil take all."

So I by wiles bewitcht,
And snar'd with fancy still,
Had then no power to 'get' away,
Or to withstand her will.

For wine on wine I call'd,
And cheer upon good cheer,
And nothing in the world I thought
For Sarah's love too dear.

Whilst in her company,
I had such merriment,
All, all too little I did think,
That I upon her spent.

"A fig for care and thought!
When all my gold is gone,
In faith, my girl, we will have more,
Whoever I light upon.

"My father's rich; why then
Should I want store of gold?"
"Nay, with a father, sure," quoth she,
"A son may well make bold."

"I've a sister richly wed;
I'll rob her ere I'll want."
"Nay then," quoth Sarah, "they may well
Consider of your scant."

"Nay, I an uncle have;
At Ludlow he doth dwell;
He is a grazier, which in wealth
Doth all the rest excell.

"Ere I will live in lack,
And have no coyn for thee,
I'll rob his house, and murder him."
"Why should you not?" quoth she

"Was I a man, ere I
Would live in poor estate,
On father, friends, and all my kin,
I would my talons grate.

"For without money, George,
A man is but a beast:
But bringing money, thou shalt be
Always my welcome guest.

"For shouldst thou be pursued
With twenty hues and cryes,
And with a warrant searched for
With Argus' hundred eyes,

"Yet here thou shalt be safe;
Such privy wayes there be,
That if they sought an hundred years,
They could not find out thee."

And so carousing both
Their pleasures to content,
George Barnwell had in little space
His money wholly spent.

Which done, to Ludlow straight
He did provide to go,
To rob his wealthy uncle there;
His minion would it so.

And once he thought to take
His father by the way,

But that he fear'd his master had
Took order for his stay.[1]

Unto his uncle then
He rode with might and main,
Who with a welcome and good cheer
Did Barnwell entertain.

One fortnight's space he stayed,
Until it chanced so,
His uncle with his cattle did
Unto a market go.

His kinsman rode with him,
Where he did see right plain,
Great store of money he had took:
When, coming home again,

Sudden within a wood,
He struck his uncle down,
And beat his brains out of his head;
So sore he crackt his crown.

Then seizing fourscore pound,
To London straight he hyed,
And unto Sarah Millwood all
The cruell fact descryed.

"Tush, 'tis no matter, George,
So we the money have

[1] i. e. for stopping and apprehending him at his father's.

To have good cheer in jolly sort,
And deck us fine and brave."

Thus lived in filthy sort,
Until their store was gone:
When means to get them any more,
I-wis poor George had none.

Therefore in railing sort,
She thrust him out of door;
Which is the just reward of those,
Who spend upon a whore.

" O do me not disgrace
In this my need," quoth he:
She called him thief and murderer,
With all the spight might be.

To the constable she sent,
To have him apprehended;
And shewed how far, in each degree,
He had the laws offended.

When Barnwell saw her drift,
To sea he got straightway;
Where fear and sting of conscience
Continually on him lay.

Unto the lord mayor then,
He did a letter write,
In which his own and Sarah's fault
He did at large recite.

Whereby she seized was,
And then to Ludlow sent,
Where she was judg'd, condemn'd, and hang'd,
For murder incontinent.

There dyed this gallant quean,
Such was her greatest gains;
For murder in Polonia,
Was Barnwell hang'd in chains.

Lo! here's the end of youth
That after harlots haunt,
Who in the spoil of other men
About the streets do flaunt.

THE DUKE OF ATHOL'S NURSE.

From Buchan's *Ballads of the North of Scotland*, ii. 23. Annexed is a less perfect copy from Kinloch's collection. A fragment of this piece is printed in Cromek's *Select Scottish Songs by R. Burns*, (ii. 196.) with some stanzas of *Willy's drowned in Yarrow*, (vol. ii. p. 181, of this collection.) Mr. Aytoun has made up a very good ballad from several copies; *Ballads of Scotland*, 2, 236.

As I gaed in yon greenwood side,
I heard a fair maid singing;
Her voice was sweet, she sang sae complete,
That all the woods were ringing.

"O I'm the Duke o' Athole's nurse,
My post is well becoming;
But I wou'd gie a' my half-year's fee,
For ae sight o' my leman."

"Ye say, ye're the Duke o' Athole's nurse,
Your post is well becoming;
Keep well, keep well your half-year's fee,
Ye'se hae twa sights o' your leman."

He lean'd him ower his saddle bow,
And cannilie kiss'd his dearie;
"Ohon, and alake! anither has my heart,
And I darena mair come near thee!"

'Ohon, and alake! if anither hae your heart,
These words hae fairly undone me;

But let us set a time, tryst to meet again,
Then in gude friends you will twine me!"

"Ye will do you down to yon tavern house,
And drink till the day be dawing;
And, as sure as I ance had a love for you,
I'll come there and clear your lawing.

"Ye'll spare not the wine, altho' it be fine,
Nae Malago, tho' it be rarely;
But ye'll aye drink the bonnie lassie's health
That's to clear your lawing fairly."

Then he's done him down to yon tavern house,
And drank till day was dawing;
And aye he drank the bonny lassie's health
That was coming to clear his lawing.

And aye as he birled, and aye as he drank
The gude beer and the brandy,
He spar'd not the wine, altho' it was fine,
The sack nor the sugar candy.

"It's a wonder to me," the knight he did say,
"My bonnie lassie's sae delaying;
She promis'd, as sure as she loved me ance,
She wou'd be here by the dawing."

He's done him to a shott window,
A little before the dawing,
And there he spied her nine brothers bauld,
Were coming to betray him.

"Where shall I rin, where shall I gang,
Or where shall I gang hide me?
She that was to meet me in friendship this day,
Has sent nine men to slay me!"

He's gane to the landlady o' the house,
Says, "O can you supply me?
For she that was to meet me in friendship this day
Has sent nine men to slay me!

She gae him a suit o' her ain female claise,
And set him to the baking;
The bird never sang mair sweet on the bush,
Nor the knight sung at the baking.

As they came in at the ha' door,
Sae loudly as they rappit,
And when they came upon the floor,
Sae loudly as they chappit!

"O had ye a stranger here last night,
Who drank till the day was dawing?
Come, show us the chamber where he lyes in,
We'll shortly clear his lawing."

"I had nae stranger here last night,
That drank till the day was dawing;
But ane that took a pint, and paid it ere he went,
And there's naething to clear o' his lawing."

A lad amang the rest, being o' a merry mood,
To the young knight fell a-talking;
The wife took her foot, and gae him a kick,
Says, "Be busy, ye jilt, at your baking."

They stabbed the house, baith but and ben,
The curtains they spared nae riving,
And for a' that they did search and ca',
For a kiss o' the knight they were striving.

THE DUKE OF ATHOL'S NOURICE.

Kinloch's *Ancient Scottish Ballads*, p. 127.

As I cam in by Athol's yetts,
I heard a fair maid singing;
"I am the Duke o' Athol's nourice,
And I wat it weel does set me;
And I wad gie a' my half-year's fee,
For ae sicht o' my Johnie."

"Keep weel, keep weel, your half-year's fee,
For ye'll soon get a sicht o' your Johnie;
But anither woman has my heart,
And I am sorry for to leave ye."

"Ye'll dow ye doun to yon change-house,
And drink till the day be dawing;
At ilka pint's end ye'll drink the lass' health,
That's coming to pay the lawing."

He hied him doun to yon change-house,
And he drank till the day was dawing;
And at ilka pint's end he drank the lass' health,
That was coming to pay for his lawing.

Aye he ranted, and aye he sang,
And drank till the day was dawing;
And aye he drank the bonnie lass' health,
That was coming to pay the lawing.

He spared na the sack, though it was dear,
The wine, nor the sugar-candy;
* * * *
* * *

He has dune him to the shot-window,
To see gin she war coming;
There he saw the duke and a' his merry men,
That oure the hill cam rinning.

He has dune him to the landlady,
To see gin she wad protect him;
She buskit him up into woman's claise,
And set him till a baking.

Sae loudlie as they rappit at the yett,
Sae loudlie as they war calling;
"Had ye a young man here yestreen,
That drank till the day was dawing?"

"He drank but ae pint, and he paid it or he went,
And ye've na mair to do wi' the lawing."
They searchit the house a' round and round,
And they spared na the curtains to tear them;

While the landlady stood upo' the stair-head,
Crying, "Maid, be busy at your baking;"
They gaed as they cam, and left a' undone,
And left the bonnie maid at her baking.

THE HIREMAN CHIEL.

From *Scarce Ancient Ballads*, p. 17. The same in Buchan, ii. 109, *The Baron turned Ploughman.*

THERE was a knight, a barone bright,
A bauld barone was he,
And he had only but one son,
A comely youth to see.

He's brought him at schools nine,
So has he at schools ten,
But the boy learn'd to haud the plow
Among his father's men.

But it fell ance upon a day
The bauld barone did say,
"My son you maun gae court a wife,
And ane o high degree.

"Ye have lands, woods, rents, and bouirs,
Castels and touirs three;
Then go my son and seek some dame
To share that gift wi' thee."

"Yes, I have lands and woods, father,
Castels and touirs three;
But what if she like my lands and rents
Far more than she loves me?

"But I will go and seek a wife
That weel can please mine ee,
And I sall fairly try her love
Before she gang wi me."

He then took off the scarlet coat,
Bedeck'd wi shinin' gold,
And has put on the hireman's coat,
To keip him frae the cold.

He then laid past the studded sword,
That he could bravely draw,
And he's gone skipping down the stair,
Swift as the bird that flaw.

He took a stick into his hand,
Which he could bravely wiel,
And he's gane whistling o'er the lan',
Like a young hireman chiel.

And[1] he gaed up yon high high hill,
And low down i the glen,
And there he saw a gay castell,
Wi turrets nine or ten.

And he has gone on, and farther on,
Till to the yett drew he,
And there he saw a lady fair,
That pleas'd the young man's ee.

He went streight to the greave's chamber,
And with humilitie,

[1] As.

Said, "Have ye any kind of work
For a hireman chiel like me?"

"What is the work that ye intend,
Or how can we agree?
Can ye plow, reap, and sow the corn,
And a' for meat and fee?"

"Yes, I can plow, and reap, and mow,
And sow the corn too;
I can weel manage horse and cow,
And a' for meat and fee."

"If ye can haud the plow right weel,
And sow the corn too,
By faith and troth, my hireman chiel,
We shall not part for fee."

He['s] put his hand in his pocket,
And taen out shillings nine;
Says, "Take ye that, my hireman chiel,
And turn in here and dine."

He acted all he took in hand,
His master lov'd him weel,
And the young lady of the land
Fell in love wi the hireman chiel.

How oft she tried to drown the flame,
And oft wept bitterlie;
But still she lov'd the hireman chiel,
So well's he pleas'd her ee.

She has written a broad letter,
And seal'd it wi' her hand,
And dropt it at the stable door,
Where the young man did stand.

"I am in love, my hireman chiel,
I'm deip in love wi thee;
And if ye think me worth your love,
I' the garden green meet me."

When he had read the letter o'er,
A loud loud laugh gae he;
Said, "If I manage my business well,
I'm sure to get my fee."

At night they met behind a tree,
Low in the garden green,
To tell their tale among the flowers,
And view the e'ening scene.

Next morning by the rising sun,
She, with her maries fair,
Walk'd to the fields to see the plow,
And meet the hireman there.

"Good morn, good morn, my lady gay,
I wonder much at you,
To rise so early in the morn,
While fields are wet wi dew,
To hear the linnets on the thorn,
And see the plow-boy plow."

"But I wonder much at you, young man,
I wonder much at you,

That ye no other station have
Than hold my father's plow."

"I love as weel to rise each morn
As ye can your maries fair;
I love as weel to hold the plow
As I were your father's heir.

"If ye love me, as ye protest,
And I trust weel ye do,
The morn's night at eight o'clock,
In gude green wood meet me."

"Yes, I love you, my hireman chiel,
And that most tenderlie,
But when my virgin honor's gone,
I soon will slighted be."

"Take ye no dread, my lady gay,
Lat a your folly be;
If ye com a maiden to green wood,
You'll return the same for me."

The lady she went home again
Wi a mary on every hand;
She was so very sick in love,
She could not sit nor stand.

It was a dark and cloudy night,
No stars beam'd o'er the lea,
When the lady and the hireman met
Beneath a spreading tree.

He took the lady in his arms,
Embraced her tenderlie,
And thrice he kiss'd her rosy lips
Under the green wood tree.

"Hold off your hands, young man, I pray;
I wonder much at thee;
The man that holds my father's plow,
To lay his hands on me."

"No harm I mean, my winsome dame,
No impudence at a';
I never laid a hand on you
Till your libertie I saw."

"It is a dark and dismal night,
The dew is falling down;
I will go home, least I should spoil
My cap and satin gown."

"If you are wearied so soon,
Why did ye tryst me here?"
"I would not weary with you, my dear,
Tho this night were a year."

When morning beams began to peep
Among the branches green,
The lovers rose, and part to meet,
And tell their tale again.

"Ye will go home unto the plow,
Where often ye hae been;
I'll tak my mantle folded up,
And walk i the garden green.

"The barone and my mother dear
Will wonder what I mean;
They'll think I've been disturbed sair,
When I am up so soon."

But this pass'd on, and farther on,
For two months and a day,
Till word came to the bauld barone,
And an angry man was he.

The barone swore a solemn oath,
An angry man was he,
"The morn, before I eat or drink,
High hanged shall he be."

"Farewell, my lovely maiden fair,
A long adieu to thee;
Your father's sworn a solemn swear
That hanged I shall be."

"O woe's me," the lady said,
"Yet do not troubled be;
If e'er they touch the hair on thy head,
They'll get no good of me."

He turn'd him right and round about,
And a loud loud laugh gae he;
"That man stood never in the court
That dare this day hang me."

The lady spake from her bouir door,
An angry woman was she;
"What insolence in you to tryst
Her to the green wood tree."

"If she had not given her consent,
She had not gone wi me;
If she came a maiden to green wood,
She return'd again for me."

He turn'd him right and round about,
And a loud loud laugh gae he;
"Ye may wed your daughter whan ye will,
She's none the worse for me."

He has gone whistling o'er the knowe,
Swift as the bird that flaw;
The lady stood in her bouir door,
And lout the salt tears fa.

But this pass'd on, and further on,
A twelve month and a day,
Till there came a knight and a barone bright
To woo this lady gay.

He soon gain'd the baronne's will,
Likewise the mother gay;
He woo'd and won the lady's love,
But by a slow degree.

"O weel befa' you, daughter dear,
And happy may ye be,
To lay your love on the grand knight.
And let the hireman be."

"O haud your tongue, my father dear,
And speak not so to me;
Far more I love the hireman chiel
Than a' the knights I see."

The morn was come, and bells were rung,
And all to church repair;
But like the rose among the throng
Was the lady and her maries fair.

But as they walked o'er the field,
Among the flowers fair,
Beneath a tree stood on the plain,
The hireman chiel was there.

"I wish you joy, my gay madam,
And aye well may ye be;
There is a ring, a pledge of love,
That ance I got from thee."

"O wae befa' ye, you hireman chiel,
Some ill death may ye die;
Ye might hae tauld to me your name,
Your hame, or what countrie."

"If ye luve me, my lady gay,
As ye protest ye do,
Then turn your love from this gay knight,
And reach your hand to me."

Then out spake the gay baronne,
And an angry man was he;
"If I had known she was belov'd,
She had never been lov'd by me."

When she was set on high horse-back,
And riding thro' the glen,

They saw her father posting quick,
With fifty armed men.

"Do for yourself, my hireman lad,
And for your safety flee;
My father he will take me back,
But married I'll never be."

When they were up yon rising hill,
There low down i' the glen,
He saw his father's gilded coach,
Wi' five hundred gentlemen.

"Come back, turn back, my hireman chiel,
Turn back and speak wi' me;
Ye've serv'd me lang for the lady's sake,
Come back, and get your fee."

"Your blessing give us instantly,
Is all we crave o' thee;
These seven years I've serv'd for her sake,
But now I'm paid my fee."

ARMSTRONG AND MUSGRAVE.

From *A Collection of Old Ballads*, i. 175.

The story of this ballad seems to be the same as that of *Lord Livingston*, in the third volume of this collection (p. 343). The whole title is as follows:

A pleasant ballad shewing how two valiant knights, Sir John Armstrong and Sir Michael Musgrave, fell in love with the beautiful daughter of the Lady Dacres in the North; and of the great strife that happen'd between them for her, and how they wrought the death of one hundred men.

As it fell out one Whitsunday,
The blith time of the year,
When every tree was clad with green,
And pretty birds sing clear,
The Lady Dacres took her way
Unto the church that pleasant day,
With her fair daughter fresh and gay,
A bright and bonny lass.

Sir Michael Musgrave, in like sort,
To church repaired then,
And so did Sir John Armstrong too,
With all his merry men.
Two greater friends there could not be,
Nor braver knights for chivalry,

Both batchelors of high degree,
Fit for a bonny lass.

They sat them down upon one seat,
Like loving brethren dear,
With hearts and minds devoutly bent
God's service for to hear;
But rising from their prayers tho,
Their eyes a ranging strait did go,
Which wrought their utter overthrow,
All for one bonny lass.

Quoth Musgrave unto Armstrong then,
"Yon sits the sweetest dame,
That ever for her fair beauty
Within this country came."
"In sooth," quoth Armstrong presently,
"Your judgment I must verify,
There never came unto my eye
A braver bonny lass."

"I swear," said Musgrave, "by this sword,
Which did my knighthood win,
To steal away so sweet a dame,
Could be no ghostly sin."
"That deed," quoth Armstrong, "would be ill,
Except you had her right good will,
That your desire she would fulfil,
And be thy bonny lass."

By this the service quite was done,
And home the people past;
They wish'd a blister on his tongue
That made thereof such haste.

At the church door the knights did meet,
The Lady Dacres for to greet,
But most of all her daughter sweet,
That beauteous bonny lass.

Said Armstrong to the lady fair,
"We both have made a vow
At dinner for to be your guests,
If you will it allow."
With that bespoke the lady free,
"Sir knights, right welcome shall you be;"
"The happier men therefore are we,
For love of this bonny lass."

Thus were the knights both prick'd in love,
Both in one moment thrall'd,
And both with one fair lady gay,
Fair Isabella call'd.
With humble thanks they went away,
Like wounded harts chas'd all the day,
One would not to the other say,
They lov'd this bonny lass.

Fair Isabel, on the other side,
As far in love was found;
So long brave Armstrong she had ey'd,
Till love her heart did wound;
"Brave Armstrong is my joy," quoth she,
"Would Christ he were alone with me,
To talk an hour, two, or three,
With his fair bonny lass."

But as these knights together rode,
And homeward did repair,

Their talk and eke their countenance shew'd
Their hearts were clogg'd with care.
"Fair Isabel," the one did say,
"Thou hast subdu'd my heart this day;"
"But she's my joy," did Musgrave say,
"My bright and bonny lass."

With that these friends incontinent
Became most deadly foes;
For love of beauteous Isabel,
Great strife betwixt them rose:
Quoth Armstrong, "She shall be my wife,
Although for her I lose my life;"
And thus began a deadly strife,
And for one bonny lass.

Thus two years long this grudge did grow
These gallant knights between,
While they a-wooing both did go,
Unto this beauteous queen;
And she who did their furies prove,
To neither would bewray her love,
The deadly quarrel to remove
About this bonny lass.

But neither, for her fair intreats,
Nor yet her sharp dispute,
Would they appease their raging ire,
Nor yet give o'er their suit.
The gentlemen of the North Country
At last did make this good decree,
All for a perfect unity
About this bonny lass.

The love-sick knights should be set
Within one hall so wide,
Each of them in a gallant sort
Even at a several tide;
And 'twixt them both for certainty
Fair Isabel should placed be,
Of them to take her choice full free,
Most like a bonny lass.

And as she like an angel bright
Betwixt them mildly stood,
She turn'd unto each several knight
With pale and changed blood;
"Now am I at liberty
To make and take my choice?" quoth she:
"Yea," quoth the knights, "we do agree;
Then chuse, thou bonny lass."

"O Musgrave, thou art all too hot
To be a lady's love,"
Quoth she, "and Armstrong seems a sot,
Where love binds him to prove.
Of courage great is Musgrave still,
And sith to chuse I have my will,
Sweet Armstrong shall my joys fulfil,
And I his bonny lass."

The nobles and the gentles both
That were in present place,
Rejoiced at this sweet record;
But Musgrave, in disgrace,
Out of the hall did take his way,
And Armstrong marryed was next day

With Isabel his lady gay,
A bright and bonny lass.

But Musgrave on the wedding-day,
Like to a Scotchman dight,
In secret sort allured out
The bridegroom for the fight;
And he, that will not outbraved be,
Unto his challenge did agree,
Where he was slain most suddenly
For his fair bonny lass

The news whereof was quickly brought
Unto the lovely bride;
And many of young Armstrong's kin
Did after Musgrave ride.
They hew'd him when they had him got,
As small as flesh into the pot;
Lo! thus befel a heavy lot
About this bonny lass.

The lady young, which did lament
This cruel cursed strife,
For very grief dyed that day,
A maiden and a wife.
An hundred men that hapless day
Did lose their lives in that same fray,
And 'twixt those names, as many say,
Is deadly strife still biding.

FAIR MARGARET OF CRAIGNARGAT.

"CRAIGNARGAT is a promontory in the Bay of Luce. Though almost surrounded by the Barony of Mochrum, it was long possessed by a branch of the family of Macdowall, which was probably our heroine's surname.—On the head of Fair Margaret's lovers, it may be remarked, that the Agnews of Lochnaw are a very ancient family, and hereditary sheriffs of Wigton. The Gordon mentioned was probably Gordon of Craighlaw, whose castle was situated about five miles from Craignargat, in the parish of Kirkcowan, considered so remote before the formation of military roads, that the local proverb says,—'Out of the world, and into Kirkcowan.' The Hays of Park dwell on the coast, about six miles from Craignargat; but it is singular that the lady is not complimented with a Dunbar as her lover, the Place of Mochrum, as the old town is called, being only two miles from her reputed residence." Sharpe's *Ballad Book*, p. 71.

FAIR Marg'ret of Craignargat
  Was the flow'r of all her kin,
And she's fallen in love with a false young man,
  Her ruin to begin.

The more she lov'd, the more it prov'd
  Her fatal destiny,
And he that sought her overthrow
  Shar'd of her misery.

Before that lady she was born,
Her mother, as we find,
She dreamt she had a daughter fair,
That was both dumb and blind.

But as she sat in her bow'r door,
A-viewing of her charms,
There came a raven from the south,
And pluck'd her from her arms.

Three times on end she dreamt this dream,
Which troubled sore her mind,
That from that very night and hour
She could no comfort find.

Now she has sent for a wise woman,
Liv'd nigh unto the port,
Who being call'd, instantly came,
That lady to comfort.

To her she told her dreary dream,
With salt tears in her eye,
Hoping that she would read the same,
Her mind to satisfy.

"Set not your heart on children young,
Whate'er their fortune be,
And if I tell what shall befal,
Lay not the blame on me.

"The raven which ye dreamed of,
He is a false young man,
With subtile heart and flatt'ring tongue,
Your daughter to trepan.

"Both night and day, 'tis you I pray
For to be on your guard,
For many are the subtile wyles
By which youth are ensnar'd."

When she had read the dreary dream,
It vex'd her more and more,
For Craignargat, of birth and state,
Liv'd nigh unto the shore.

But as in age her daughter wax'd,
Her beauty did excel
All the ladies far and near
That in that land did dwell.

The Gordon, Hay, and brave Agnew,
Three knights of high degree,
Unto the dame a-courting came,
All for her fair beauty.

Which of these men, they ask'd her then,
That should her husband be;
But scornfully she did reply,
"I'll wed none of the three."

"Since it is so, where shall we go
A match for thee to find,
That art so fair and beautiful,
That none can suit thy mind?"

With scorn and pride she answer made,
"You'll ne'er choice one for me,
Nor will I wed against my mind,
For all their high degree."

The brave Agnew, whose heart was true.
A solemn vow did make,
Never to love a woman more
All for that lady's sake.

To counsel this lady was deaf,
To judgement she was blind,
Which griev'd her tender parents dear,
And troubled sore their mind.

From the Isle of Man a courter came,
And a false young man was he,
With subtile heart and flatt'ring tongue.
To court this fair lady.

This young man was a bold outlaw,
A robber and a thief,
But soon he gain'd this lady's heart,
Which caused all their grief.

"O will you wed," her mother said,
"A man you do not know,
For to break your parents' heart,
With shame but and with woe?"

"Yes, I will go with him," she said,
"Either by land or sea;
For he's the man I've pitchéd on
My husband for to be."

"O let her go," her father said,
"For she shall have her will;
My curse and mallison she's got,
For to pursue her still"

"Your curse, father, I don't regard,
Your blessing I'll ne'er crave;
To the man I love I'll constant prove,
And never him deceive."

On board with him fair Margaret's gone,
In hopes his bride to be;
But mark ye well, and I shall tell
Of their sad destiny.

They had not sail'd a league but five,
Till the storm began to rise;
The swelling seas ran mountains high,
And dismal were the skies.

In deep despair that lady fair
For help aloud she cries,
While crystal tears like fountains ran
Down from her lovely eyes.

"O I have got my father's curse
My pride for to subdue!
With sorrows great my heart will break,
Alas what shall I do!

"O were I at my father's house,
His blessing to receive,
Then on my bended knees I'd fall,
His pardon for to crave!

"To aid my grief, there's no relief,
To speak it is in vain;
Likewise my loving parents dear
I ne'er shall see again."

The winds and waves did both conspire
Their lives for to devour;
That gallant ship that night was lost,
And never was seen more.

When tidings to Craignargat came,
Of their sad overthrow,
It griev'd her tender parent's heart;
Afresh began their woe.

Of the dreary dream that she had seen,
And often thought upon,—
"O fatal news," her mother cries,
"My darling, she is gone!

"O fair Marg'ret, I little thought
The seas should be thy grave,
When first thou left thy father's house,
Without thy parent's leave."

May this tragedy a warning be
To children while they live,
That they may love their parents dear
Their blessing to receive.

RICHIE STORIE.

"JOHN, third Earl of Wigton, had six sons, and three daughters. The second, Lady Lillias Fleming, was so indiscreet as to marry a footman, by whom she had issue. She and her husband assigned her provision to Lieutenant-Colonel John Fleming, who discharged her renunciation, dated in October, 1673." Sharpe's *Ballad Book*, p. 95.

THE Earl o' Wigton had three daughters,
O braw wallie, but they were bonnie!
The youngest o' them, and the bonniest too,
Has fallen in love wi' Richie Storie.

"Here's a letter for ye, madame,
Here's a letter for ye, madame;
The Erle o' Home wad fain presume
To be a suitor to ye, madame."

"I'll hae nane o' your letters, Richie;
I'll hae nane o' your letters, Richie;
For I've made a vow, and I'll keep it true,
That I'll have nane but you, Richie."

"O do not say so, madame;
O do not say so, madame;
For I have neither land nor rent,
For to maintain you o', madame.

"Ribands ye maun wear, madame,
Ribands ye maun wear, madame;
With the bands about your neck
O' the goud that shines sae clear, madame."

"I'll lie ayont a dyke, Richie,
I'll lie ayont a dyke, Richie;
And I'll be aye at your command
And bidding, whan ye like, Richie."

O he's gane on the braid braid road,
And she's gane through the broom sae bonnie,
Her silken robes down to her heels,
And she's awa' wi' Richie Storie.

This lady gaed up the Parliament stair,
Wi' pendles in her lugs sae bonnie;
Mony a lord lifted his hat,
But little did they ken she was Richie's lady.

Up then spak the Erle o' Home's lady;
"Was na ye richt sorrie, Annie,
To leave the lands o' bonnie Cumbernauld,
And follow Richie Storie, Annie?"

"O what need I be sorrie, madame,
O what need I be sorrie, madame?
For I've got them that I like best,
And was ordained for me, madame."

"Cumbernauld is mine, Annie,
Cumbernauld is mine, Annie;
And a' that's mine, it shall be thine,
As we sit at the wine, Annie."

THE FARMER'S OLD WIFE.

The Carl of Kellyburn Braes, composed by Burns for Johnson's *Museum*, (p. 392) was founded, he says, "on the old traditionary verses." These we have met with in no other form but the following, which is taken from *Ancient Poems, Ballads, and Songs of the Peasantry of England*, edited by Robert Bell, p. 204. What is styled the original of *The Carle of Kellyburn Braes*, in Cromek's *Remains of Nithsdale and Galloway Song*, p. 83, is, like many of the pieces in that volume, for the most part a fabrication. The place of the burden is supplied in Sussex, says Mr. Bell, by a whistling chorus.

Of the same tenor is the ballad of *The Devil and the Scold*, Collier's *Roxburghe Ballads*, p. 35.

We subjoin the first stanza of Burns's ballad for the sake of the burden, which is said to be old.

> There lived a carl on Kellyburn braes,
> *Hey, and the rue grows bonnie wi' thyme,*
> And he had a wife was the plague o' his days,
> *And the thyme it is wither'd, and the rue is in prime.*

THERE was an old farmer in Sussex did dwell,
And he had a bad wife, as many knew well.

Then Satan came to the old man at the plough,—
"One of your family I must have now.

"It is not your eldest son that I crave,
But it is your old wife, and she I will have."

"O welcome, good Satan, with all my heart!
I hope you and she will never more part."

Now Satan has got the old wife on his back,
And he lugged her along like a pedlar's pack.

He trudged away till they came to his hall-gate:
Says he, "Here, take in an old Sussex chap's mate.

O then she did kick the young imps about,—
Says one to the other, "Let's try turn her out."

She spied thirteen imps all dancing in chains,
She up with her pattens, and beat out their brains.

She knocked the old Satan against the wall,—
"Let's try turn her out, or she'll murder us all."

Now he's bundled her up on his back amain,
And to her old husband he took her again.

"I have been a tormentor the whole of my life,
But I ne'er was tormented till I met with your wife."

THE DUEL OF WHARTON AND STUART.

Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border, iii. 77.

THE unhappy event upon which the following ballad is founded took place under the reign of James the VI.

"The sufferers in this melancholy affair were both men of high birth, the heirs-apparent of two noble families, and youths of the most promising expectation. Sir James Stuart was a knight of the Bath, and eldest son of Walter, first Lord Blantyre, by Nicholas, daughter of Sir James Somerville of Cambusnethan. Sir George Wharton was also a knight of the Bath, and eldest son of Philip, Lord Wharton, by Frances, daughter of Henry Clifford, Earl of Cumberland. He married Anne, daughter of the Earl of Rutland, but left no issue." SCOTT.

This ballad was printed in the first edition of Ritson's *Ancient Songs*, p. 199, from a black-letter copy in Major Pearson's collection, (afterwards part of the Roxburghe.) Scott's version appears to have been obtained from James Hogg. "Two verses have been added," says Sir Walter, "and one considerably improved, from Mr. Ritson's edition. These three stanzas are the fifth and ninth of Part First, and the penult verse of Part Second. I am thus particular, that the reader may be able, if he pleases, to compare the traditional ballad with the original edition. It furnishes striking evidence, that 'without characters, fame lives long.' The difference chiefly to be re-

marked betwixt the copies, lies in the dialect, and in some modifications applicable to Scotland; as, using the words "our Scottish Knight." The black-letter ballad, in like manner, terms Wharton "our English Knight."

In this connection we may mention another ballad founded on a duel—*Sir Niel and Mac Van*, in Buchan's larger collection, ii. 16. A stall copy is called *Sir Neïl and Glengyle*.

PART FIRST.

It grieveth me to tell you o'
Near London late what did befall,
'Twixt two young gallant gentlemen;
It grieveth me, and ever shall.

One of them was Sir George Wharton,
My good Lord Wharton's son and heir;
The other, James Stuart, a Scottish knight,
One that a valiant heart did bear.

When first to court these nobles came,
One night, a-gaming, fell to words,[1]
And in their fury grew so hot,
That they did both try their keen swords.

[1] Sir George Wharton was quarrelsome at cards; a temper which he exhibited so disagreeably when playing with the Earl of Pembroke, that the Earl told him, "Sir George, I have loved you long; but by your manner in playing, you lay it upon me either to leave to love you, or to leave to play with you; wherefore choosing to love you still, I will never play with you any more."—LODGE'S *Illustrations*, vol. iii p. 350 SCOTT.

No manner of treating, nor advice,
  Could hold from striking in that place;
For, in the height and heat of blood,
  James struck George Wharton on the face.

"What doth this mean," George Wharton said,
  "To strike in such unmanly sort?
But, that I take it at thy hands,
  The tongue of man shall ne'er report!"

"But do thy worst, then," said Sir James,
  "Now do thy worst, appoint a day!
There's not a lord in England breathes
  Shall gar me give an inch of way."

"Ye brag right weel," George Wharton said;
  "Let our brave lords at large alane,
And speak of me, that am thy foe,
  For you shall find enough o' ane.'

"I'll interchange my glove wi' thine;
  I'll show it on the bed of death;
I mean the place where we shall fight;
  There ane or both maun lose life and breath!'

"We'll meet near Waltham," said Sir James;
  "To-morrow, that shall be the day.
We'll either take a single man,
  And try who bears the bell away."

Then down together hands they shook,
  Without any envious sign;
Then went to Ludgate, where they lay,
  And each man drank his pint of wine.

No kind of envy could be seen,
No kind of malice they did betray;
But a' was clear and calm as death,
Whatever in their bosoms lay:

Till parting time; and then, indeed,
They show'd some rancour in their heart;
"Next time we meet," says George Wharton,
"Not half sae soundly we shall part!"

So they have parted, firmly bent
Their valiant minds equal to try:
The second part shall clearly show,
Both how they meet, and how they die.

PART SECOND.

George Wharton was the first ae man
Came to the appointed place that day,
Where he espyed our Scots lord coming,
As fast as he could post away.

They met, shook hands; their cheeks were pale;
Then to George Wharton James did say,
"I dinna like your doublet, George,
It stands sae weel on you this day.

"Say, have you got no armour on?
Have you no under robe of steel?
I never saw an Englishman
Become his doublet half sae weel."

"Fy no! fy no!" George Wharton said,
"For that's the thing that mauna be,

That I should come wi' armour on,
And you a naked man truly."

"Our men shall search our doublets, George,
And see if one of us do lie;
Then will we prove, wi' weapons sharp,
Ourselves true gallants for to be."

Then they threw off their doublets both,
And stood up in their sarks of lawn;
"Now, take my counsel," said Sir James,
"Wharton, to thee I'll make it knawn:

"So as we stand, so will we fight,
Thus naked in our sarks," said he;
"Fy no! fy no!" George Wharton says,
"That is the thing that must not be.

"We're neither drinkers, quarrellers,
Nor men that cares na for oursell,
Nor minds na what we're gaun about,
Or if we're gaun to heav'n or hell.

"Let us to God bequeath our souls,
Our bodies to the dust and clay:"
With that he drew his deadly sword,
The first was drawn on field that day.

Se'en bouts and turns these heroes had,
Or e'er a drop o' blood was drawn;
Our Scotch lord, wond'ring, quickly cry'd,
"Stout Wharton, thou still hauds thy awn!"

The first stroke that George Wharton gae,
He struck him thro' the shoulder-bane;
The neist was thro' the thick o' the thigh;
He thought our Scotch lord had been slain.

"O ever alack!" George Wharton cry'd,
"Art thou a living man, tell me?
If there's a surgeon living can,
He's cure thy wounds right speedily.'

"No more of that," James Stuart said;
"Speak not of curing wounds to me!
For one of us must yield our breath,
Ere off the field one foot we flee."

They looked oure their shoulders both,
To see what company was there:
They both had grievous marks of death,
But frae the other nane wad steer.

George Wharton was the first that fell,
Our Scotch lord fell immediately;
They both did cry to Him above
To save their souls, for they boud die.

SADDLE TO RAGS.

From *Ancient Poems, Ballads, and Songs of the Peasantry of England*, Percy Society, vol. xvii. p. 126. The editor took this piece down from the recitation of a Yorkshire yeoman. Other ballads are popular with nearly the same plot, one of them called *The Crafty Ploughboy, or the Highwayman outwitted.* Another of a similar description is *Jock the Leg and the Merry Merchant*, (Buchan's *Ballads of the North of Scotland*, ii. 165,) formed on the model of some Robin Hood ballad.

This story I'm going to sing,
I hope it will give you content,
Concerning a silly old man
That was going to pay his rent.

As he was a-riding along,
Along all on the highway,
A gentleman-thief overtook him,
And thus unto him did say.

"O well overtaken, old man,
O well overtaken," said he;
"Thank you kindly, sir," says the old man,
"If you be for my companie."

"How far are you going this way?"
It made the old man to smile;

"To tell you the truth, kind sir,
I'm just a-going twa mile.

"I am but a silly old man,
Who farms a piece of ground;
My half-year rent, kind sir,
Just comes to forty pound.

"But my landlord's not been at hame,—
I've not seen him twelve month or more,
It makes my rent to be large,
I've just to pay him fourscore."

"You should not have told any body,
For thieves there are ganging many;
If they were to light upon you,
They would rob you of every penny."

"O never mind," says the old man,
"Thieves I fear on no side;
My money is safe in my bags,
In the saddle on which I ride."

As they were a-riding along,
And riding a-down a ghyll,
The thief pulled out a pistol,
And bade the old man stand still.

The old man was crafty and false,
As in this world are many;
He flung his old saddle o'er t' hedge,
And said, "Fetch it, if thou'lt have any."

This thief got off his horse,
With courage stout and bold,
To search this old man's bags,
And gave him his horse to hold.

The old man put foot in stirrup,
And he got on astride,
He set the thief's horse in a gallop,—
You need not bid th' old man ride!

"O stay! O stay!" says the thief,
"And thou half my share shalt have:"
"Nay, marry, not I," quoth the old man,
"For once I've bitten a knave!"

This thief he was not content;
He thought these must be bags;
So he up with his rusty sword,
And chopped the old saddle to rags.

The old man gallop'd and rode
Until he was almost spent,
Till he came to his landlord's house,
And paid him his whole year's rent

He opened this rogue's portmantle;
It was glorious for to behold;
There was five hundred pound in money,
And other five hundred in gold.

His landlord it made him to stare,
When he did the sight behold;
"Where did thou get the white money,
And where get the yellow gold?"

"I met a fond fool by the way,
I swapped horses, and gave him no boot;
But never mind," says the old man,
"I got a fond fool by the foot."

"But now you're grown cramped and old,
Nor fit for to travel about;"
"O never mind," says the old man,
"I can give these old bones a root!"

As he was a-riding hame,
And a-down a narrow lane,
He spied his mare tied to a tree,
And said, "Tib, thou'lt now gae hame."

And when that he got hame,
And told his old wife what he'd done,
She rose and she donned her clothes,
And about the house did run.

She sung, and she danced, and sung,
And she sung with a merry devotion,
"If ever our daughter gets wed,
It will help to enlarge her portion!"

THE FAUSE KNIGHT UPON THE ROAD.

Motherwell's *Minstrelsy*, p. lxxiv.

"O whare are ye gaun?"
Quo' the fause knicht upon the road;
"I'm gaun to the scule,"
Quo' the wee boy, and still he stude.

"What is that upon your back?"
Quo' the fause knicht upon the road;
"Atweel it is my bukes,"
Quo the wee boy, and still he stude.

"What's that ye've got on your arm?'
Quo' the fause knicht, &c.
"Atweel it is my poit,"
Quo' the wee boy, &c.

"Wha's aucht they sheep?"
Quo' the fause knicht, &c.
"They are mine and my mither's,"
Quo' the wee boy, &c.

"How monie o' them are mine?"
Quo' the fause knicht, &c.
"A' they that hae blue tails,"
Quo' the wee boy, &c.

"I wiss ye were on yon tree,"
Quo' the fause knicht, &c.

"And a gude ladder under me,"
Quo' the wee boy, &c.

"And the ladder for to break,"
Quo' the fause knicht, &c.
"And you for to fa' doun,"
Quo' the wee boy, &c.

"I wiss ye were in yon sie,"
Quo' the fause knicht, &c.
"And a gude bottom under me,"
Que' the wee boy, &c.

"And the bottom for to break,"
Quo' the fause knicht upon the road;
"And ye to be drowned,"
Quo' the wee boy, and still he stude.

GIFTS FROM OVER SEA. Appendix to p. 11.

Wright's *Songs and Carols, printed from a MS. in the Sloane Collection*, No. 8.

I HAVE a zong suster fer bezondyn the se,
Many be the drowryis that [s]che sente me.
[S]che sente me the cherye withoutyn ony ston,
And so [s]che dede [the] dowe withoutyn ony bon:
Sche sente me the brere withoutyn ony rynde,
Sche bad me love my lemman withoute longgyng.

How xuld ony cherye be withoute ston?
And how xuld ony dowe ben withoute bon?
How xuld any brere ben withoute rynde?
How xuld I love myn lemman without longyng?

Quan the cherye was a flour, than hadde it non ston:
Quan the dowe was an ey, than hadde it non bon:
Quan the brere was on-bred, than hadde it non rynd:
Quan the mayden hazt that [s]che louth, [s]che is without longyng.

THE COURTEOUS KNIGHT.

Appendix to p. 11, p. 83.

From Buchan's *Ballads of the North of Scotland*, i. 91.

THERE was a knight, in a summer's night,
Appear'd in a lady's hall,
As she was walking up and down,
Looking o'er her castle wall.

"God make you safe and free, fair maid,
God make you safe and free!"
"O sae fa' you, ye courteous knight;
What are your wills wi' me?

"My wills wi' you are not sma', lady,
My wills wi' you nae sma';
And since there's nane your bower within,
Ye'se ha'e my secrets a'.

"For here am I a courtier,
A courtier come to thee;
And if ye winna grant your love,
All for your sake I'll dee."

"If that ye dee for me, sir knight,
Few for you will make meen;
For mony gude lord's done the same,
Their graves are growing green."

"O winna ye pity me, fair maid,
O winna ye pity me?
O winna ye pity a courteous knight,
Whose love is laid on thee?"

"Ye say ye are a courteous knight,
But I think ye are nane;
I think ye're but a millar bred,
By the color o' your claithing.

"You seem to be some false young man,
You wear your hat sae wide;
You seem to be some false young man,
You wear your boots sae side."

"Indeed I am a courteous knight,
And of great pedigree;
Nae knight did mair for a lady bright
Than I will do for thee.

"O I'll put smiths in your smithy,
To shoe for you a steed;
And I'll put tailors in your bower,
To make you for a weed.

"I will put cooks in your kitchen,
And butlers in your ha';
And on the tap o' your father's castle,
I'll big gude corn and saw."

"If ye be a courteous knight,
As I trust not ye be,
Ye'll answer some o' the sma' questions
That I will ask at thee.

"What is the fairest flower, tell me,
That grows in muir[1] or dale?
Likewise, which is the sweetest bird
Sings next the nightingale?
Or what's the finest thing," she says,
"That king or queen can wale[2]?

"The primrose is the fairest flower
That grows in muir or dale;
The mavis is the sweetest bird
Next to the nightingale;
And yellow gowd's the finest thing
That king or queen can wale.

"Ye ha'e asked many questions, lady
I've you as many told;"
"But, how many pennies round
Make a hundred pounds in gold?

"How many of the small fishes,
Do swim the salt seas round?
Or, what's the seemliest sight you'll see
Into a May morning?"

"Berry-brown ale, and a birken speal,
And wine in a horn green;
A milk-white lace in a fair maid's dress,
Looks gay in a May morning."

[1] mire. [2] wile.

"Mony's the questions I've ask'd at thee,
And ye've answer'd them a';
Ye are mine, and I am thine,
Amo' the sheets sae sma'."

"You may be my match, kind sir,
You may be my match and more;
There ne'er was ane came sic a length,
Wi' my father's heir before.

"My father's lord o' nine castles,
My mother she's lady ower three,
And there is nane to heir them all,
No never a ane but me;
Unless it be Willie, my ae brother,
But he's far ayont the sea."

"If your father's laird o' nine castles,
Your mother lady ower three;
I am Willie your ae brother,
Was far beyond the sea."

"If ye be Willie, my ae brother,
As I doubt sair ye be;
But if it's true ye tell me now,
This night I'll gang wi' thee."

"Ye've ower ill washen feet, Janet,
And ower ill washen hands,
And ower coarse robes on your body,
Alang wi' me to gang.

"The worms they are my bed-fellows,
And the cauld clay my sheet;

And the higher that the wind does blaw,
The sounder I do sleep.

"My body's buried in Dumfermline,
And far beyond the sea;
But day nor night, nae rest cou'd get,
All for the pride o' thee.

"Leave aff your pride, jelly Janet," he says,
"Use it not ony mair;
Or when ye come where I hae been,
You will repent it sair.

"Cast aff, cast aff, sister," he says,
"The gowd lace fray your crown;
For if ye gang where I ha'e been,
Ye'll wear it laigher down.

"When ye're in the gude church set,
The gowd pins in your hair,
Ye take mair delight in your feckless dress
Than ye do in your morning prayer.

"And when ye walk in the church-yard,
And in your dress are seen,
There is nae lady that sees your face
But wishes your grave were green.

"You're straight and tall, handsome withall,
But your pride owergoes your wit;
But if ye do not your ways refrain,
In Pirie's chair ye'll sit.

"In Pirie's chair you'll sit, I say,
The lowest seat o' hell;
If ye do not amend your ways,
It's there that ye must dwell."

Wi' that he vanish'd frae her sight,
Wi' the twinkling o' an eye;
Naething mair the lady saw,
But the gloomy clouds and sky.

THE NORTHERN LORD AND CRUEL JEW.

Appendix to p. 46.

THIS ballad, which has some features of resemblance to *Cymbeline*, as well as to the *Merchant of Venice*, is taken from Buchan's *Gleanings of Scotch, English, and Irish scarce old Ballads*, p. 105. Another copy is in Mr. Halliwell's *New Boke about Shakspeare*, p. 19.

A NOBLE lord of high renown,
Two daughters had, the eldest brown,

The youngest beautiful and fair:
By chance a noble knight came there.

Her father said, "Kind sir, I have
Two daughters: which do you crave?"
"One that is beautiful," he cried;
The noble knight he then replied:

"She's young, she's beautiful and gay,
And is not to be given away,
But as jewels are bought and sold;
She shall bring me her weight in gold.

"The price I think ye need not grudge,
Since I will freely give as much
With her one sister, if I can
Find out some other nobleman."

With that bespoke the noble knight,
"I'd sooner have the beauty bright,
At that vast rate, renownèd lord,
Than the other with a vast reward."

So then the bargain it was made;
But ere the money could be paid,
He had it of a wealthy Jew;
The sum so large, the writings drew

That if he failed, or miss'd the day,
So many ounces he should pay
Of his own flesh, instead of gold;
All was agreed, the sum was told.

So he returned immediately
Unto the lord, where he did buy
His daughter fine, I do declare,
And paid him down the money there.

He bought her there, it is well known
Unto mankind; she was his own;
By her a son he did enjoy,
A sweet and comely handsome boy.

At length the time of pay drew near,
When the knight did begin to fear;
He dreaded much the cruel Jew,
Because the money it was due.

His lady asked him why he grieved:
He said, "My jewel, I received
Such sum of money of a Jew,
And now the money it is due.

"And now the day of payment's come,
I'm sure I cannot pay the sum;
He'll have my flesh, weight for weight,
Which makes my grief and sorrow great."

"Hush, never fear him," she replied;
We'll cross the raging ocean wide,
And so secure you from the fate:"
To her request he yielded straight.

Then having pass'd the raging seas,
They travelled on, till by degrees
Unto the German court they came,
The knight, his son, and comely dame.

Unto the Emperor he told
His story of the sum of gold
That he had borrowed of a Jew,
And that for fear of death he flew.

The Emperor he did erect
A court for them, and show'd respect
Unto his guests, because they came
From Britain, that blest land of fame.

As here he lived in delight,
A Dutch lord told our English knight,
That he a ton of gold would lay,
He could enjoy his lady gay.

From her, the lord he was to bring
A rich and costly diamond ring,
That was to prove and testify
How he did with his lady lie.

He tries, but never could obtain
Her favour, but with high disdain
She did defy his base intent;
So to her chambermaid he went,

And told her if she would but steal
Her lady's ring, and to conceal
The same, and bring it to him straight,
She should enjoy a fine estate.

In hopes of such a fine reward,
The ring she stole; then the Dutch lord

Did take it to the noble knight,
Who almost swooned at the sight.

Home he goes to the lady straight;
Meeting her at the palace gate,
He flung her headlong into the mote,
And left her there to sink or float.

Soon after that, in clothes of green,
She like a warlike knight was seen,
And in most gallant gay deport
She rode unto the Emperor's court.

Now when the Emperor beheld
Her brave deportment, he was fill'd
With admiration at the sight,
Who call'd herself an English knight.

The Emperor then did reply,
"We have an English knight to die
For drowning of his lady gay;"
Quoth she, "I'd see him, if I may."

'Twas granted; so to him she came,
And calling of him by his name,
She said, "Kind sir, be of good cheer;
Your friend I'll be, you need not fear."

She to the Emperor did ride,
And said, "Now let this cause be tried
Once more, for I've a mind to save
This noble gallant from the grave."

It being done, the court was set;
The Dutch lord came, seeming to fret,
About the ring seeming to fear,
How truth would make his shame appear.

And so it did, and soon they call
The maid, who on her knees did fall
Before the court, and did confess
The Dutch lord's unworthiness.

The court repliéd, "Is it so?
The lady, too, for ought we know,
May be alive; therefore we'll stay
The sentence till another day."

Now the Dutch lord gave him a ton
Of gold, which he had justly won,
And so he did with shame and grief,
And thus the knight obtain'd relief.

The Dutch lord to revenge the spite
Upon our noble English knight,
Did send a letter out of hand,
And so the Jew did understand,

How he was in a German court;
So here upon this good report,
The Jew has cross'd the ocean wide,
Resolving to be satisfied.

Soon as e'er he fixed his eyes,
Unto the knight in wrath he cries,
"Your hand and seal I pray behold;
Your flesh I'll have instead of gold."

[Then] said the noble knight in green,
"May not your articles be seen?"
"Yes, that they may," replied the Jew,
"And I'm resolved to have my due."

So then the knight began to read;
At length she said, "I find, indeed,
Nothing but flesh you are to have;"
Answers the Jew, "That's all I crave."

The poor distressed knight was brought;
The bloody-minded Jew he thought
That day to be reveng'd on him,
And part his flesh from every limb.

The knight in green said, "Mr. Jew,
There's nothing else but flesh your due;
Then see no drop of blood you shed,
For if you do, off goes your head.

"Pray take your due, with all my heart,
But with his blood I will not part."
With that the Jew sneaked away,
And had not one word more to say.

No sooner were these troubles past,
But his wife's father came at last,
Resolving for to have his life,
For drowning his beloved wife.

Over the seas her father brought
Many brave horses; one was bought
By the pretended knight in green,
Which was the best that e'er was seen.

So to the German court he came,
Declaring, such a one by name
Had drowned his fair daughter dear,
And ought to die a death severe.

They brought him from the prison then,
Guarded by many armed men,
Unto the place where he must die,
And the young knight was standing by.

Then from her side her sword she drew,
And run her gelding through and through.
Her father said, "Why do you so?"
"I may; it is my own, you know.

"You sold your gelding, 'tis well known;
I bought it, making it my own,
And may do what I please with it;"
And then to her he did submit.

"Here is a man arraign'd and cast,
And brought to suffer death at last,
Because your daughter dear he slew;
Which if he did, what's that to you?

"You had your money, when you sold
Your daughter for her weight in gold;
Wherefore he might, it is well known,
Do what he pleased with his own."

So having chang'd her garments green,
And dress'd herself like a fair queen,
Her father and her husband straight
Both knew her, and their joys were great

Soon they did carry the report
Unto the famous German court,
How the renowned English knight
Had found his charming lady bright.

So the Emperor and the lords of fame,
With cheerful hearts they did proclaim
An universal joy, to see
His lady's life at liberty.

GIGHT'S LADY. Appendix to p. 93.

From Buchan's *Ballads of the North of Scotland*, i. 133.

Buchan complains that all other editions of this ballad "have been deprived of their original beauty and catastrophe" by officious and sacrilegious hands, and adds that his copy "is quite at variance with all its printed predecessors." In this last remark he is certainly correct, but as for his affirmation that the ballad "recounts an affair which actually took place in the reign, or rather minority, of King James VI.," we ask for some authority beyond his note to the ballad.

In another copy mentioned by Motherwell, Geordie, from jealousy, ungratefully drowns his deliverer in the sea.

"First I was lady o' Black Riggs,
And then into Kincraigie;
Now I am the Lady o' Gight,
And my love he's ca'd Geordie.

"I was the mistress o' Pitfan,
And madam o' Kincraigie;
But now my name is Lady Anne,
And I am Gight's own lady.

"We courted in the woods o' Gight,
Where birks and flow'rs spring bonny
But pleasures I had never one,
But sorrows thick and mony.

"He never own'd me as his wife,
Nor honour'd me as his lady,
But day by day he saddles the grey,
And rides to Bignet's lady."

When Bignet he got word of that,
That Gight lay wi' his lady,
He's casten him in prison strong,
To ly till lords were ready.

"Where will I get a little wee boy,
That is baith true and steady,
That will run on to bonny Gight,
And bring to me my lady?"

"O here am I, a little wee boy,
That is baith true and steady,
That will run to the yates o' Gight,
And bring to you your lady."

"Ye'll bid her saddle the grey, the grey,
The brown rode ne'er so smartly;
Ye'll bid her come to Edinbro' town,
A' for the life of Geordie."

The night was fair, the moon was clear,
And he rode by Bevany,
And stopped at the yates o' Gight,
Where leaves were thick and mony.

The lady look'd o'er castle wa',
And dear but she was sorry!
"Here comes a page frae Edinbro' town;
A' is nae well wi' Geordie.

"What news, what news, my little boy?
Come tell me soon and shortly;"
"Bad news, bad news, my lady," he said,
"They're going to hang your Geordie."

"Ye'll saddle to me the grey, the grey,
The brown rade ne'er so smartly;
And I'll awa' to Edinbro' town,
Borrow the life o' Geordie."

When she came near to Edinbro' town,
I wyte she didna tarry;
But she has mounted her grey steed,
And ridden the queen's berry.

When she came to the boat of Leith,
I wat she didna tarry;
She gae the boatman a guinea o' gowd,
To boat her ower the ferry.

When she came to the pier o' Leith,
The poor they were sae many;
She dealt the gowd right liberallie,
And bade them pray for Geordie.

When she gaed up the tolbooth stair,
The nobles there were many:
And ilka ane stood hat on head,
But hat in hand stood Geordie.

She gae a blink out ower them a',
And three blinks to her Geordie;
But when she saw his een fast bound,
A swoon fell in this lady.

"Whom has he robb'd? What has he stole?
Or has he killed ony?
Or what's the crime that he has done,
His foes they are sae mony?"

"He hasna brunt, he hasna slain,
He hasna robbed ony;
But he has done another crime,
For which he will pay dearly."

Then out it speaks Lord Montague,
(O wae be to his body!)
"The day we hang'd young Charles Hay,
The morn we'll head your Geordie."

Then out it speaks the king himsell,
Vow, but he spake bonny!
"Come here, young Gight, confess your sins,
Let's hear if they be mony.

"Come here, young Gight, confess your sins,
See ye be true and steady;
And if your sins they be but sma',
Then ye'se win wi' your lady"

"Nane have I robb'd, nought have I stown,
Nor have I killed ony;
But ane o' the king's best brave steeds,
I sold him in Bevany."

Then out it speaks the king again,
Dear, but he spake bonny!
"That crime's nae great; for your lady's sake,
Put on your hat now, Geordie."

Then out it speaks Lord Montague,
O wae be to his body!
"There's guilt appears in Gight's ain face,
Ye'll cross examine Geordie."

"Now since it all I must confess,
My crime's baith great and mony:
A woman abused, five orphan babes,
I kill'd them for their money."

Out it speaks the king again,
And dear but he was sorry!
"Your confession brings confusion,
Take aff your hat now, Geordie."

Then out it speaks the lady hersell,
Vow, but she was sorry!
"Now all my life I'll wear the black,
Mourn for the death o' Geordie."

Lord Huntly then he did speak out,
O fair mot fa' his body!
"I there will fight doublet alane,
Or ony thing ails Geordie."

Then out it speaks the king again,
Vow, but he spake bonny!
"If ye'll tell down ten thousand crowns,
Ye'll buy the life o' Geordie."

She spread her mantle on the ground,
Dear, but she spread it bonny!
Some gae her crowns, some ducadoons,
And some gae dollars mony.
Then she tauld down ten thousand crowns,—
"Put on your hat, my Geordie."

Then out it speaks Lord Montague,
Wae be to his body!
"I wisht that Gight wanted the head;
I might enjoy'd his lady."

Out it speaks the lady hersell,
"Ye need ne'er wish my body;
O ill befa' your wizzen'd snout!
Wou'd ye compare wi' Geordie?"

When she was in her saddle set,
Riding the leys sae bonny,
The fiddle and fleet play'd ne'er sae sweet,
As she behind her Geordie.

"O Geordie, Geordie, I love you well,
Nae jealousie cou'd move me;
The birds in air, that fly in pairs,
Can witness how I love you.

"Ye'll call for one, the best o' clerks,
Ye'll call him soon and shortly;

As he may write what I indite,
A' this I've done for Geordie."

He turn'd him right and round about,
And high, high looked Geordie;
"A finger o' Bignet's lady's hand
Is worth a' your fair body."

"My lands may a' be masterless,
My babes may want their mother;
But I've made a vow, will keep it true,
I'll be bound to no other."

These words they caus'd a great dispute,
And proud and fierce grew Geordie;
A sharp dagger he pulled out,
And pierc'd the heart o's lady.

The lady's dead, and Gight he's fled,
And left his lands behind him;
Altho' they searched south and north,
There were nane there cou'd find him.

Now a' that liv'd into Black Riggs,
And likewise in Kincraigie,
For seven years were clad in black,
To mourn for Gight's own lady.

GLOSSARY.

Figures placed after words denote the pages in which they occur. The Roman numerals indicate the volumes.

a, *of.*
a, *one.*
a', *all.*
abee, abene, *be.*
abeen, abien, aboif, aboon, aboun, abune, *above, upon;* iii., 151, *above the surface of the water.*
ablins, *perhaps.*
abound, ii., 335, *bound.*
abowthe, *about.*
aboyding, *abiding.*
abugge, *aby, pay for.*
abune a' thing, *above all things.*
aby, abaye, *pay, pay for, pay a penalty for, suffer.*
accompany, vii., 308, *keep the company of.*
ackward stroke, ankeward stroke, iii., 84, 178, *cross or back stroke;* acward stroke, v., 21, awkwarde stroke, v., 166, *an unusual out-of-the-way stroke, which could not be guarded against.*
acton, *a leather jacket worn under a coat of mail.*
a dee, ii., 335, *to do.*
adrenche, *drown.*
ae, *one;* first ae, *first.*
ae, *only, sole.*
ae *aye, still.*
affected, *enamored.*
a-fit, *afoot.*
aft, *oft.*
aftur the way, v., 11, *upon the way.*
agayne, *against.*
aglets, *tags to laces.*
agone, *ago.*
agynneth, *begin.*
ahin, ahint, *behind, besides.*
aik, *oak.*
airn, *iron;* airns, *irons.*
airt, *quarter of the compass, direction;* airts, *quarters, points of the compass.*
airy, ery, *fearful, inspiring dread.*
aith, *oath.*
alacing, *saying alas.*
alane, *alone;* alane, mine, *alone by myself.*
alast, *latterly.*
Alcaron, v., 414, *the name of an imaginary deity, by metathesis from Alcoran.*—Ritson. *The original reading is, however, Acaron.*
ald, *old.*
alkone, *each one.*
all and some, *each and all* all and sum, *all and several, one and all.*
allangst, vii., 182, *along.*
alles, *all.*
allinge, *altogether.*
alow, vi., 245, *below.*
als, *as.*

als, *also.*
al so, *at once.*
al so mote, *so may I.*
altherbest, *best of all.*
amain, all, v., 292, *at once.*
amense, *amends.*
American leather, vi., 244 ?
among, iv., 144, *from time to time.*
an, *if.*
an, *one ;* an ae, *one single.*
ance, anes, anis, *once.*
anceane, *ancient, aged.*
ancyents, vii., 63, *ensigns.*
and, *if.*
ane, viii., 148 ?
aneath, *beneath.*
anent, *opposite to, over against.*
aneughe, anew, anewche, *enough.*
angel, *a gold coin, varying in value from about six shillings and eight pence to ten shillings.* — Halliwell's *Dict.*
an honde, vi., 283, *in hand.*
aninder, *under.*
anker, *anchorite.*
apaid, *satisfied.*
aplyht, vi., 273, a particle of confirmation, *indeed, on my word,* etc.
appone, *upon.*
aquelleden, *killed.*
aquoy, *coy, averse.*
aras, *arrows.*
araye, *order.*
arblast-bow, *cross-bow.*
are, *before, early.*
arena, *are not.*
arewe, vi., 269, *rue, feel aggrieved by.*
arighte, *laid hold of.*
arminge-sword, *a two-handed sword.*
armorie, i., 237, *band of armed men.*
a-row, a-rowe, *in a row.*
Arthur-a-Bradley, v., 351, *the title of a ballad.*
arwe, *arrow ;* arwys, *arrows.*
asay, *tried.*
asey, *assay.*
ask, *newt, a kind of lizard.*
asking, *boon.*
askryede, *described.*
assoile, *absolve ;* assoyld, *absolved.*
assoygne, vi., 271, *delay* (lines 66, 67, should probably be transposed).
assy-pan, viii., 140, *ash-pan.*
asteir, *astir, moved* (his anger).
astonyd, *confounded.*
asurd, *azured, blue.*
as who sayeth, *so to speak.*
at, *that.*
at, i., 296, *of.*
athir, *either.*
atteynt, *seize.*
attour, *over, across.*
atweel, *well, very well.*
atween, *between.*
aucht, aught, *owns ;* wha is aucht that bairn ? *who is it owns that child ?* aught, *owed ;* aughts, *owns.*
auld son, iii., 102. "*Young Son* and *Auld Son* are phrases used only to denote the comparative ages of children. The *young son* is perhaps the child now in the nurse's arms; the *auld son,* he who has just begun to walk without the leading-string. — Chambers.
austerne, vii., 99, *austere.*
ava, *of all ;* iii., 287, *at all.*
avanse, *gain, succeed.*
avow, avowe, *vow.*
avow, vi., 261, *consent, undertake.*
avowè, *founder, patron, protector.*
avowerie, *protection, support.*
aw, *all.*
awa, *away.*
a-warslin, *a wrestling.*
awayte me scathe, v., 80. *Le*

in wait, or lay plots, to do me injury.
awenn, awin, *own.*
awet, *know.*
awsome, *frightful.*
ay, *a.*
ayen, *again.*
ayenst, *against.*
ayeyn, *against;* vi., 278, v., 103, a word seems to have dropped out. The sense is, *there is no resisting the stars.* Wright reads *stare.*
ayont, *beyond, on one side of, on the other side of.*
ayre, by, v., 197, *early.*
azon, v., 39, *against, towards* [*them*].

ba', *ball.*
backefysyke, i., 22.
bade, *prayed for.*
bade, *abode, staid.*
badena, *abode not.*
baffled, *disgraced.*
baill, *sorrow.*
bairn, barn, *child, wight.*
bairnly, *child-like.*
bairntime, *brood of children.*
baith, *both.*
bald, *bold.*
bale, *blaze, fire.*
bale, *harm, ruin, sorrow, mischief;* ballys bete, vii., 42, *better, amend, our evils.*
bale-fire, bane-fire, *bonfire.*
ballup, v., 264, *the front or flap of small clothes.*
balow, *a word used in lulling children.*
ban', *band.*
ban, *band,* ii., 89, bond.
band, *agreement.*
ban'd, *execrated.*
bandoun, *command, orders;* viii., 150, *captivity.*
bane, *bone.*
bangisters, *violent and lawless people, those that have the upper hand, victors.*
banis, *bane.*
bankers, i., 276, *coverings for benches.*
banket, *banquet.*
bann, *curse.*
banning, *cursing.*
barker, *tanner,* from the bark used in his business.
barking, v., 336, *leather tanning.*
barne (A. Sax. *beorn*), *chief, man.*
barrow-hogge, viii., 47, *a gelded hog.*
basnet, *helmet;* basnites, bassonetts, *helmets.*
battellis, vii., 225, *divisions of the army,* or, *the armies.*
battes, *cudgels,* or *blows.*
batts, *beating.*
bauld, viii., 117, *bold, self-complacent.*
bayarde *bay-horse, horse in general:* "blind Bayard" was a proverb.
baylayes, v., 153, *bailiffs, sheriffs' officers.*
be, *by, at, by the time that.*
bearing arrow, vii., 65, bearying arow, v., 155, "an arrow that carries well." — Percy, who also suggests birring, i. e. *whirring, whizzing.* See Boucher's *Glossary.*
became, v., 184, *came.*
beck, *stream.*
bed, vii., 224, 229, *abode, remained.*
bede, viii., 105, *put forward, offer.*
bedeen, vii., 265, *in numbers, one after another.*
bedeene, iii., 247, *immediately? continuously?*
bedene, v., 77, *in a company together?*
bedight, *furnished.*
bedone, i., 8, *bedecked.*

bed-stock, *the side of the bed farther from the wall.*
bedyl, v., 153, *beadle, the keeper of a prison.*
beet, ii., 340, *add fuel.*
beet, vi., 90, *help.*
beforn. v., 41, beforne, *before, first.*
beft, v., 203, *beaten.*
begane, *bedecked.*
begeck. give a, v., 198, *make a mock of, expose to derision.*
begoud, *began.*
begynne the bord, *sit at the head of the table.*
beheste, v., 429, *promise.*
behote, v., 99, *promise;* 96, *promised.*
behuvit, *behoved, must.*
beik, viii., 117, *warm.*
beild, *shelter;* vii., 224, *position of safety.*
beir, *noise, cry.*
beked, iv., 305, *made warm.*
belinger, iv., 283 ?
belive, belyfe, *quickly, at once, soon.*
belly blind, iii., 365, *stone blind.*
bemean, iv. 86, *disparage.*
ben, bend, *in, within.*
ben, *prompt, ready.*
benbow, v., 432 bende-bow, *bent bow.*
bend, v., 405, *turn of a forest.*
bended, vii., 182, *bounded?*
benjed, iv., 305, *received hospitably, made preparations for his comfort?*
bent, *plain, field* (from the coarse grass growing on open lands); bentis, bents, *coarse grass.*
benty, *covered with the coarse grass called bent;* benty-line, vi., 13 ?
ber, *bare.*
berne (A. Sax. *beorn*), *chief, man.*
berry, viii., 285, corrupt?
beryde, i., 98, *cried, made a noise.*
bescro, *beshrew, curse.*
bese, *will,* or, *shall be.*
beseen, weil, vi., 132, *well appointed;* besene, wel, *appearing well, well dressed,* etc.
bestan, *best.*
best man, bride's, i., 85, best young man, *bridesman* (corresponding to the best maid, or bridesmaid).
bestead, bestedde, *circumstanced, put to it.*
besyd, iv., 247, *astray*
bet, *beat.*
bet, *better.*
beth, *both.*
beth, vii., 98, *is.*
be that, *by that.*
betrasit, *betrayed.*
beur, *bore.*
bewch, v., 159, bough.
be-west, *to the west of*
bewray, *discord.*
bi, *be.*
bidden, *bidding.*
bide, vi., 273, *pray to.*
bidene, *in a company, forthwith?*
bier, *cry.*
bierdly, *large and well made, stately.*
bierly, i., 148, *proper, becoming, comfortable.*
big, bigg, *build;* bigged, biggit, *built.*
big, viii., 279, *cultivate.*
biggins, biggingis, *buildings.*
bigly, *spacious, commodious, pleasant to live in.*
biheveded, *beheaded.*
bil, *pike,* or *halbert.*
bilive blive, blyve, *quickly.*
bill, *bull.*
bill, *halbert.*
bille, see sworne.
billie, *comrade, brother, a term of affection.*

Billy Blind, or Billy Blin, *a benignant household fairy, like the Lubber Fiend.*
binkes, *benches.*
binna, *be not, beest not.*
bird, *lady.*
birk, *birch.*
birl, *drink, pour out drink, ply with drink;* birling, *pouring out* [*drink*], *drinking;* birled, i., 211, *poured out drink,* or *drunk.*
birst (*burst*), *fray.*
bla', *blow.*
blae, *blue.*
blae, *livid.*
blaewort, *blue bottle, witch bells.*
blaithe, *blithe.*
blan, blane, blanne, *ceased, stopped.*
blate, *sheepish, foolish, ashamed.*
blear [noun], *dimness.*
bledoch, *buttermilk.*
blee, *color, complexion.*
bleid, *blood.*
blewe, i., 99, *sounded a horn.*
blin, blinne, blyn, *stop, cease.*
blin'd, blint, *blinded.*
blink, *smile;* blinkit, viii., 95, *looked kindly.*
blink, vi., 49, *glanced.*
blinket, *blinked, winked.*
blowe bost, v., 55, *make boast.*
blutter, v., 195, *dirty.*
bobaunce, *vanity, presumption.*
bocking, *belching, flowing out.*
bode, *bid.*
bodward, 182, *message.*
bogle, *spectre, goblin.*
bolles, *bowls.*
boltys, *arrows, especially arrows with a blunt head.*
bone, *boon.*
bone, iv., 247, *bane.*
bookesman, *clerk, secretary.*
bookin, bo'kin, *bodkin, small dagger.*
boome, i., 287. Qy. goome, *man?*
boon, *above.*
booting, v., 188, *robbing adventure.*
bord, *table.*
bore, *crevice, hole.*
borow, *surety.*
borowe, *redeem.*
borrow, *stand surety for, ransom, rescue;* borrowit, borrowed, vii., 18, *ransomed.*
boskyd, *made ready.*
bot and, *and also, but also.*
bot dreid, iv., 246, *without doubt.*
bote, *help, use.*
bote, vi., 274, *amends;* bote, no, *not better off.*
bottys, *shooting butts.*
boud, viii., 264, *behoved, must needs.*
boud, iv., 297 ?
bouer, bouerie, bouir, bour, boure, bower, *chamber, dwelling.*
bought, *a pen in the corner of a fold, into which the ewes are driven to be milked.*
bouk, *body, carcass;* bouks, *bodies.*
boun, boune, bown, bowne, bowyn, *ready, prepared, make ready, ready to go;* make ye boun, i., 289, boun, 187, *go straightway;* boun, iii., 334, *go;* v., 244, *going,* bown'd, 193, *went;* vii. 235, *going;* bound, bowynd, 19, 5, 6, *made ready, went.*
bountith, *bounties.*
boustouslie, *threateningly.*
bout, *bolt;* bouted, *bolted.*
bow, *bole, two bushels.*
bowne, *boon.*
bowrd, *jest;* bourdes, *jests.*
boyt, *both.*
bra', braw, *handsome, brave, fine;* braw wallie, *fair*

fortune, exclamation of pleasure or admiration.
brace, vii., 260, same as breeze, *hurry?*
bracken, braken, *female fern.*
brade, braid, *broad.*
brae, *hill-side.*
bragged, *defied.*
braid, vi., 245. Qy. corrupt?
braide at a, v., 145, *suddenly, in a moment.*
braid letter, *an open letter*, or *letter patent.*
brain. *mad;* brain, gang, *go mad.*
bra'ly, *bravely.*
brank, vi., 124, *prance, caper;* branken, branking, *prancing, capering.*
branks, *a rude sort of bridle of rope and wood*, used by country people.
brash, *sickness.*
brast, *burst.*
brat, *cloth.*
braves, *bravadoes.*
braveries, *displays.*
brawn, iv., 93, *calf of the leg.*
brayd, *started, turned.*
brayd attour the bent, iv., 248, *strode across the grass or field.*
brayd on, vi., 32, *move on* (rapidly).
brayn pannes, *skulls.*
bread, vii., 59, *breadth;* bred, *broad.*
breast, vi., 249, *voice.*
breast, iii., 44, *make a horse spring up or forward?*
breasting, *springing forward.*
brecham, *collar of a working horse.*
brechan, *tartan, plaid.*
bred, *breed.*
brede, o, ant o leynthe, *in breadth and in length, far and wide.*
bree, brie, *brow.*
bree, *soup, broth.*
breek, breeks, *breeches;* vi., 70, breek-thigh, *the side pocket of the breeches.*
brening, brenning, *burning;* brenyng drake, *fire-drake, fiery dragon.*
brenne, *burn;* brent, *burnt*, ii., 308, v., 31, *straight?*
brent, iv., 308, *high, straight.*
brere, *briar, thorn.*
brest, *burst.*
brether, i., 26, *brethren.*
breyde, *a start, leap.*
breyde. *started, leaped, stepped hastily.*
bricht. *bright.*
bricht, the, viii., 149, *the fair one.*
briddis, *birds.*
bride-ale, *a wedding festival, so called from the bride's selling ale on the wedding day, in return for which she received a large price by way of present.*
bridesteel (Buchan), ii., 183, *bridal?*
brigg, brigue, *bridge.*
brim, *fierce.*
brimes, *waters.*
britled, i., 15, brittened, 106, *cut up, carved.*
brode-hen. viii., 105, *brood-hen, sitting-hen?*
brodinge. iii., 176, *pricking.*
brodit, *pierced.*
brok, bruik, bruke, *have possession of, enjoy, keep.*
brok, *brook.*
broke, v., 91, *use and enjoy.*
broked cow, *a cow that has black spots mixed with white in her face.*
broken men, *outlawed men.*
bronde *brand, sword.*
broo, *broth.*
brook, *enjoy, preserve;* vii., 186, *take (possession of).*
broom-cow, *bush of broom.*

brose, vii., 261, *pottage.*
brouine, brown, *brewed.*
broust, *brewage.*
browhead, *forehead.*
browthe, browzt, *brought.*
bruch, brugh, *burgh, city.*
bruchty, *spotted,* or *streaked with dirt;* brucket yowe, viii., 140, *speckled ewe.*
brues, *brown.*
brugge, *bridge.*
bruik, *enjoy.*
brunt, *burnt.*
brusten, bryste, *burst.*
bryd, *bird.*
bryk, *breeches.*
brynies, *cuirasses.*
bryttled, *cut up;* bryttlynge, *cutting up (of game).*
bue, i., 234, 235, *fair?*
bueth, *be.*
bufft coat, *leather coat.*
buft, *buffeted, beat.*
bug, *built.*
bugyle, *horn.*
buird, *board.*
bully, *see* billie.
bund, *bound.*
bunge, i., 239?
buntin, buntlin, *blackbird;* al. *wood-lark.*
bur, *bore.*
burd, byrde, *maid, lady.*
burd-alane, burd-alone, *alone.*
burel, *sackcloth.*
Burlow-beanie, i., 241, *name of a fiend or spirit.*
burn, burne, *brook.*
busk, buske, *dress, adorn, make ready;* busk on, *put on for dress;* buskit, *dressed,* v., 54, *make ready to go;* busking, *dressing, making ready.*
buske, *bush.*
buss, *bush.*
busshement, *ambush.*
bussing, vi., 137, *covering* (stolen from the packs).
but, butt, i., 203, *and;* but and, *and also;* but, *without,* vii., 221; v., 193, but fail, *without fail;* but, *out;* vi., 236, but the floor, *across the floor out of the room,* or *to the outer part of the house;* but bed, *before we sleep;* but and ben, *out and in.*
bute [boot], *help.*
butter-box, vii., 154, "Dutchmen." — Ritson.
by (sometimes), *beside.*
by and by, *straightway.*
byckarte, vii., 30, *moved quickly, rattling their weapons.*
byddys, *abides.*
bydene, v., 105, *all together, forthwith, one after the other?* bydeene, i., 13, *continuously, in numbers.*
byears, *biers.*
byggis, *builds.*
bygone, *bedecked.*
byhet, *promised.*
byhouys, *behoves.*
byleve, i., 98, *remain.*
byll, *halbert, battle-axe.*
byre, *cow-house;* byres, byris, *barns, cow-houses.*
byrnande, *burning.*
bysoht, *prepared for.*
bystode, *put into a plight, circumstanced.*
byteche, *commit;* bytake, *committed.*
bythenche, *bethink.*

ca', *call,* vi., 90, *drive,* vii., 265, *drive, beat;* ca'd, *called,* viii., 16, *driven.*
caddie, *errand-boy.*
cadgily, *merrily.*
cairis, *cares.*
caliver, vii., 116, *large pistol,* or *blunderbuss.*
camovine, *camomile.*

can (sometimes gan), could, *used as auxiliaries, with an infinitive mood, to express the past tense of a verb.*
can, *know;* coud, *knew;* can thanke, *feel grateful* (*savoir gré*).
caneel, *cinnamon.*
cankerdly, *with ill humor.*
cannel, ii., 327. Qy. a corruption?
canny, cannie, *knowing, expert, gentle, adroitly, carefully, handily, gently.*
cannilie, *softly.*
cantels, *pieces.*
canty, *merry.*
caps, iii., 301, *bowls.*
capull, *horse.*
carefull, *anxious, sorrowful.*
carknet, *necklace.*
carle, carril, carel, *churl, fellow;* carline, *feminine of churl, old woman.*
carlish, carlist, i., 37, *churlish.*
carp, carpe, *to talk, to discourse, tell stories;* carpit, *talked, told stories.*
ca's, *calves.*
casey, *causeway.*
cast, *propose, intend, planned.*
cast, *trick, turn.*
caud, *called.*
cauk, *chalk.*
cauler, *cool.*
cawte, *cautious.*
certaine, in, *certainly.*
certyl, *kirtle,* v., 41, *jacket, or waistcoat.*
cess, *tax, black-mail.*
chaffar, chaffer, *merchandise, commodity.*
chafts, *chaps.*
châmer, chalmer, *chamber.*
channerin', *fretting.*
chap, *tap, rap;* chapp'd, chappit, ii., 11, *tapped, rapped:* at the chin, *should probably be* at the pin, *or tongue of the latch.*
charter of peace, *deed of pardon, safe-warrant.*
cheape, chepe, n., *bargain;* v., *buy.*
chear well, v., 190, *make good cheer, have a good prospect.*
cheer, chere, *countenance, face.*
cheer, *entertainment.*
chefe, cheveron, *upper part of the escutcheon.*
cheir, *cheer.*
chese, cheys, *choose;* chewys, *choosest.*
chess, *chace;* chessit, *chased.*
chess, *jess, strap.*
cheventeyn, *chieftain.*
cheverons, *gloves.*
chiel, *child, young man, servant.*
childer gamme, *children's game.*
chitt. v., 258, *worn?*
chive iii., 290, *mouthfull?*
chiven, v., 405, *craven?*
choice, *choose.*
chot, *wot, know.*
christendame, christendoun, *christening.*
Christendye, christentye, christiantè, crystiante, *Christendom.*
chulle, shall.
claes, claise, *clothes.*
clanked, *gave a smart stroke.*
clap, *fondle;* clappit, *patted, fondled;* clapping, *fondling.*
claw, *scratch, fight;* claw'd, v., 194, *scratched, curried.*
clead, *clad;* cleading, cleiding, cliding, *clothing;* cleed, *clothe.*
clear, clere, *fair, morally pure.*
cl'ecked, *hatched.*
cleikit, *caught.*

bleir, *bright.*
clenkyng, *clinking.*
clepyn, *call.*
clerks, *scholars.*
cleugh, *a rugged ascent.*
clinkum clankum, a phrase for *smart blows.*
clipping, *embracing.*
close, *enclosure, an enclosed field, lane.*
closs, vi., 191, *area before the house* (*close*).
clouted, *patched.*
coble, *boat.*
cockward, *cuckold.*
cod, *pillow.*
cofer, *trunk.*
coffer, coiffer, i., 260, *coif, a woman's head-dress, cap?*
coft, *bought, redeemed.*
cog, cogne, *wooden pail, milking-pail.*
coil, ii., 324, *cock of hay.*
cokeney, viii. 115, "seems to be a diminutive for cook," says Percy. The word more probably denotes some kind of *lean, or common meat.* See Wright's note.
cold, *could, knew; used as an auxiliary with the infinitive to express a past tense:* e. g. he cold fling, *he flung;* cold bee, vii., 100, *was.*
cole, *cowl.*
coleyne, Collen, i., 357, **collayne**, *Cologne steel, or manufacture.*
coll, *cool.*
coman, *command.*
comet, *cometh;* **comyn**, *come.*
commytted, v., 120, *accounted.*
com'nye, i., 237, *communing, discourse.*
compass, *circle.*
compenabull, i., 21, *sociable, admitting to participation.*
comynbelle, v., 13, *town-bell.*
con, conne, see can; vi., 269 *began.*
confound, *destroy.*
conquess, *conquer.*
continaunce, *countenance.*
coost, *cast.*
coost, viii., 110, **coosten**, *region, direction.*
cor, core, *corps.*
corbie, *crow, raven.*
coresed, v., 62, *harnessed.* — Halliwell. (A guess?)
corn-caugers, *corn-carriers,* or *dealers.*
corpes, vii., 287, *living body.*
cors, *body.*
cors, *curse.*
corss, *cross.*
corynoch, *lamentation for the dead.*
cosh, *quiet.*
cost, vi., 135, *loss, risk.*
cote-a-pye, *upper garment, short cloak.*
coud, could, cowth, cowd, iv., 248, *could*, used as an auxiliary of the perfect tense; coud his curtesye, v., 76, could of courtesie [*showed that he*] *understood good manners.*
could, vi., 102, *began.*
counsel, counsayl, *secret.*
couple, *rafter.*
courtnalls, a disrespectful (?) name for *courtiers.*
courtrie, *band of courtiers.*
couth, couthe, cowthe, cowed, *could, knew, understood.*
covent, *convent.*
cow, *clip.*
cow, *twig.*
cowde dye, vii., 16, *did die;* see can.
cow-me-doo, i., 171, like **curdoo**, *name for a dove,* from its cooing.
cowt, cowte, *colt.*
cowth ring, viii., 148, *had reigned;* see can

poynte, *quaint, cunning.*
prabit, *crabbed.*
crack, *merry talk, chat.*
cracking, *boasting.*
craftelike, *craftily.*
craftely, *skillfully.*
cramasie, *crimson.*
crap, crop, *yield, top;* craps, *tops.*
crapoté, i., 99. Qy. cramasee, *crimson?*
crech, creek, *crutch.*
creppid, *crept.*
creves, *crevice.*
croodlin doo, *cooing dove.*
crook (my knee), *make lame.* They say in the North, "the horse crooks," i. e. goes lame. — Percy.
crooks, *the windings of a river, the space of ground closed in on one side by these windings.*
cropoure, *crupper.*
crouse, crowse, vii., 169, *brisk, brave, bold,* v., 192, *merrily.*
crowdie, *gruel, porridge.*
crowt, i., 12, *curl up.*
cruds, *curds.*
cryance, iii., 177, *apparently for recreance, cowardice.*
cryand, *crying.*
cuik, *cook.*
cuist cavels, *cast lots.*
cumber, to red the, *quell the tumult.*
cummerit, *vexed, bothered.*
cund hir thank, *gave her thanks.*
cunnand, *covenant, engagement.*
cunnes, *kinds.*
curch, kerchief, coif, curches, *kerchiefs.* R. Jamieson, "*linen caps tying under the chin.*
cure, vi., 214, *care, pains;* i., 279, *till.*
curn, v., 191, *quantity of.*
curtall fryer, v., 272, *apparently the friar with the curtall* (*cur*) *dogs.*
curtass, curtes, *courteous.*
curtel, vi., 281, *shirt, gown.*
custan, *cast.*
cute, *uncle.*
cutters, *swaggerers, riotous fellows.*
cuttit, *cut.*
cuvating, *coveting.*
cypress, v., 411, *gauze, crape.*

dabs, *pricks.*
dae, *doe.*
daft, *mad.*
dag-durk, *dagger, dirk.*
daigh, *dough.*
dale, been at a, *in low spirits?*
damasee, *damson.*
dame, v., 86, *mother,* i. e. *Mary.*
dandering, *an epithet expressing the noise of drums,* like tantara, vii., 124.
dandoo, vi., 245, apparently should be *dun doe.*
dane, *done, taken.*
dang, *beat, struck, knocked;* ii., 301, *overcome;* 361, *pushed.*
dapperby, ii., 189, dapper?
darna, daurna, *dares not, dare not.*
dasse, des, dese, *dais, raised platform.*
daunton, *daunt.*
daut, *fondle, caress.*
daw, dawing, *dawn, dawning;* daws, *dawns.*
de (Fr.), *God.*
de, dee, *die;* deed, *died.*
dead, deed, deid, *death.*
deale, *part.*
dear-boucht, *dear-bought.*
dearly, *dear.*
deas, *sometimes a pew in a church.*
decay, *destruction, death;* decaye, iii., 132, *destruction.*
dede, *dealt.*
dee, *do, avail;* deen, *done.*

left, *neat, trim.*
deight, dight, *decked.*
deill, iv., 250, *deal;* 247, *daily?*
deir, iv., 246, *frighten.*
dele, dell, *part;* dele, iv., 144, *particle, bit.*
delle, 101, *dally.*
deemedst, *doomedst.*
deme, *adjudge;* demed, deemed, *adjudged.*
demean, *punish, put down.*
den, *hollow, small valley.*
denay, *refuse.*
dent, dynte, *blow, stroke;* dints, *blows.*
depart, ii., 124, *part;* departe, iv., 147, *separate;* departing, 249, *dividing.*
deport, viii., 274, *array.*
deputed, vii., 103, used of a fugitive *carried back for trial.*
deray, *ruin, confusion.*
dere, *harm.*
dere worthy, *precious.*
dern, derne, *secret, privy, retired.*
descreeve, *impart.*
descryed, *described, related.*
destaunce, *disturbance.*
develling, viii., 142, *sauntering.*
devilkyns, v., 57, *deuced.*
devyse, *direction.*
dey, *dairy woman.*
deynteous, *dainty.*
dicht, dight, dyght, vii., 61, *furnished;* 37, 189, to deth, dicht to deid, viii., 151, *done or put to death, wounded;* 150, *circumstanced;* v., 100, *done;* vii., 22, *dispose of, handle, encounter;* i., 225, *placed, involved;* iii., 174, *prepared for;* ii., 253, *skilfully, readily;* dyght, v., *made ready, ready;* dyghtande, *making ready, cooking.*
diel, *deire.*
dight, dyght, dizt, dygzht, *dresssed, adorned, arrayed;* dighted, *dressed, wiped.*
dight (corn), *winnow.*
dill, *dole, grief.*
dill, *assuage, soothe.*
dine, dyne, *dinner.*
ding, dinge, pr. dung, *strike, knock, beat, overcome;* dings, *beats;* ding down, dungin down, *beat down, overcame.*
dinna, *do not;* disna, *does not*
dinne, *noise;* i., 12, *trouble, circumstance.*
discord, *quarrel.*
discreet, *civil.*
disjune, *breakfast.*
disparage, iv., 157, *cause to match unequally.*
distan, *distinguish.*
distans, i., 23, *dissension, strife.*
distrayne, distress.
do, dow, you down, *take yourself down.*
dochter, *daughter.*
doddeth, vi., 272, *lop.*
doen him, *betaken him.*
doe of, *doff;* did off, *doffed.*
doghtie, *doughty.*
dole, dool, dule, *grief, sorrow, trouble, lamentation.*
d'on, *do on, don.*
done, *do.*
donned, viii., 105, *dun.*
doo, *dove.*
door, vii., 154? dorlach, which Jamieson says is a short sword, means a *wallet.*
doubt, doubte, dout, doute, dought, *dread, fear, danger;* douted, *redoubtable, feared.*
dought, *could, might, was able;* i., 112, *may, am able.*
douk, *dive.*
doup, *bottom.*
dour, *hard.*

douse, *quiet, mild.*
douse, *blow.*
doussé-pers (Fr. douze pairs), *gallant knights.*
douteth, *feareth.*
doutsum, *doubtful.*
dow, *can, are able, could;* downa, dounae, *cannot.*
dow, *dove.*
dowie, *mournful, doleful, sad, gloomy.*
down-browit, *scowling.*
down-come of Robin Hood, vi., 242, *as quick as R. H. would knock one down? or pay down?*
doyt, *do.*
doz troz, *dough trough.*
drake, *dragon.*
dre, dree, drie, drye, *bear, suffer, endure;* drie, vii., 98, as noun, *suffering;* dreed, *suffered.*
drede, *doubt;* dreaded, *doubted.*
dreder, *dread.*
dreigh (*tedious, long*), *high.*
drest, *arranged;* iv., 247, *placed;* in dule I am so drest, *I am so plunged in sorrow.*
drew up with, ii., 94, *formed relations of love with.*
dreynte, *drowned.*
drifts, vi., 100, *droves.*
drivand, *driving.*
drowryis, *love-gift.*
drue, *dry.*
drumly, drumlie, *troubled, gloomy.*
drunkily, *merrily.*
drury, *treasure.*
dryssynge, *dressing.*
dryt, *dirt.*
dub, *pool-pond*, v., 196.
ducadoons, *ducats?*
duere, *dear.*
dulesum, dullfull, *doleful;* dullfully, *dolefully, sadly.*
dune, *done.*
dun feather and gray, by, viii., 88, *by a carrier pigeon.*
dunt, *dint, stroke;* dunted, *beat.*
durk, *dirk.*
duzty, *doughty;* duztynesse, *doughtiness.*
dwines, *dwindles.*
dyhte, vi., 282, *dispose of.*
dyke, *ditch or wall.*
dyne, garre, vii., 10, *give one his fill of fighting.*
dyne, vii., 228, *valley.*
dysgrate, *disgraced, degraded, fallen into poverty.*

ear, *soon, early.*
earn, viii., 100, *curdle.*
eathe, *easy.*
echeon, *each one.*
edicang, *aid-de-camp.*
ee, e'e, *eye;* een, ene, *eyes.*
een, *one.*
e'en, vi., 93, *even, put in comparison;* ene, vi., 270, *even.*
eerie, eiry, *fearful, producing superstitious dread;* eerie, iii., 273, *dreary, cheerless.*
eftir syne, *afterwards.*
eftsones, *afterwards, hereafter.*
eghne, *eyes.*
eglis, *eagle's.*
eik, *increase.*
eild, *age.*
elde, eldern, eldren, *old.*
Eldridge, iii., 170 (Elriche, Elrick, etc.), *ghostly, spectral;* 179, hill *seems to be omitted.*
Elfin, v. 262. *Elf-land.*
elritch, erlish, *elvish.*
elshin, *shoemaker's awl.*
eme, *uncle;* emys, *uncles.*
endlongis, *along.*
endres-daye, i., 98, *past day? other day?* See Halliwell's *Dictionary.*

'Of my fortune, how it ferde,
This *endir* day, as y forth ferde."

enough, enew, enewch, *enough*.
ensenzie, enzie, *ensign*.
envye (to do), *ill will, injury*.
er, ere, v., 86, erst, *before*.
erdelik, i., 275, *earthly*. (Finlay, "clidelik.")
esk, *newt*.
etin (Danish jette), *giant*.
ettled, *designed*.
even, *exactly*.
even-cloth, i., 113. *fine cloth?*
even-ower, *half over*.
everik, everuche, *every;* everuchon, everychon, everyche, euerilkone, everichone, *each, every one*.
ewill, vii., 229. Qy. eve, or vigil?
exaltrè, *axle-tree*.
ey, *egg*.
eylde het the, *requite* (*thee for*) *it*.
eyr, *year*.
ezer, *azure*.

fa', *full, befall*.
fa', *obtain as one's lot;* vii., 162, *share, portion;* iv., 300?
fach, *fetch*.
fadge, *clumsy woman*.
faem, *foam, sea*.
fail, but, v., 193, *without fail*.
fail-dyke, *a wall built of sods*.
fain, faine, fayne, *glad, pleased, enamored;* fainly, *gladly*.
faine, *desire*.
fair, fare, *go;* fared, *went*.
fairest, *forest*.
fairheid, *beauty*.
fald, viii., 148, *fold, embrace*.
falla, *fellow;* fallows, *fellows, equals*.
falle, *fell;* falyf, *fallen*.
falleth, v., 114, *suiteth*.
fanatick, v., 414, *madman*.
fancy, *love*.
fand, *found*.
fang, *catch, grasp* (*and carry off*).
fang, *strap*.
fankit, *entangled, obstructed*, here, *so fixed that it could not be drawn*.
fannes, viii., 111, *winnowing fans*.
farden, iii., 185, *fared, appeared*.
fare, *way of proceeding;* v., 114, *fortune;* for all his frendes fare, seems to mean, *notwithstanding the penalties suffered by his friends for their bad shots*.
farer, *further*.
farley, *strange*.
farrow-cow, ferra-cow, *a barren cow, a cow not with calf*.
fa's [fa as], *I have my lot as*.
fasten, vi., 276, *plight*.
fauld, *fold*.
fauld-dyke, *wall of the fold*.
fault, v., 367, *misfortune*.
fawn, *fallen*.
fawte, *want*.
fay, *faith*.
fay, vii., 219, *on the verge of death, doomed*.
fayrse, *fierce*.
fe, fee, *income, property, possessions, wages, reward, money;* i., 107, *rent, tribute*.
feale, *fail*.
fearit, *feared*.
fear't, *frightened;* feardest, v., 197, *most frightened*.
feat, *neat, dexterous, nimble*.
fecht, ficht, *fight*.
feck, maist, *greatest part*.
feckless, viii., 282, *poor, miserable*.
federed, *feathered*.
fee, i., 100, *animals, deer*.
feed, *same as* food.
feid, *feud, enmity*.

feind fall, *the devil take.*
feingit, *feigned.*
feir, vi., 222, *sound, unhurt;* iv., 246, *appearance, demeanor.*
feirdness, *cowardice.*
fel, viii., 102, 111, *many?*
fele, *many.*
felischepe, v., 22, *compact of friendship.*
fell, *hill, moor, high pasture land.*
fell, *hide.*
fell, *strange.*
fend, *find.*
fend, fende, *defend, defence, keep, support.*
ferd, v., 10, *fear;* probably misspelt.
fere, *comrade, mate, companion;* *pl.* feres, feren, feires, feiries.
ferli, i., 275, *fairly?*
ferlie, ferly, *wonder, miracle; wonderful, extraordinary, wonderfully;* ferlich, *wondrous.*
fernie, *covered with fern.*
ferre dayes, v., 47, *late in the day.*
ferre and frend bestad, v. 69, *in the position of a stranger from a distance.*
fet, fett, fette, *fetched.*
fet, fit, fothe, *foot.*
fethill, *fiddle.*
fetteled, *made ready.*
fey fowk, iii., 48, *people doomed to die.*
ffor, viii., 105, *from, against.*
fforthi, *therefore.*
ffree, *noble.*
fie, *predestined.*
fie, *cattle of any kind, sheep.*
fiend, vi., 9, i. e. *the devil a thing.*
fiery-fairy, *confusion and consternation.*
fifthen, *fifth.*
fil, *fell.*
filabeg, *kilt, or short petticoat, worn by Highlanders instead of breeches.*
fin, iii., 342?
finikin, *fine.*
firm, viii., 199, *first?* Qy. corrupt.
firstae, first ane, firstin, first-and, *first one, first.*
firth, frith, *an enclosed wood, a field within a wood.*
fit, fitt, fet, fytt, *song, division of a song, canto, story, strain.*
fitches, ii., 329, *flitches?*
fitted, viii., 195, *disposed?*
fize, i., 274, *five.*
flain, *arrows.*
flang, flang'd, *flung.*
flaps, *strokes, blows.*
flatlies, *flat.*
flatred, *flattened, broken?*
flatter'd, iii., 156, *fluttered, floated.*
flaugh, *flew.*
flaw, i., 175, *lie.*
fleechin, *wheedling.*
fleed, *flood.*
fleer, *floor.*
fleet, *flute.*
flegs, *frights;* fley, *fright;* fley'd, *frightened.*
fleych, *flesh.*
flinders, *fragments.*
flirry, *blossom.*
flo, flone, *arrow.*
flo, *flay.*
flyte, *scold, remonstrate;* vii., 95, *rally.*
fode, fud, *creature, child.*
fold, viii., 148, *ground, world.*
fole, *full.*
fon, vi., 274, fone, *foes.*
fond, *foolish.*
fond, *try, make trial.*
fonde, *found.*
fonge, *take up.*
forbears, *ancestors.*
forbode godys, v., 30, gods forbott, 260, *God's prohibi-*

tion; over gods forbode, 157, *on God's prohibition, God forbid.*
forbye, forebye, *over and above, aside, on one side, beyond, near.*
force, fors, *matter.*
forder, *further.*
fordoe, *destroy.*
forefend, forfend, *forbid.*
forehammer, *the large hammer which strikes before the small one, sledge-hammer.*
foremost man, i., 158 (like best man), *bridesman.*
foreward, *covenant.*
forfaulted, *forfeited.*
forfoughen (i. e. forfoughten), forfozt, *tired out, worn out with fighting.*
forgatherit, *met together.*
for god, *before God.*
forlorn, forlorne, *lost, forsaken, alone.*
forowttyn, *without.*
forrow, *before.*
forsoyt, *forsooth.*
forst, *frost.*
forteynd, *happened.*
forther, *further.*
forthi, *therefore.*
forthynketh, *repenteth.*
forwarde, *van.*
foryete, v., 72, *forgotten*
fostere, *forester;* fosters of the fe, v., 153, *foresters in the King's pay.*
fot-lome, *foot-lame.*
fou, fow, fu', *full (of drink);* fow, vi., 219, *full?*
foulys, fowles, *fowls, birds.*
four-half, on, *in quarters.*
foursithe, *four times.*
fourugh, see furich.
fowkyn, *crepitus ventris.* — Percy.
fra, iv., 247, *from the time that;* frae, iii., 353, *from the time.*
frae hand, *forthwith.*
fraine, *question.*
frame, vii., 133, *succeed.*
fre, free, frie, freely, *noble, free, lovely;* free, i., 275, *lord,* 253, *lady;* free, v., 272, *gracious, bounteous,* vii., 20, of metal, *precious?*
freck, freke, freyke, (A. S. *one who is bold*), *warrior, man.*
freits, *omens.*
frem, fremmit, frend, *foreign, strange;* ferre and frend bestad, v., 69, *in the position of a stranger from a distance.*
frese (said of bows), v., 82?
freyry, *fraternity.*
frowte, *fruit,*
frush, *brittle.*
fullily, *foully.*
fun', fund, *found.*
fundyd, i., 275, *went.*
fur, furrows, *a furrow's length, furlong;* furs, *furrows.*
furich, furichinish, Gaelic: fuirich means *wait, stop:* fearach is an old Irish war-cry. "Fy, furich, Whigs, awa'!" was a Jacobite pipe air, says Chambers.
fusome, *fulsome.*
fy, iv., 260, *haste.*
fyn, *end.*
fynly, *goodly.*

ga, gae, gang, *go, going:* gangs, *goes;* gaun, gangande, *going;* gane, *gone;* gaed, gade, ged, geed, gied, *went;* gangna, *go not.*
ga', *gall.*
gaberlunzie, *a wallet;* gaberlunzie-man, *a man that carries a wallet, beggar.*
gabs, *mouths.*
gad, *bar.*
gadlyngs, *idle lads.*
gae-through-land, *vagabond.*

gair, ii., 354, *gore, strip.* See gare.
gait, gate, *way, path;* gate, i., 225, v., 162, 196, *way.*
gait, nae, *noway, nowhere.*
gaits, *goats.*
galid, i., 276, *sang?*
galliards, *quick and lively dances.*
gane, *suffice.*
gappe, viii., 106, *entrance of the lists.*
gar, garre, *cause, make, let;* gart, *garde, made.*
gare, ii., 55, *gore;* apparently here, *skirt.* So, hung low down by his gair, 296, *by the edge of his frock.* The word seems also to be used vaguely in romances for *clothing;* gare, below her, *below the gore in the edge of her skirt? or below her dress merely?*
gare, i., 193, *strip.*
garl, *gravel.*
garste, vi., 282 (should probably be gast), *frighten away.*
garthes, *girths.*
gaucy, iv., 76, *burly, strong.*
gavelocks (*javelins*), *iron crows.*
gear, geere, geir, *goods, property, clothes;* vi., 16, *spoil.*
gedurt, *gathered.*
geere, vii., 64; ger, v., 27, *business, affair, gear.*
gen, *against.*
general, v., 230, *perhaps the governor, Nottingham having once been a garrison town.* — Ritson. Rather, *people;* i. e. *in public, with the rest of the world.*
genzie, *engine of war.*
gerss, girse, gresse, *grass.*
gesing, i., 276, *guessing;* or, *desire,* A. Sax. gitsung?
gest, *guest.*
geste, *story.*
getterne *gittern, kind of harp.*
gettyng, vii., 9, *plunder.*
ghesting, *lodging, hospitable reception.*
gie, *give;* gae, *gave;* gien, *given.*
gif, gife, gin, gine, *if.*
gifted, vi., 31, *given away.*
gillore, *plenty.*
gilt, *gold.*
gin, *trick, wile, snare;* iii., 221, *the device (necessary to open the door).*
gip, viii., 153, like gup, *get up, be off,* etc.
girds, *hoops.*
gladdynge, *entertaining.*
glamor, glamour, *a charm exercised on the eye.*
gled, *gladden.*
gled, *kite.*
gleed, glede, *a burning coal, a glowing bar of iron;* ii., 97, *blaze.*
glent, glint, *gleam, glimmer, glanced, passed swiftly.*
glided, i., 274. Qy. *gilded?*
gloamin', *twilight, dusk, night-fall.*
gloom, *frown.*
glore, *glory.*
glove, vii., 121; to claim a glove worn as a lady's favor was a form of challenge, — which is perhaps the reference here.
go, *walk.*
god, v., 31, *valuables.*
God before, *God guide you! God help me!*
gods forbott, v., 260, *God's prohibition, God forbid.*
golett, *throat, the part of the dress or armor which covered the throat.*
gomen, vi., 282, *game, mockery.*
gon, *begun, performed.*

gone, *go*; ride and go, *ride and walk*; gon, *went*.
good-brother, iii., 67, *brother-in-law*.
gorgett, iii., 246, *a kerchief to cover the bosom*.
gorney, *journey*.
goud, gowd, *gold*; gowden, *golden*.
goule (Fr.), *throat*.
goupen, *the hollow of the hand contracted to receive anything*.
gowan, *flower*.
gowk, *fool*.
gown of green, got on the, i., 259, *was with child*.
gowt, viii., 108, v., 109, MS. Harl., should perhaps be, "yf *I* have," etc.
graff, v., 225, *branch or sapling*.
graif, greaf, *grave*.
graith, *armor, caparisons*; graith, *make ready*; graith'd, graithed, grathed, graythid, *made ready, armed, prepared, dressed, caparisoned*; vii., 183, laid, or, *laid out*.
gramarye, *grammar, abstruse or magical learning*.
grate, *scratch*.
gravat, *cravat?*
gravil, i., 260?
gre, gree, *favor, prize*; gre, viii., 105, *prize*; gree, v., 64, *satisfaction*; gree, bear the, *bore the palm*.
greave, *manager of a farm*.
green, *yearn, long*.
green'd, *longed*.
greet, grite, *cry, weep*; grat, *cried, wept*; greeting, *weeping, crying*.
grevis, *groves, bushes*.
grew, *gray*.
gripet, *seized*.
gris, *a costly fur*.
grit, gryte, *great, big*.
grithe, v., 16, *peace, protection, security for a certain time*.
grom, grome, groom, *man, young man*; v. 45, *a (common) man*.
grome, vi., 279, *sorrow*.
gross, *heavy*.
gryning, *sprinkling*.
grype, *griffin*.
grysely, *dreadfully*.
Gude, *God*.
gude-father, *father-in-law*.
gude-mother, *mother-in-law*.
gude-son, *son-in-law*.
guide, *good*.
guided, vi., 172, *treated*.
gule, *red*.
gurde, *struck*.
gurlie, gurly, *stormy, surly, troubled*.
gyand, gyane, *giant*.
gyne, *device*.
gynne, *trap*.

ha', *hall*.
habershoune, *coat of mail*.
hach-borde, vii., 60, 63, 68 (MS. has in one place, "archborde"), seems to be used for the *side of the ship*.
hached, *inlaid*, or *gilded*.
had, haud, hald, *hold, keep*; haud unthought (or unthocht) long, *keep from growing weary*.
had, *taken*.
had her, *betook her*.
hagbutis, *a kind of muskets*.
haif, *have*.
haik up, iv., 33, *carry off by force*. — Jamieson. (?)
hail, hale, *whole, wholly*; haill, iv., 247, *whole*.
haill, heill, hele, *healthy, health*; hail, vi., 133 (*vigorous*, and so), *boisterous?* haylle, vii., 10, *healthy*.
hained, *enclosed, surrounded with a hedge*.

hairt, *heart.*
halch, salute, *embrace;* halched, hailsed, halsed, *saluted, greeted.*
halewen, *saints.*
halfendell, *half.*
half-fou, *half-bushel.*
halke, v., 108, *hollow?*
hallow, *hollow.*
hallow-days, *holidays.*
Hallowe'en, i., 120, *the eve of All-Saints day,* supposed to be peculiary favorable for intercourse with the invisible world, all fairies, witches, and ghosts being then abroad.
hals, halse, hase, hass, hause, *neck.*
halt, vi., 276, 282, *profits?*
halve, *side.*
haly, *holy.*
hambellet, *ambleth.*
hame, *home.*
han, *have.*
hansell, v., 23, *is the first money received in a new shop, or on any particular day.* The passage seems to be corrupt.
hantle, *much, great deal.*
hantyd, *haunted.*
hap, *cover, covering;* happed, happ'd, happit, *covered.*
happers, *hoppers.*
harbengers, *harbingers, servants that went on before their lords during a journey to provide lodgings.*
hard, harde, *heard.*
hardely, *assuredly.*
hardilyche, *boldly.*
harneis, *armor.*
harnis, harns, *brains;* harnpan, *skull.*
harnys, viii., 110, *horns.*
harowed, harried, haryed herried, *despoiled, plundered.*
harpit, *harped.*
hart of greece *a fat hart.*
hart-rote, iii., 39, *a term of endearment, sweet-heart.*
harwos, *harrows.*
hastifliche, *hastily.*
hat, *hit.*
hate, *hate.*
haugh, haw, *low ground on border of a river.*
haulds, v., 195, *things to take hold of.*
haunted, *resorted frequently.*
hauping, *limping.*
haved, *had.*
have owre, iii., 151, *half over.*
haw, *azure.*
hawberke, hewberke, *cuirass, coat of mail.*
hawt, *aught.*
haylde, *hauled.*
hayt, *hath.*
he, *high, noble.*
he, v., 39, vi., 282, *they.*
head, *behead.*
head, vi., 117, *assemblage.*
heading-hill, heiding-hill, *beheading hill.*
heal, *conceal;* heal'd, *concealed.*
heal, *health.*
heal, *hail.*
healy, *slowly, softly.*
heathennest, heathynesse, i., 234, *heathendom.*
hech, *a forcible expiration of breath as in striking a heavy blow.*
heck, *hatch, small door.*
heckle, *a hatchel, flax-comb*
hede, heid, het, heved, *head.*
hee, *high.*
hegehen, *eyes.*
hegh, *high;* heghere, *higher.*
heidit, *beheaded;* heidin, *beheading.*
hellis-cruk, viii., 148, *a crook by which vessels are hung over the fire.*
hem, *them.*
hend, hende, hendy, heynd

gentle, handsome, courteous; hend, viii., 152, *gentle;* Aytoun reads, "hain'd," *spared, saved.*
hent, hente, hynt, *took, caught.*
her, *their.*
herbere, *arbor, orchard.*
heres, *here is.*
her lane, *herself alone.*
herme, *harm.*
hernainsell, see note p. 154, vii.
herry, *harry, spoil.*
hes, *hast.*
he's, *he shall.*
het, *hot, heated.*
het, hit, *it.*
het, *eat.*
hethyn, i., 107, *hence.*
hett, *bid.*
heugh, *a ragged, steep,* sometimes, *a glen with steep, overhanging sides.*
hi, i., 275, *I.*
hi, *they.*
hich, hie, *high;* hicher, *higher.*
hicht, *heights.*
hie, hye, hyght (on), *on high, aloud,*
high-coll'd, *high-cut.*
hight, heght, hyght, hyghte, hith, hyzt, *promise, promised, vowed, called, be called, are called.*
hilt, *taken.*
him lane, *alone;* his alone, *alone by himself.*
hind, hinde, *gentle.*
hind, i., 180, *stripling;* hynde, *youth, stripling, swain, servant.*
hind-chiel, *young stripling.*
hindir, viii., 148, *hundred.*
ting *hang;* hinging, *hanging;* hingers, *hangings.*
hinna, *have not.*
hinny, *honey, darling.*
hip, *the berry which contains the stones or seeds of the dogrose.*
hiphalt, *lame in the hip.*
hireman chiel, *man-servant.*
hirn, *corner.*
hirst, *a barren hill.*
his, *has.*
ho, hoo, *who.*
hode, *hood.*
Hogan Dutch, vii., 155?
hold, vi., 276, *faithful.*
holde, v., 61, *retain.*
holland, hollen, hollin, *holly.*
Hollans boats, iv., 13. Qy. *holly boats?*
holt, *grove;* sometimes *hill,* holtes, vii., 8, *woods.*
holtis hair, iv., 250, *uplands bleak.*
holy, *wholly.*
hooding o' grey, iv., 66, *hodden-grey, cloth with the natural color of the wool.*
hooly, huly, *slowly, gently, softly.*
hope, houp, *a sloping hollow between two hills.*
hore, *hoar, hoary.*
horse-brat, *horse-cloth.*
hos, *us.*
hose, i., 238, *clasp.*
hostage house, vi., 233, *inn.*
houl', *hold.*
houms howms, *holms; flat grounds near water.*
housbond, *manager.*
houzle, *give the sacrament.*
hoved, vii., 9, *hovered, hung about, tarried.*
how, *ho!*
how, *pull.*
howe, *hollow, valley;* hows, *hollows, dells.*
howket, howkit, *dug.*
howp, *hope.*
howt, *out;* heyt war howte, v., 23, a corrupt passage?
huche, *crag, steep bank.*
huckle-duckle, v., 424, *a term for a loose woman.*

hue, *they*; huem, *them*; huere, *their*.
huggell, *huddle, cuddle*.
hulles, *hills*.
humming, *heady*.
hunt's-ha, *hunting-lodge*.
husband, *husbandman*; husbands, *husbandmen*.
hussy, *housewife*; husyskep, *housekeeping*.
hye, in, *aloft, in haste*, i., 23, perhaps *aloud*; hyze, in, i., 20, *in haste, of a sudden*.
hypped, *hopped, hobbled*.

i-bonde, *bound*.
ibore, *born*.
ic, ich, *I*.
i-chaunged, *changed*.
ichulle, *I shall*.
I dern with the bot gif I daill, iv., 247; *unless I secretly dally with thee?*
i-federed, *feathered*.
ifere, in fere, *altogether, in company*.
iknow, *known*.
ilk, ilka, ilkay, ilke, *each, every, same*; this ilka, *this same*.
ill-fardly, *ill-favoredly, uglily*.
ill-willy, *ill-natured*.
inbearing, *forth-putting*.
ingle, *fire*.
inn, v., 34, *abode, stand*.
i-nocked, *nocked, notched*.
inow, inowȝe, *enough*.
in same, *together*.
intent, iv., 248, *thought, mind*.
intil, intill, *into, in*; intill, iv., 83, *upon*.
nto, *in on*.
in twaine, *apart*.
in worth, iv., 205, *gladly, contentedly*.
i-pyght, *put*.
ꝛquyt, *rewarded*.
ꝛalle, i., 99. Qy. rialle, *royal?*
is, *his*.
is, *has*.
I'se, *I will*; I'st, *I shall*.
i-sette, *set*.
i-slawe, *slain*.
ither, *each other*.
iwis, i-wiss, i-wysse, *surely, certainly, truly*; sometimes seems to be ignorantly employed for I wot, *I know*.

jack, *a short coat plated with small pieces of iron; a leather jacket*; iii., 81, *a coat of mail*.
jagged, *pierced*.
janglour, *prater*.
japes, *jests, mocks*.
jaw, ii., 233, *wave*.
jawes, i., 227, *dashes*; jawp'd, 257, *dashed, spattered*; jawing, *dashing*.
jelly, *jolly, pleasant*.
jeopardy, vi., 223, *adventure*.
jess, *a leather strap for a hawk's leg, by which it was fastened to the leash*.
jetted, viii., 41, *went proudly*.
jimp, *slender, neat*.
jo, *sweetheart*.
jobbing, v., 374, *knocking together*.
jolly, jollie, *pretty, handsome, gay*.
jooked, *bowed, made obeisance*.
jouk, *avoid a blow by bending the body forward*.
jow, *a stroke in tolling*.
jugge, vi., 271, *condemn*.
jumlit, viii., 119, *stirred rapidly*, used of the motion of churning.

kail, *broth*.
kail-blade, *leaf of colewort*.
kaily, *cabbage like*.
kail-yardie, *kitchen-garden*.
kaim, kame, kemb, kembe, *comb*; kembing, *combing*.

kain, vii., 180, *rent paid in kind;* here, paid the kain is *suffered sorely.*
kaithe, *appear, come.*
kall, *drive.*
kane, *rent.*
karp, *talk, relate stories.*
kavis, *calves.*
kebbuck, *cheese.*
keckle-pin, iii., 300, should be heckle-pin, *the tooth of a heckle or flax-comb.*
keekit, *peeped.*
keel, *red ochre.*
keep, *heed.*
keipand, *keeping.*
kell, *caul, a species of cap, or net-work, worn by women as a head-dress.*
keming-stock, *back of a chimney grate.*
kempes, *soldiers;* kemperye man, iii., 169, *soldier-man.*
ken, *know;* kenna, *know not;* kentna, *knew not;* kens, *knows;* kend, kende, kent, *knew, known.*
kep, *catch;* kep'd, *kept;* kep-pit, kepped, *caught, kept.*
kepe; non odur kepe I'll be, v., 15, *I will be no other kind of retainer, I will have no other relations.*
kerches, *kerchiefs.*
kest, kiest, *cast.*
kettrin, *cateran, thieving.*
kevels, kevils, *lots.*
keverest, vi., 273, *recoverest.*
kexis, *dried stalks of hemlock.*
kid, *displayed.*
kill, *kiln.*
kilt, *tuck up;* kilted, *tucked, tucked up.*
kin, *kind;* kin', *kind of;* a'kin, *all kind.*
kind, kynde, *nature, habit;* comyn of kynde, viii., 107, *come of a good strain?*
kindly, i., 236, "*good old,*" ? vii., 23, *native born.*
kinnen, *rabbits.*
kintra, *country.*
kipples, *rafters.*
kirk, *church.*
kirkin, *churching.*
kirk-shot, see shot.
kirn, kyrne, *churn;* kyrnd, *churned.*
Kirsty, *Christy.*
kist, *chest.*
kitchey, *kitchen.*
kith, *acquaintance.*
kittle flaws, *variable winds,* i. e. not to be depended on for courage.
knapscap, *head-piece.*
knave, *servant (boy);* knave bairn, *male child.*
kned, *kneed.*
knet, *knitted.*
knicht, *knight.*
knicking, iv., 110, *wringing, so as to make snap.*
knop, *a knob or swelling from a blow.*
knot, iii., 274, *tie up.*
know, knowe, *knoll.*
knulled, vi., 272, *pushed, beaten (with the knuckles).*
kod, *quoth.*
kunnes, *kinds.*
ky, kye, *cows.*
kyneriche, *kingdom.*
kyne-yerde, *king's wand,* or *sceptre.*
kyrtell, *kirtle, waistcoat, jacket, or tunic.*
kythe, *become manifest.*

lack, iii., 85, *loss.*
lad, lede, *lead.*
laht, *caught.*
laidley, lodlye, *loathly, loathsome;* laithliest, *loathsomest.*
laigh, *low;* laigher, *lower;* laigh, v., 196, *low ground.*
laigh-coll'd, *low-cut.*
lain, lane, *alone;* joined with pronouns, as, my lane (or

lain), his lane, her lane, their lane, *myself alone*, etc.

lair, lear, leir, lere, *learning, lore, doctrine, lesson;* learn, lear'd, *learned.*

lair, vii., 239, *place where they were lying.*

laith, leath, *loath.*

laitis, lusty, *pleasant manners.*

lake, iv., 120, *reproach.*

lake, iii., 58, *hollow place, grave?*

lambs-wool, *a beverage made of ale and roasted apples.*

lamer, laumer (ii., 327), *amber.*

lang, *long, longer;* lang, to think, originally, *to seem long*, then *to be weary, feel ennui.*

langsome, *tedious.*

lap, *leapt;* iii., 154, *sprang.*

lap, *wrap up.*

lapande, *lapping.*

lappered, *coagulated, clotted.*

lat, latten, *let.*

lauch, leuch, leugh, lewche, leuȝe, lowȝhe, lough, *laugh, laughed, smiled;* lauchters, *laughters.*

lauchters, *locks.*

lauchty, viii., 141, *pale, white?*

launde, *an open place in a wood.*

launsgay, *a kind of dart or javelin* (a compound of *lance*, and the Arabic *zagaye*, says Myrick, Antient Armour, etc.).

lave, *rest.*

laverock, *lark.*

law, *low.*

lawe, iv., 149, *custom.*

lawhyng, *laughing.*

lawing, *scot, tavern-reckoning.*

lax, *relief, release.*

laye, iii., 180, *law.*

lay gowd, *embroider in gold.*

lay-land, *lea-land, unploughed, greensward.*

layne, *deceive, conceal, deception;* vii., 13, *break word.*

lea', *leave.*

leace, les, lesyng, leasynge, *lying, lie;* lesse, vii., 10, *lying.*

leafu' *lawful.*

leaguer, *camp.*

leal, leel, *honest, true, loyal, chaste;* lealest, *truest, chastest.*

lease, leech, *leash.*

leauté, lewté, *loyalty.*

leccam, likame, *body.*

led, vii., 151 (of laws), *carried out.*

lede, *people.*

ledes man, *conductor.*

lee, *lie.*

lee, lie, *waste, lonely, lonesome, sad;* lei, ii., 132 *lonesome.*

lee, *shelter, peace;* set at little lee, vi., 101, *left little peace?* "*left scarcely any means of shelter.*"—Jamieson.

leed, *language.*

lee-lang, *livelong.*

lee licht, v., 171, *lonely, sad light.*

leese, lese, *lose.*

leesome, *pleasant, sweet, amiable, lovely.*

leeve, lefe, lieve, *dear, pleasant;* leave, v., 395, *dear.*

leeze me on, vi., 90, *I take pleasure or comfort in.*

leffe, i., 22, *leave?*

leif, iv., 250, *live.*

lemin, *gleaming.*

len, *lie,* iv., 308, *lie concealed.*

lende, v., 113, dwell.

lend ye till, iv., 26, *lean upon.*

lene, v., 58, *grant;* 59, *lend.*

lengre, *longer.*

lent, *leaned.*
lenth, *length,*
lere, lire, *cheek, countenance, face.*
lerrum (Fr.), *leave.*
lesse and more, *smaller and greater.*
lest, list, *desire.*
let, lett, lette, *stop, delay, prevent, hinder; desist, omit;* vi., 278, *ceased;* withouten lette, *for a certainty;* letna, *let not;* lettyng, *stopping.*
lethal, *deadly.*
leuer, lever, *liefer, rather.*
leve, iv., 147, *remain.*
levedy, *lady;* leuedys, *ladies.*
leven, i., 111, *lawn.*
levin, *lightning.*
ley, lay, *lea.*
ley-land, *lea-land, not ploughed.*
leythe, *light.*
libbe, *live.*
licht, lizt, *light;* lichted, lichtit, *lighted;* lichtly, *lightly.*
lidder, *lazy.*
lidder fat, *fat from laziness* (Qy. same as leeper fat?).
liflod, *livelihood.*
lift, *air.*
lift, *carry off;* lifting, *stealing.*
lig, *lie;* liggit, *lain;* ligge, v., 332, *lay.*
liges, *lieges.*
lighter, *delivered.*
lighters, *blinders.*
lightilé, lyghtly, *quickly.*
lightly, lichtly, *make light of, treat with contempt, undervalue;* lightlye, *without good reason.*
likes, *dead bodies.*
liklie, *handsome, promising.*
liltin, lilting, *singing cheerfully.*
lilye, vii., 23, lilly, 179, *covered with lilies?*
limmer, *scoundrel, wretch, rascal; scoundrelly, mean;* limmers, *strumpets.*
lin, *stop.*
Lincome, *Lincoln;* Lincum twine, *Lincoln manufacture.*
lin'd, v., 203, *beaten.*
ling, *heath.*
lingcam, i., 148, *body,* = leccam?
linger, *longer.*
link, *walk briskly, arm in arm;* linkin', linking, *walking quickly, riding briskly.*
linn, *the pool under a cataract, cataract.*
lintseed bow, *the globule which contains the seed of flax.*
lirk, *hollow (of a hill).*
list, *please, pleased.*
lith, lyth, *joint, limb.*
lith, i., 275, *supple, limber.*
lithe, lyth, *list, listen, hearken.*
lither, *naughty, lazy, wicked.*
liver, *nimble.*
liverance, vii., 95, "*money for delivering up.*"—Percy.
lives man, vi., 271, *living man.*
loan, lone (in the lone, viii., 119,) "*an opening between fields of corn, for driving the cattle homeward, or milking cows.*"
lodomy, *laudanum.*
loffe, *love.*
logeving, *lodging.*
lokid on, v., 8, *looked in at.*
long of, iv., 211, *on account of;* longe of the, *thy fault.*
longut, *longed.*
loof, *hollow of the hand.*
looing, *loving.*
loon, *clown, rascal, low fellow.*
loot looten, lout, *let.*

loot, lowte, *bow;* louted, loutit, lowtit, *bowed, bent.*
lordeyne, *sluggard, clown.*
lordswyk, *traitor to his lord.*
lore, loren, *lost.*
lore, iv., 149, *doctrine.*
losel, *worthless fellow.*
lothely, *with aversion, with hatred.*
loudly, vi., 124, *loud.*
loun, lown, lowne, *loon, worthless fellow.*
loup, *leap, waterfall;* lope, louped, loupen, luppen, *leapt.*
lourd, *liefer, rather.*
low, lowe, lowz, *laughed.*
low, *flame.*
lowe, v., 167, *a small hill.*
lown, *lone.*
lowse, *loose;* lowze, *loosen;* loused, lowsed, *loosed.*
lucetts, vii., 14, *luces, pikes.*
lue, *love;* luid, *loved;* lude, iv., 246, *loved.*
lugs, *ears.*
luifsomely, *lovingly.*
lurdane, *a heavy, stupid fellow.*
lust, *desire.*
luves, *palms, hands.*
lyan, *lain.*
lyarde, *gray horse, horse in general.*
lyart, *hoary.*
lygge, *lay;* lyggande, *lying.*
lykewake, *watching of a dead body.*
lyle, *little.*
lynde, lyne, *linden, lime, tree in general.*
lynge, v., 10, *a thin long grass or rush, heather.*
lystnys, *listen.*
lyt, *little, a little while.*
lyveray, *an allowance of provisions or clothes given out to servants or retainers;* v., 73, *levy.*
lyzth, *lies.*

ma, shame a, vi., 93, *devil a bit.*
mae, mar, *more.*
maen, maene, mane, meen, mene, *moan, lament;* maining, *moaning, crying.*
maik, make, *mate;* maker, makys, *mates.*
maill, *rent*
maist, ii., 58, maistly, *almost.*
makane, *making.*
male, *portmanteau;* v., 68, [*the horse carrying*] *the portmanteau.*
manchet, *the finest kind of white bread.*
maney, meany, menyè, menyie, meynè, *company, company of followers.*
mannot, *may not.*
mansworn, *perjured.*
march-man, *warden of the Marches.*
march-perti, vii., 40, *the Border parts or region.*
mark, *murky.*
marke hym to the Trenité, vii., 13, *commit himself to God by making the sign of the cross?* marked, 14, *fixed their eyes on, took aim at?*
marrit, iv., 246, *marred, disordered.*
marrow, *mate, husband;* iii., 67, *antagonist, match;* marrows, *equals.*
marry, *Mary;* marry gep, *apparently, Mary go up!*
masars, v., 75, *cups, vessels.*
maste, mest, *most, greatest.*
masterey, *mastery, trial of skill, feat.*
mat, *may, might.*
maugre, *spite;* iv., 247, *ill-will, blame.*
maun, *must;* maunna, *may not.*
mavis, mawys, *song-thrush.*
maw, *mew.*

may, *maid;* maries, marys, *maids, maid-servants.*
maystry, *trial of skill, feat.*
me, *they* (Fr. *on*).
meal-pock, *meal-bag.*
mear, *mare.*
meatrif, *abounding in provisions.*
meen, *moon;* meen-licht, *moonlight.*
meisseine, viii., 195, *mizzen-sail.*
mell, *mallet.*
mell, iii., 70, *milt, spleen.*
mell, *meddle.*
meloude, *melody.*
menji, iv., 81, *many.*
mensked, i., 276, *honored.*
menyde, *moaned.*
menzie, *many, retinue.*
merchand, *marching.*
mergh, *marrow.*
merk, mirk, *dark, sad.*
merks, *marks.*
merk-soot, i., 274, *mark-shot, distance between bow-marks.* Finlay.
merrys, *marrest.*
mese, *mess, meal.*
message, *messenger.*
mete, *measured.*
methe, *meat.*
micht, meyt, meythe, mith, myzt, *might.*
mickle, muckle, mekle, mykel, mekill, micull, *great, large, big, much.*
middle-eard, medill-erthe, *earth, the upper world,* placed between the nether regions and the sky.
middle streame, v., 274, *middle of the stream.*
mill-capon, *a poor person who asks charity at mills from those who have grain grinding.*
millering, iii., 273, *dust of the mill.*
min', *mind.*
min', minnie, minny, *mother, love, dear.*
mind, *remember;* minded, *remembered.*
minged, iii., 178, *named, mentioned.*
minion, *fine, elegant.*
minted, iii., 335, *took the direction or course.*
miss, vii., 264, *evil, fault, trouble.*
misters, v., 203, *sorts of.*
mo, moe, moo, *more, greater.*
mode, *passion, energy.*
modi, mody, mudie, *bold, courageous.*
mold, molde, mould, *earth, ground.*
Moll Syms, ii., 359, *a celebrated dance tune of the sixteenth century.*
mome, *fool.*
monand, *moaning.*
mone, *man.*
montenans, *amount.*
moodie hill, iii., 84, *mole-hill.*
mools, mouls, *the earth of the grave, the dust of the dead.*
more, *greater;* most, *greatest.*
morning-gift, *the gift made a wife by her husband the morning after marriage.*
mort, *death* (*of the deer*).
mot, mowe, mought, mouthe, moth, *may, might.*
mote, *meeting.*
mother-naked, *naked as at one's birth.*
mou, mow, *mouth.*
mounde, vi., 270, *might?*
mowes, mowis (mouths), *jokes, jests.*
mude, *mood, mind.*
muir, *moor.*
mun, *must.*
Mungo, St., *St. Kentigern.*
murnit, *mourned.*
muss, *moss.*

mych, *much.*
myllan, vii., 36, *Milan,* i. e. *steel or manufacture.*
mylner, *miller.*
myne-allaine, *alone by myself.*
myneyeple, vii., 35, *maniple* (i. e. *many folds*), *a name for a close dress with sleeves worn under the armor.*
mysaunter, *misadventure, ill luck.*
myskaryd, viii., 104, *miscarried, disadvantageously disposed of.*
myster, *need.*

na, nae, *not;* namena, *name not,* etc.
naggs, *notches.*
nappy (of ale), *strong.*
nar, nor, *than.*
nare, *nor.*
native, viii., 162, *true-born.*
nay, naye, *denial.*
near, nere, *nearer.*
neb, *nose beak.*
nede, vi., 280, *he had not.*
nedis hase spedde, *succeeded in what he wanted.*
nee, *nigh.*
neirhand, *nearly.*
neis, *nose.*
neist, niest, *next, nearest, close.*
ner, *never.*
ner, *were it not;* nes, *was not.*
ner; they ner, *thine ear.*
neuk, vi., 224, *corner?*
newfangle, i., 9 (*trifling, inconstant*), *light, loose.*
next way, *nearest way.*
nicher, nicker, *neigh.*
nicked, *notched, cut, slashed.*
nicked of naye, iii., 162, *denied;* should be *with naye.*
niddart, v., 403, *assailed.*
nie, *neigh.*
nip, *bit;* curn nips of sticks, v., 191, *bundle of small sticks.*
nipped, *pinched.*
nixtin, *next.*
nocht, *not.*
nogs, *stakes.*
noisome, vi., 139, *annoying, vexatious.*
nolden, *would not.*
nolles, *heads.*
nombles, numbles [*the eatable*], *entrails.*
nome, *name.*
nome, nomen, *took.*
nones, *no.*
nones, *nonce.*
northen, be, *to the north of.*
noth, nouth, noud, nout, nozt, *not, nought.*
nourice, nurice, *nurse.*
nouther, noyther, *neither.*
nowt, *cattle.*
nule, *will not.*
nythe, vi., 275, *wickedness.*

och, ochanie, *interjections of grief.*
odd, iv., 281, *old.*
odur, *other.*
o'erword, ower-word, *refrain, burden.*
ohon, *an exclamation of sorrow, alas.*
oh'on a ri, Gaelic, *oh, my heart!* oh' rig in di, vii., 155?
oht, *oath.*
okerer, *usurer.*
oltrance, *outrance, utterance.*
on, *one.*
on, *in.*
on ane, *anon.*
on be thought, iii., 35, *thought upon.*
onde, vi., 275, *malice, envy.*
one, *on, in.*
ones, onys, *once.*
onfere, *together.*
onie, *any.*

on loft, viii., 112, *aloft*, i. e. *standing up, or on horseback.*
onlyve, *alive.*
unslepe, *asleep.*
oo, *one.*
or, *ere, before.*
orfaré, i., 99, *embroidery.*
Oryence, *Orient.*
os, *us.*
other, *or;* viii., 110, *or?*
ou, *you.*
ought, *owed.*
ouir, *our.*
our, oure, ower, owre, oer, *over, too;* our all quhair, viii., 148, *everywhere.*
ourtuk, *overtook.*
out-horne, *a horn blown to summon people to assist in capturing a fugitive.*
out o' hand, *at once.*
outrake, vii., 100, *riding out, excursion.*
outspeckle, *laughing-stock.*
over all, *everywhere.*
over one, i., 23, *in a company, together?* See Jamieson's *Scottish Dictionary*, in v. ouer ane.
oware, *hour.*
ower great, *too familiar.*
owermaskit, *overcast.*
owre, iii., 151, *or, ere.*
owreturn, *refrain.*
owsen, *oxen.*
Owsenford, *Oxford.*
owthe, *out.*
owtlay, *outlaw.*
oys, *grandsons.*
oysyd, *used, followed.*

Pa, iii., 144. Qy. *Is this a contraction of pall, and is pall an alley or mall in which games of balls are played?*
pa', pall, *a kind of rich cloth.*
pae, *peacock.*
paiks, vii., 154, *drubbing.*
paines, *penance.*
pairt, *part.*
pallion, pallione, vii., 222, *pavilion, tent; pl.* palliones.
palmer, *pilgrim, vagabond.*
panis, *pains.*
pannell, panele, viii., 41, 108, *a rustic saddle, a pad, without frame or bow.*
papeloyes, *popinjays.*
paramour, viii., 148, *passionately.*
parand; heir and parand, *heir apparent.*
parde, perde, perdé, *pardieu.*
Parish, *Paris.*
part, ii., 151, *separate form.*
partake, viii., 212, *impart, assign.*
partakers, *persons to take one's part.*
parti, *part.*
Pasche, *Easter.*
pass, *care.*
passe, *extent, bounds, limits, district;* as the pas de Calais. — Ritson.
pat, *put.*
pat, *pot;* pat-fit, *pot-foot.*
paughty, *insolent.*
pautit, *paw, beat with the foot.*
paw, pa', vii., 158, *swift motion;* one's *part* in a performance, 154; of the *contortions* of a person hanged, 162; of the *movement of weapons*, 163; paw, neer play'd, vi., 84, *did not stir hand or foot.*
pawage, pauage, pavag, *toll for the privilege of passing over the territory of another.*
pawky, *sly.*
pay, *pleasure, satisfaction* (i., 237).
paye, i., 104, *content.*
payetrelle, i., 99 (otherwise patrel, poitrail, pectorale,

etc.), *a steel plate for the protection of a horse's chest.*
payrelde, *apparelled.*
pearlin' gear, *pearl ornaments.*
pearlings, *thread laces.*
peart, *pert.*
peces, v., 75, *vessels; unless it be gold pieces.*
pechmyn, *parchment.*
peel, vi., 106, *the stronghold, where the cattle were kept.*
peit, viii., 269, *whip.*
pele, *long-handled baker's shovel.*
pelletes, *balls.*
pendles, *ear-rings.*
perelle, *pearl.*
perfay, *par foi.*
perseiued, *pursued.*
peruenke, *periwinkle.*
pestelets, *pistols, fire-arms.*
philibeg, *kilt, or short petticoat,* worn by Highlanders instead of breeches.
pict, *pitch.*
pike, *pick.*
pile, i., 260, *down,* sometimes *tender leaves.*
piu, *summit;* gallows pin, *top of the gallows?*
pin, *door-latch.*
pinder, *pounder, pound-keeper.*
pine, pyne, *pain, sorrow, grief, suffering;* goddes pyne, *Christ's passion.*
Pirie's chair, viii., 282 ?
Pitlarichie, vii., 319 ?
pitten, *put.*
plas, i., 19, *place, palace.*
plat, *plaited, interwove.*
play-feres, *playfellows.*
plea, *quarrel.*
pleadis, *prayers,*
plight, *pledge.*
plookey, *pimpled.*
ploom, *plum.*
ploo-mell, plow-mell, "*a small wooden hammer occasionally fixed to the plough.*" — Percy.
plow, *as much land as can properly be tilled by one plough in a day.*
pluch, pleugh, *plough.*
plucke, *stroke, blow;* v., 423, *bout;* plucke-buffet, 118, is explained by the context.
plumet, vi., 75, *pommel.*
plyȝt, *plight, promise.*
poer, *power.*
poin'd, *seized.*
poke, *bag.*
polititious, *politic, ingenious.*
pollis, *polls.*
pompous vii., 278, *proud, magnificent.*
porcupig, *porcupine.*
pot, *a deep place scooped in a rock or river-bed by the eddies.*
poterner, i., 8, *pouch, purse. Rightly corrected by Percy from* poterver. See pautonnière, pontonaria, *and* pantonarius, *in Henschel's ed. of Ducange.*
pou, *pull.*
poudurt, *powdered.*
pouraille, *common people.*
pra, vii., 173, *brave, fine.*
prayse-folk, viii., 114 ?
prece, prese, prees, *press, crowd;* prees, v., 65, *press (of battle);* preced, *pressed.*
preke, *the pin in the centre of a target.*
president, *precedent.*
prest, *ready, eager, quick, in a hurry;* v., 29, *fast, zealously;* iv., 204, *ready;* prestly, prestlye, *quickly.*
prest, *priest.*
presumand, *presuming.*
previe, *secret.*
pricked, prycked, *rode smartly.*
pricke-wande, *a rod set up as a mark. The prick is*

the peg in the centre of a target.
priefe, prieve, pryffe, v., 430, *prove.*
prime, pryme, *six o'clock in the morning.*
prin, *pin.*
prink'd, prinn'd, *adorned, drest up, made neat.*
pris, vi., 276, *praise.*
pristly, *earnestly.*
priving, *proof.*
progeny, viii., 158, *descent.*
propine, *gift.*
prude, *pride;* iii., 31, *proud?*
prycker, v., 425, *a galloping horse.*
prye, *pray.*
pudding-prick, *a skewer to fasten a pudding-bag.*
pure, *poor.*
put at the stane, *throw the stone as a trial of strength;* putting-stane, *the stone used in this exercise.*
put down, putten down, *hung, executed, killed;* iv., 117, *hung.*
putfalle, *pitfall.*
pyght, *pitched.*

quaint, *acquaint.*
quair, *choir.*
quat, quite, *quit.*
queet, quit, *ancle.*
quequer, *quiver.*
quert, viii., 150, *high spirits, hilarity.*
questry, *jury.*
quey, *young cow.*
queyt, qwyte, *reward.*
quha, *who.*
quhair, quhat, quhy, etc., *where, what, why, etc.;* all quhair, *everywhere.*
quhavir, *whoever.*
quhilk, *which.*
quhill, while, *until, till;* iv., 249, *until.*
quhois, *whose.*
quick, *alive.*
quyrry, *quarry, slaughtered game.*
quyt, *paid, repaid.*

ra, rae, *roe.*
race, vii., 184, *course.*
raches, *scenting hounds.*
rack, *a shallow ford, extending to a considerable breadth before it narrows into a full stream.* — Jamieson.
rad, vi., 27, *afraid.*
radde, *quick, quickly.*
raid, *foray, predatory incursion, fight.*
raik on raw, iv., 246, *range or extend themselves in a row.*
rair, *roar;* rair'd, *roared.*
rais, *rose.*
raked, v., 196, *proceeded leisurely, sauntered.*
raking, v., 259, 275; vii., 242, *walking hastily, running, scouring along.*
ramp, *rude, wild, violent.*
ramped, rampit, *rushed violently, pranced about in bad humor.*
rank'd, vi., 25, i. e., *looked finely, formed in ranks.*
ranshackled, *ransacked.*
rant, *make merry, riot.*
rantin', *boisterously gay, rollicking.*
rarely, viii., 229, *dear.*
rashing, *striking like a boar.*
rathely, *quickly.*
rathere, vi., 274, *sooner, beforehand.*
raton, ratton, *rat.*
raught, *reached.*
rauine, *beasts of chase, prey.*
rauzt, *reft, took away.*
rave, *tore off.*
rave, *bereave.*
raw, rawe, *row, rank;* upo' the raw, *in rank of battle.*

rax, *reach, stretch;* vii., 265, *beat?* raxed, *stretched.*
ray, *prepare.*
ray, vi., 102, *path or track.*
raye, v., 84, *striped cloth.* "*Cloth not colored or dyed. It is mentioned in many old statutes in contradistinction to cloth of color.* — Ritson.
reachles, *reckless, careless.*
reade, rede, reede, reid, red, redd, *advice, plan, counsel, advise;* i., 22, redd, *explained;* ii., 263, rede, *story;* vii., 15, *guessed.*
rear, ride the, vii., 233, *ride behind, have the worse.*
reave, *deprive;* reivis, *deprivest of.*
reavel'd, *tangled.*
recks, vii., 23, *matters.*
record, recorde, *witness;* viii., 247; *avowal;* draw to record, *take to witness.*
red, *rid, rode.*
red, viii., 119, *to part* (*them*).
reddely, *quickly.*
redding-comb, *comb for redding, or combing out the hair.*
reek, *smoke.*
reekit, i., 299, *steamed.*
reele bone, i., 99, *an unknown material, of which saddles, especially, are in the romances said to be made; called variously,* rewel-bone, (*Cant. Tales*, 13,807), rowel-bone, ruell-bone, reuylle-bone (*Young Bekie*, iv., 12), royal-bone, and royal bane.
reest, *roost.*
reet, *root* (viii., 141).
refe, reif, *steward, bailiff, receiver;* *pl.* reves.
Reidswire, see vi., p. 131.
reif, *robbery;* reve, *rob, take by force;* reiver, riever, *robber;* reaving, *robbing.*
reil, *reel.*
reme, *kingdom.*
remeid, *remedy.*
remeve, iv., 155, *remove or trouble.*
remorse, viii., 164, *tenderness of feeling.*
removde, iii., 174, *stirred up, excited.*
remuy, *remove.*
renish, renisht, iii., 161, 167?
renne, rin, ryn, *run;* renning, renninge, *running;* rinnes, *runs.*
renown [Buchan], ii., 169, *haughtiness?*
rent, *rend.*
repreve, *reprove, deride.*
res, vi., 276 (Ang. Sax. *raes*), *incursions, exploits?*
rescous, *rescue.*
retheres hude, *bullock's hide.*
reuth, rewth, rewyth, ruthe, *pity, regrets.*
revere, *river.*
rew, rewe, rue, *take pity.*
richt, *right.*
ridand, *riding.*
rig, rigg, *ridge;* rigs, *ridges;* rigging, *ridge, top.*
riggings, vii., 154, *backs?*
rigland shire, ii., 331?
ring, viii., 148, *reign.*
ripe, *rip.*
ripe, v., 190, *search;* 202, *cleanse.*
rise on anchor, vii., 206?
ritted, *routed, struck.*
rive, *riven.*
rived, i., 233 (*arrived*), *travelled.*
riv't, *tear it.*
rode, roode, rude, *rood, cross.*
roiss, *rest.*
rok, *distaff.*
roke, *reek, steam.*
roof-tree, *the beam which forms the angle of the roof.*
room, iii., 217, *make room.*

roose, vii., 87, *boast of, commend.*
root, viii., 268, rout, i. e., *stretch*, or *tramp?*
rost, thu carpis of cold, viii., 110 (proverb), *thou speakest to no purpose?*
roudes, *haggard.*
rought, route, rowte, *rout, band, company, crowd.*
rouncyn, *horse.*
round claith and small, viii., 118?
round tables, *a game much played in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries.*
rout, *blow* (v., 191).
routh, *plenty.*
routing, *bellowing.*
rove, *roof.*
row, *roll, wrap;* rowd, row'd, *rolled.*
rowe, a-, upon a row, *in a row.*
row-footed, vi., 63, *rough-footed?*
rowght, *rout, strife.*
rown-tree, *mountain-ash.*
rowynde, *round.*
rudd, *complexion.*
rudds, *reddens.*
rue, v., 377, *to cause to rue.*
ruggut, *pulled violently.*
Rumary, vi., 249?
rung, *staff, cudgel;* canon's, *figuratively, for shot?*
ryall, *royal.*
rybaus, *ribalds, villains.*
rybybe, *kind of fiddle.*
ryght, vii., 7, *straight.*
ryghtwys, *righteous, just.*
rynde, vii., 13, *flayed?* rinde, *to destroy.* — Halliwell's *Dict.*
ryschys, *rushes.*
rysse, *rise.*
ryzt, *right.*

sa, *so.*
sabelline, *sable.*
sackless saikless, *guiltless.*
sad, v., 82, *firm, resolute.*
safe-guard, *a riding-skirt.*
saft, vi., 65, *light.*
saghe, *saw.*
saht, vi., 276, *at one, reconciled.*
sained, *crossed, consecrated.*
sair, *suit, satisfy.*
sald, seld, *sold.*
sall, *shall;* salna, sanna, shanna, *shall not.*
salued, *grected.*
same, *in, together;* i., 25, *some, each.*
sanchothis, v., 41? (The meaning is that the arrow went between the legs.)
sarbit, *an exclamation of sorrow.*
sark, serk, *shirt, shift.*
sat, *fitted.*
sathe, *sooth, truth.*
saugh, *willow.*
saw, sawe, *saying, tale, statement, speech.*
sawtene, *sought.*
sawtrye, *psaltery.*
say, *saw.*
say, saye, *essay, try* (iii., 211).
sayne, *say.*
scaith, scath, scathe, skaith, *hurt, harm, damage;* skaith'd, *injured.*
scale, *scatter, disperse, spread* (vii., 178, 262).
scant, *lessen.*
scart, *scratch.*
schane, *shone.*
schapped, vii., 15, apparently should be "swapped;" see *post.*
schaw, shaw, shawe, *wood, thicket, grove.*
scheel, *school.*
schent, *shamed, disgraced.*
schet, schette, *shot;* schoote, vii., 12, *shot, let go.*
schill, *shrill.*
scho, *she.*

ȝchondir, in, *asunder.*
ȝchrewde, *sharp.*
ȝclo, *slay.*
ȝcort, *short.*
ȝcoup, iii., 194, *go or fly.*
ȝcouth, v., 195, *room, range.*
ȝcreffe, *sheriff.*
ȝcroggs, *stunted trees.*
ȝcug, *expiate.*
ȝculd, *should.*
ȝcuttle dishes, iii., 273, *wooden platters.*
ȝe, see (save and see), *protect.*
ȝeal, v., 396, Gude seal, *God seal, forbid?*
ȝea-maw, *sea-mew.*
ȝeannachy, *genealogist, bard, or story-teller.*
ȝeck, *sack.*
ȝee, vi., 277, *seat, throne.*
ȝeen, *soon.*
ȝeen, sen, senne, *then since.*
ȝe'en, *seven.*
ȝeke, *search;* v., 20, he was not to seke, *he did not require to be looked for.*
ȝeker, *sure, resolute.*
ȝekirlye, sykerly, sykerlyke, *certainly, truly.*
ȝelerer, cellarer, *the officer of a convent that furnished provisions.*
ȝelkethe, *strange.*
ȝell, *good;* sell gude, *right good.*
ȝelle, *saddle.*
ȝemblaunte, *countenance.*
ȝen, *send, grant;* iii., 280, *sent.*
ȝend, *message;* ii., 334, *the messengers sent for the bride at a wedding.*
ȝendall, *a rich, thin silk.*
ȝene, vii., 189, *skilled, experienced.*
ȝenvye, *mustard-seed.*
ȝere, *sore.*
ȝeres, *sires, sirs.*
ȝerime, vi., 248, corrupt. Qy. *betime.*
ȝerved, vi., 25, *behaved to.*
ȝet, *suit;* ȝets, v., 348, *suits* · iv., 105, *sits, fits.*
ȝete, *set.*
ȝeth the, *after.*
ȝevensum, *seven.*
ȝey, i., 18, v., 29, *saw.*
ȝhame a ma, vi., 93, *devil a bit.*
ȝhare, i., 193, *slip, strip.*
ȝhathmont, i., 126 [A. Sax. scæftmund], *a measure from the top of the extended thumb to the utmost part of the palm, six inches.*
ȝhaw'd, *showed.*
ȝhe, *used of Highlanders in general.*
ȝhealin, iv., 66, *shed for sheep.*
ȝhear, vii., 30, 31, *quickly, at once* (?). — Halliwell.
ȝhe'as, *sheaths.*
ȝheave, slice.
ȝhed by, ii., 77, *parted, put back.*
ȝhee, i., 166, *shoe.*
ȝheede, *spill.*
ȝheeld - bones, *blade - bones, shoulder-blades.*
ȝheen, sheyne, *bright.*
ȝheen, *shine;* ȝheens, *shines.*
ȝheen, shone, shoen, schone, *shoes.*
ȝheep's-silver, *mica.*
ȝheet, shete, *shoot;* ȝhet, *shot.*
ȝheil, *shepherd's hut.*
ȝhende, *injure, blame;* ȝhent, *disgraced, injured, abused* i., 48, viii., 66, *shamed.*
ȝhe'st, *she shall.*
ȝheuch, *furrow, ditch.*
ȝhill, iv., 59, *shrill.*
ȝhimmerd. *shone.*
ȝhome, *shame.*
ȝhonde, *disgrace.*
ȝhonkes, *shanks.*
ȝhope, *created;* iii., 39, *shaped, assumed.*
ȝhot, *plot of land;* also, *a*

place where fishermen let out their nets.

shot-window, shott-window, *a projected, over-hanging window.*[1]

shouthers, *shoulders.*

shradd, v., 160 (spelt also shard), *an opening in a wood.*

shrewed, v., 63, *cursed, precious!*

shriefe, shryve, *sheriff.*

shroggs, v., 164, *shrubs, twigs.*

shuldis, *shouldst.*

shun, *soon.*

shurtyng, viii., 103, *sport, pastime,*

sic, siccan, sicken, *such.*

sich, sicht, *sigh;* sichin', *sighing,* sichit, *sighed.*

sicht, *sight.*

sicker, sickerly, *sure, surely, certainly.*

side, *long.*

silly. *simple.*

silverwand, vii., 100 ?

sindie, *seldom.*

sindry, iii., 301, *peculiarly.*

sinsyne, *since.*

sith, sithence, *since.*

six-mennys song, *song for six voices.*

skaith [Qy. skail ?], i., 136, *save, keep innocent of.*

skeely, *skilful.*

skeigh, *sky.*

skelps, *blows.*

skill, but a, i., 371, *only reasonable?*

skill of their train, *understand their training.*

skink, *serve drink;* skinked, *poured out.*

skinkled, *sparkled.*

skomfet, *discomfit.*

skumd, *skimmed.*

skyll, *reason, manner, matter.*

sky sett in, i., 262, for *sunset or evening.*

slack, *a gap or pass between two hills, a shallow dell, morass.*

slade, *valley, ravine, strip of greensward between two woods.*

slae, *sloe* (vi., 119).

slait, *passed across, whetted.*

slap, *a narrow pass between two hills;* iv., 96, *a breach in a wall or hedge.*

slatred, *broken, cracked.*

slawe, *slain.*

slaydis, vii., 228; the passage is corrupt.

slee, *sly.*

sleuth-dog, *blood-hound.*

slicht, *slight,* slichting, *slighting.*

slist, *sliced.*

slode, *slid, split.*

sloe, slon, *slay;* slone, *slain;* slowen, *slew.*

slogan, *the gathering word peculiar to a family or clan, a war-cry.*

sloken, *slake.*

slough-hounds, *blood-hounds.*

sloughe, *slew.*

smeek, *smoke.*

smert, *quickly.*

smirkling, *smirking, smiling.*

smit, *a clashing noise.*

[1] It "meant a certain species of aperture, generally circular, which used to be common in the staircases of old wooden houses in Scotland, and some specimens of which are yet to be seen in the Old Town of Edinburgh. It was calculated to save glass in those parts of the house were light was required, but where there was no necessity for the exclusion of the air." — Chambers

Not always certainly, since persons are sometimes said to be lying at the shot-window.

smore, *smother;* smored, *smothered;* smoldereth, *smothereth.*
snear, *snort.*
snell, *quick, keen;* vii., 269, *sharp, loud.*
snood, *a band with which a young woman ties up her hair.*
so, *as.*
socht, *sought.*
solace, solas, *recreation, sport, amusement.*
somers, *sumpter horses.*
sonde, *sending;* sonde, godes, *God's sending.*
sooth, soth, sothe, suthe, soht, soyt, *truth, troth;* sothely, *truly.*
sorowe tyme, v., 61, *sorry, bad time.*
sorray, *sorrow.*
sorrow, *devil a bit.*
sort, *style; company, swarm* (of bees).
sot, viii., 247, *fool.*
sote, *soot.*
soth, i., 276, *sweet.*
Soudron, *Southerner, English.*
sould, suld, *should.*
soum, sowm, *swim.*
soun, *sound.*
sound, swownd, *swoon.*
souters, *cobblers.*
sowie, *sow* (Lat. *vinea, pluteus*), *a shed or pent-house under cover of which the walls of a besieged town were assailed.*
sowkit, *sucked.*
sowt, v., 40, *south.*
soy, *silk.*
spait, *flood, freshet, torrent.*
spakes, *spokes, bars.*
spar, *spare, stop.*
spare, viii., 141, *opening in a gown or petticoat.*
sparris, *shutst;* sparred, *shut.*
spauld, spole, *shoulder.*
speal, viii., 280, *chip* or *shaving.* The sense ?
spear, speer, speir, spier, *ask, ask for, ask about;* speer'd, speir'd, spyrred, *asked.*
speed, i., 11, *fare.*
speere, viii., 67, "an aperture in the wall, shot-window." Aytoun (?).
spell; drift can spell, iv., 267, *tell my meaning or story.*
spence, *expense.*
spendyd, vii., 96, probably the same as spanned, *grasped.*
spene, vi., 272, *cost.*
spercles, *sparks.*
spille, spylle, *destroy, perish*
spin, *run.*
splenderis, *splinters.*
splene, on the, iv., 156 ?
splent, *armor.*
spreckl'd, *speckled.*
spright, sprite, *spirit.*
spring, iv., 65, *youth, young.*
springald, *a military engine for discharging heavy missiles at the walls of a beleaguered town.*
sprunks, v., 378, *concubines ?*
spuente, vii., 36, *spirted, sprung out.*
spuilye, spulzie, *despoil.*
spurne, *kick;* vii., 42, *retaliation ?*
spyre, *a post or pillar, supporting a shelf on which victuals are put.* See *Gloss.* to Jamieson's *Pop. Ball.*
sta', staw, *stall.*
sta', staw, *stole;* staun, stown *stolen.*
staf, *stuff.*
stage, v., 8, *story of the house.*
stain, *outdo, excel.*
stalle, v., 16, *place in general room, house.*
stalwurthlye, *stoutly, boldly.*
stanc'd, *stationed.*
stank, vii., 154, *pool.*

stap, *stuff.*
stappin', i., 148, *stopping.*
star, see *ayeyn.*
stark, *stiff, strong;* stark and stoor, iii., 254, *strong and big;* here we may say, *rough and rude;* starkest, *strongest.*
start, *started.*
states, iv., 169, *people of high rank.*
stead, sted, stede, stude, *place, post.*
stean, *stone.*
stear, steer, steir, *stir.*
steek, *stitch, thread;* steeking, *stitching.*
steeked, *fastened.*
stefly, *thickly.*
stell'd, *placed.*
stent, stint, *stop;* stinted, styntlyde, *stopped.*
step-minnie, *stepmother.*
stered, *guided.*
stern light, i., 112, *light of stars.*
stert, sterte, *started, rushed.*
steven, v., 168, *voice;* 164, unsett steven, *a time not previously appointed.*
stey, *steep.*
stickit, iii., 139, *cut the throat.*
stiffe, i., 29, *strong, stout.*
stime, *a particle of light.*
sto', *store, a quantity.*
stock, *the forepart of a bed further from the wall.*
stollin, *stolen.*
stont, stondis, *stands.*
stood upon, v., 356, *concerned, was worth his while.*
store, stowre, sture, i. (155), *big, strong, brave.*
store, set no, *make no account of.*
stots, *bullocks;* stottis, *oxen.*
stound, stounde, *hour, time.*
stoups, *flagons.*
stour, stower, stowre, *turmoil, affray;* iii., 171, *fight, disturbance,*
stoure, viii., 119, *hurry.*
stout, ii., 300, *haughty.*
strae, stray, *straw.*
straik, *stroke;* straiked, streaked, streek'd, *stroaked drew.*
strak, *struck.*
stratlins, i., 183, *straddlings?*
streek, *stretch,* streekit, straught, *stretched struck down;* streikit, *laid out.*
strene, this, viii., 120, *yesternight.*
streynthe, *strength.*
strick, *strict.*
strinkled, *sprinkled.*
stripe, viii., 199, *measure.*
striped, *thrust.*
Strivelyn, *Sterling.*
stroke, v., 259, *stretch?*
strypes, *strokes.*
sturt, vi., 138, *trouble, disturbance.*
stye, v., 14, *lane.*
styrande, vii., 6, see note: according to Percy's reading, *driving* the deer *from their retreats;* but adopting Motherwell's, *prancing, spirited.*
stythe, *stead, place.*
stythe, iii., 43, *sty.*
suar, vii., 35, 38, *sure, trusty.*
suereth, *swear;* sweirand, *swearing.*
sugge, *say.*
suire, swyre (v., 430), *neck.*
suithe, swithe, swythe, *very.*
suld, *should.*
sune, *son.*
sunne, *sin.*
suspitious, "*significant.*" — Ritson.
swa, *so.*
swaird, *sword.*
swakked, vii., 23, swapped, swapt, 15, 24, 36, *struck smote.*

swat, *sweat.*
swear, *oath.*
sweaven, sweven, *dream.*
sweir, *niggardly, unwilling to part with anything.*
swete, viii., 103. Qy. sweté, *sweaty?*
sweynes, vi., 272, *swains, men in general below the rank of knights.*
swick, *blame.*
swilled, i., 242, *shook, as in rinsing.*
swinke, *toil.*
swippyng, *striking fast,* as in threshing.
swipylles, viii., 112; "a swepyl is *that staff of the flail with which the corn is beaten out,* vulgarly a supple." Percy: *swingle.*
swith, *quickly.*
swither, *doubt, consternation; waver.*
swoghyne, i., 103, *soughing.*
sworne into my bille, vii., 95, "*I have delivered a promise in writing, confirmed by an oath.*"—Percy.
swyers, *squires.*
swykedom, *treachery.*
swylke, *such.*
swynkers, *laborers.*
syde, *long.*
syen, *since.*
syke, *rivulet, marshy bottom, ditch.*
syne, *then, afterwards, since;* ere syne, *before now.*
syth, sythen, *then, since.*
syth, *times.*

tabull dormounte, i., 19, *standing table, the fixed table at the end of the hall* (?).
tackes, *takes.*
tackle, takle, takyll, *arrows.*
tae, *toe.*
taiken, *token.*
take (often), *give;* take up (the table), *clear away.*
tald, *told.*
tald, vii., 227, *tall?*
talent, vii., 310, seems to be used for property in general.
tane, tenne, *taken.*
tane, *one* [after the].
tapp'd, *topped.*
targats, vi., 49, *tassels.*
tarpe, v., 111?
tasse, *cup.*
tate, tett (i., 109), *lock (of hair).*
te, tee, *to, too.*
tear, vii., 42, possibly the same as dere, *injury.*
teem, *empty.*
teen, teene, tene, tein, *sorrow, grief, suffering, injury, harm, trouble, vexation, loss.*
teind, *tithe.*
temed, vi., 276, *tamed.*
tent, tente, *attention, heed;* takis gude tente, *give good attention to.*
tent, viii., 58, "*a kind of Alicant, a general name for Spanish wines, except white.*" — Halliwell.
Termagant, *an imaginary false god of the heathen.*
tha, *then.*
thae, *those, these.*
thah, *though.*
thair, *there.*
than, *then.*
thannes, *thence.*
thar, *where;* there, v., 106, *where.*
thar, i., 275, *it needs.*
the, *thee, they.*
the, thee, *thrive, prosper.*
theek, theekit, *thatch, thatched.*
thegither, *together.*
then, *than.*
thenche, *think.*

ther, *their.*
thes, *thus.*
theynes, *thanes.*
thi, *the.*
think lang, thinking long, *to be weary, impatient;* thocht lang, thought lang, *grew weary, felt ennui.*
thir, *they, these, those;* thir's, *these are.*
this, *thus, these.*
tho, thoo, *those, then.*
thocht, *thought.*
thoghte, *seemed.*
thole, *bear, endure.*
thonkes, his, vi., 283, *willingly, gladly, by his good will.*
thorn, iii., 339 (and thorn'd, ii., 335), *refreshed with food?*
thoth, thouch, thouth, thouz, *though.*
thother, *other.*
thoust, *thou wilt, thou shouldst.*
thouth, *thought;* i., 329, *seemed.*
thrang, *throng.*
thrang, *close.*
thrast, *thrust, pressed.*
thraw, ii., 302, *writhe, twist;* thrawen, *crooked;* vi., 219, *distorted, wrinkled.*
thresel-cock, thristlecock, *throstle, thrush.*
threw, ii., 130, *throve.*
thristing, *thirsting.*
throly, v., 447, *boldly.*
throng, *hastened.*
throw, throwe, *space of time, short time, while.*
thrubchandler, i., 237?
thrumme, *the extremity of a weaver's warp;* v., 40, *band or belt?*
thrustand, *thrusting, pressing.*
thryes, thrysse, *thrice.*
thuds, vii., 169, *sound of blows, noises, strokes.*
thunche, vi., 273, *seem.*
thynketh, *seemeth.*
tide, tyde, *time.*
tift, *puff* (*of wind*).
til, till, tyll, *to, on, for;* til't, *to it;* till, iv., 245, *to;* till assail, 248, *to assail;* till haif, 249, *to have.*
till, iii., 170, *entice.*
tine, tyne, iii., 175, *lose;* tint, *lost.*
tinkler, played the, vii., 161, *played the coward.*
tint, iii., 183, 227, *apparently misused by Percy, for* tine, *lose.*
tippit, *lock* (*of hair*).
tirled at the pin, thrild upon a pinn, *trilled or rattled at the door-pin, or latch, to obtain entrance.*
tither, *other.*
tithyngus, *tidings.*
tittles and tattles, "*clots of dirt such as hang on a cow's tail.*"
to, *two.*
to-brast, *burst in pieces.*
tocher, *dowry.*
tockin, *token.*
to-claterde, viii., 111, *beaten in* (with noise)?
tod, *fox.*
to-drawe, to-drowe, *drawn.*
to-dryven, vi., 270, *break to pieces?*
to-flaterde, viii., 111, *broken to pieces?*
to-hande, *two-hand.*
toke, *committed to.*
token, vi., 277, *gave to.*
tokynyng, viii., 107, *token, sign.*
tolbooth, *prison.*
tome, *tame.*
tomorne, *to-morrow.*
ton, tone, the, *the one.*
tone, *taken.*
tooke, vii., 39, supply an omitted word, as "rest."
toom, toomly, *empty.*
top-castle, vii., 62, *a kind of*

turret built round the mast-head.
topsail, to cast, *a kind of salute.*
tortyll, v., 28, *twisted.* Qy. reading ?
touk, tuick, *beat.*
tour, vi., 192, *course or road.*
toute, i., 22; see Chaucer.
touting, *tooting.*
tow, *rope.*
tow, vi., 158, *throw.*
tprot, *interjection of contempt.*
trattles, *prattles, tattles.*
travayle, trawale, *labor, vocation.*
tray, v., 81 (A. S. trega), *vexation.*
trave, i., 104, *suffering.* [dree ?]
trayne, *stratagem.*
tree, *staff, wood;* iv., 3, 253, *stick, pole,* or perhaps, *whipple-tree;* 276, *staff;* vii., 226, *spear-shaft? cudgel?*
trenchen, v., 203, *cutting.*
trepan'd, vi., 180, *foully dealt with.*
trestly, *truly, confidently.*
tre-trip for hay, vii., 131; tray-trip was a *game at dice.*
trew, true, *trow, trust.*
trows, vii., 155, trows, vii., 156, *Highland pantaloons,* consisting of breeches and stockings in one piece; here used for Highlanders.
treyffe, v., 32, *thrive.*
triest, tryst, *meeting, appointment, assignation, to make an appointment;* trysted, *made an appointment with.*
trinkling, *trickling.*
trippande, *tripping.*
tristil tre, v., 7, trysty tre, *tree of trist or meeting.*
trone, vii., 143, *pillory.*
trow, *believe.*
trowet, *troth.*
trusyd, *trussed.*
tu-brugge, *draw-bridge.*
tuggut, *tugged.*
tul, *to.*
twa-fald, vi., 15, *two-fold,* i. e. *with his body hanging down both sides.*
twain, twin, twinn, twine, *part, part from, deprive of;* twined, twinn'd, *parted, deprived.*
twal, *twelve.*
twalt, *twelfth.*
twan, *twined.*
twa-some, *couple.*
twatling, viii., 43, *small, piddling.*
twig, *twitch.*
tynde, *tine, antler.*
tyte, *promptly, quick.*

uch, *each.*
uds-doyns, *an oath.*
ugsome, *disgusting, loathsome.*
unco, *strange, unknown, foreign; strangely, very.*
uncouth, *unknown.*
unhappy, viii., 42, *ill-conditioned.*
unkensome, *not to be recognized.*
unketh, *strange, stranger.*
unlusum, *unlovely, revolting;* was his likame dicht, viii., 150, *unlovely was the condition into which his body was brought.*
unmacklye, iii., 187, *unshapely.*
unneath, unneth, *hardly.*
unthought lang, hold, *keep from growing weary*
untyll, *unto.*
up, *upon;* upon lofte, *on high*
upchaunce, *peradventure, perchance.*
upgive, vi., 34, *acknowledge.*

upricht, iv., 253, *straightway?*
uttermost, *outmost.*

valziant, *valiant.*
vanes, *flags.*
venerye, *hunting.*
vent, *went.*
venyson, v., 130, *deer-stealing.*
verament, *truly.*
verrey, *very, true.*
villanye, vilony, *disgrace.*
villiche, *vilely.*
virr, *strength.*
vntill, *unto.*
vones (wones), *dwellest.*
vor, *for.*
vow, *exclamation of admiration or surprise* (vii., 169).
vowit, *vowed.*
voyded, *went off.*
Vrenshe, *French.*
vyhte, *fighting.*
vylté, *disgrace.*
vytouten, *without.*

wa', *wall.*
wace, *wax.*
wad, wed, wid, *would;* wadna, *would not.*
wad, *wager, forfeit* (vi. 225); wadded, *wagered, staked.*
wad, wed, wedde, *pledge, deposit.*
wad, i., 212, *waded.*
wadded, i., 9, *woad-colored, blue.*
wadding, *wedding.*
wae, waefu', waeful, waesome, *sorrowful, sad.*
waft, *weft, woof.*
waged, *staked.*
waif, *straying.*
wait, wet, weet, wete, *wot, know;* weets, *knows;* wete, weten, *knowing.*
waith, *wandering.*
wake, *watch;* waked, waukod, *watched.*
wale, walde, *would.*
wale, *choose, choice.*
Waleis, *Wallace.*
walker, i., 10, *fuller.*
wallowed, iii., 290, *withered.*
wallow't, *became pale.*
wall-wight men, i., 176, wa'-wight, ii., 383, well-wight, *picked* (waled), *strong men, warriors;* see vi., p. 220, v., 15.
wally fa', vi., 262, *ill luck befall.*
waly, *alas, an interjection of lamentation.*
wame, wambe, weme, wombe, *belly, stomach, womb;* weme, vii., 98, *belly, hollow.*
wan, *pale, dark, black, gloomy.*
wan, *come, got* (viii., 91), *reached;* wan afore, i., 255, *came before;* wan up, *got up;* wan na in, *got not in.*
wand, wandie, *bough, wand, stick, wicker.*
wane, *dwelling;* v., 70; wonnynge wane, *dwelling-place:* wane is perhaps an error for *hame.*
wane, iii., 221, *a number of people;* vii., 36?
wanrufe, iv., 246, *disquietude.*
wantonly, iii., 82, *nimbly.*
wap, *wrap, tie round.*
wap, *throw.*
wappit, *beat, fluttered.*
war, *where.*
war, *worse;* verb, *to worst, overcome.*
war, ware, *aware.*
waran, *guaranty.*
ward, *word.*
warde, ii., 35, *advise, forewarn.* — Percy.
warden-pies, v., 368; *wardens are large baking-pears.*
ware, vi., 111, *lay out, use.*
ware, vi., 272 (Ang. S. **were,**

capitis æstimatio), *ransom, life-money.*
ware of, to be, *to perceive.*
warisone (v., 14) waryson, *reward.*
wark, *work.*
warld's maike, i., 264, *companion for life.*
warluck, warlock, *a wizard, a man in league with the devil.*
warraud, *protection.*
warsled, warstled, *wrestled, struggled.*
warstan, *worst.*
warwolf, *werwolf, manwolf.*
waryd, *cursed.*
was, v., 25, *wash.*
wast, *west.*
wat, *wot, know.*
wat, *wet.*
water-kelpy, *a malicious spirit thought to haunt fords and ferries, especially in storms, and to swell the waters beyond their ordinary limit, for the destruction of luckless travellers.*
waught, *draught.*
wauking, *walking.*
waur, *worse.*
wavers, ii., 40, *wanders.*
waylawaye, *alas.*
waythmen, v., page ix., *hunters, sportsmen* (German, weidmann). Often explained *outlaws, rovers.*
way, to the, vi., 262, *away?*
weal, vii., 41 (of hands), *to wring?*
weale, vii., 64. Qy. *well?* or *good luck!* The word is probably corrupted.
wean, *child.*
weapon-shaw, *inspection of arms, military review.*
wear, *guard.*
wearifu', weary, *causing pain or trouble, sad.*
webbes, *weavers.*
wed, vi., 247. Qy. corrupt?
wed-bed, *marriage-bed.*
wede, vii., 72, *shorn?*
wede, weed, *dress;* wedes, *clothes, garments.*
wee, *little.*
wee, iv., 269, *short time.*
weel, *well.*
weel-busket, *well trimmed.*
weel-far'd, weel-fared, weel-faurd, weill-faur'd, *well-favored, fair.*
weht, *what.*
weiest, i., 254 [Jamieson], *saddest, darkest.*
weil, vi., 92, *eddy;* weil-heid, *the vortex of a whirlpool.*
weir, wer, were, *war;* weir-horse, *war-horse.*
weir, viii., 149, *were.*
weird, wierd, *fate.*
weird, *destine;* iii., 220, *made liable to, exposed to;* 308, apparently, *foretell that it is important.*
weirdless, *unlucky.*
welde, *would.*
well, vii., 226. Qy. mell, *meddle or fight with.*
weloo, interjection of grief.
welt, *wielded, disposed of.*
wel the felle, vi., 273, *will fall from thy head?*
wend, *go.*
wend, wende, went, *weened, thought* (iv., 280).
wenion, v., 225, *curse* (a word of unknown origin).
weppynd, *weaponed.*
wern, *refuse.*
werne, *were.*
werre, *worse.*
werry, iv., 248, *weary, sorrowful.*
werryed, *worried.*
wes, *was.*
wesch, *wash.*
we'se, *we shall or will.*
wesleyn, westlin, *western, westward.*

west, *wist.*
wether, *whither.*
weylaway, *well-a-day!*
whae's aught, wha's aucht, wha is aught, *who is it owns?*
whang, *thong.*
whang *slice.*
whareto, *wherefore.*
wharfrae, *whence.*
whaten, *what.*
whereas, *where that, where.*
whet, *what.*
whether, *whither.*
whew, *whistle.*
whidderan, *whizzing.*
whigging, *moving fast, marching briskly.*
whilk, *which.*
whin, *furze.*
whingers, "*a short hanger, used as a knife at meals and as a sword in broils.*"
white moneye, *silver.*
whoard, *hoard, keep.*
whorles and spindles, viii., 101, "*instruments used in Scotland for spinning instead of spinning-wheels.*" Percy.
whosé, *any one whatever.*
whute, *whistle;* whues, *whistlings.*
whyll, vii., 15, *till.*
wi, *with.*
wicht, *wight, creature.*
wicht, wight, wyght, *strong, nimble, quick, agile, active;* wightmen (Ang. Sax. wigman) *fighting men, brave fellows;* wightlye, *bravely, quickly.*
wicker, *twist, from being too tightly drawn.*
wicker, vi., 119, *switch.*
widdifu, *one who deserves to fill a widdie or halter, gallows bird, ruffian.*
wide, wyde, *wade* (i., 199).
widershins, widdershins, *the contrary way, round about, the way contrary to the course of the sun.*
wide-whare, *widely, far and near.*
wiel, *wield.*
wigger, *wicker.*
wightsmen, iii., 325, *husbandmen?*
wilder'd, *carried astray.*
wilfulle, v., 164 (like wilsom), *doubtful, ignorant.*
will, *uncertain how to proceed, distracted.*
win, wynn, wynne, *go, get, get on, get to, attain, come, reach, arrive;* win to, *attain or get to;* win up, *get up;* win near, *come near.*
win, wynn, *to make the harvest;* win hay, *dry or make.*
win, *rescue.*
wind blows in your glove, i., 67?
winna, *will not.*
winsome, *gay, comely, pleasant, charming, attractive;* winsomely, *handsomely.*
wis, vii., 214, *wish.*
wisna, *know not;* wistna, *knew not.*
wit, *know, knowledge, information.*
wite, wyte, *blame, punish,* i., 136; iii., 317.
withouttin, *without.*
witted, viii., 195, *endowed with wit?*
wittering, *information.*
witti, *intelligible.*
wo, woe, woo, *sad;* woest, *saddest.*
wobs, *webs.*
wod, *waded.*
wode, wood, *mad, frantic;* wood-wroth, *mad with anger.*
wode, *went.*
wodewale, woodweele, variously explained as *wood-*

pecker, thrush, wood-lark, red-breast.
wodys, *woods.*
woir, *worse.*
wolwarde, *without linen next the body.*
won, wone, *dwell;* wons, *dwells;* wonnynge, *dwelling.*
won, vi., 120, misprint for win?
woned unto the dead, vii., 222. Qy. vowed? *devoted themselves to death?*
wonige, i., 275 [adj. Qy. woning?] *dwelling.*
won up, *got up;* won up, iii., 218, *get up;* should be *win up.*
worldling, iv., 230, *pet?*
worried, vii., 270, *choked at;* worries, *strangles.*
worth, worthe, *be;* wae worth you, *sorrow come upon you;* woe worth, *woe be to.*
worth, i., 276, *become, be the result.*
worthy, I were, i., 26, *it would become me.*
wouche, *injury.*
wow, *woe.*
wow, *vow.*
wow, *exclamation of admiration or surprise, astonishment or grief.*
woweir, *wooer, suitor.*
wpe, *up.*
wraik, *wreck.*
wraith, wraithe, *wroth.*
wrebbe, i., 98; wrebbe and wrye, *turn and twist* (i., 98).
wrest and wrang, viii., 113, *writhed and twisted.*
wreuch, *wretched.*
wrist, v., 258?
writhe, *twisted.*
wrocht, *wrought.*
wroken, *revenged.*
wrongous, *wrong.*
wrought, i., 240, for raught, *reached.*
wrucked up, i., 240, *thrown up.*
wryth away, *put aside.*
wud, *wood.*
Wudspurs, *Madspur, Hotspur.*
wull, *will.*
wull, i., 253, *wandering in ignorance of one's course, lost in error, bewildered.*
wush, *washed.*
wyht, *wight.*
wyld, vii., 30, seems to be used absolutely for *deer.*
wylos, *willows.*
wyndouten, wytouten, *without.*
wyne-berye, *grape.*
wynne, *joy.*
wynnit, *dwelt.*
wysloker, *more wisely.*
wyspys, *wisps.*
wysse, *wise.*
wystly, *wistfully, intently.*
wyt, *with.*
wyte, wytte, for wot, *know* (v., 400).
wyte, vi., 282, *wait, watch?*
wyth, i., 276 (wight), *agile.*

xal, xul, *shall.*

y, *in.*
yae, *every.*
yard, *staff.*
yare, *ready.*
yat, *that.*
yate, yeate, yett, *gate;* yates, yeats, yetts, *gates.*
ybate, vi., 280?
y-be, *been.*
y-born, *born.*
y-brend, *burnt.*
y-caht, *caught.*
ycha, *every.*
ychon, ychone, *each one.*
y-core, *chosen*
y-cud, *known.*
y-demed, *judged.*

y-doon, *done.*
y-dyght, *furnished, prepared;* y-dyht, vi., 278, *arranged.*
yeard-fast, yird-fast, *fixed in the earth.*
yebent, *bent.*
yede, yeed, yeid, yode, yod, *went.*
yee, *eye.*
yeen, i., 274, *against, towards.*
yeersel, *yourself.*
yef, yeff, *if.*
ye-feth, *i-faith.*
yeffell, *ill.*
yeft, *gift.*
yeman, *yeoman;* yemanrey, v., 22, yeomandrie, *yeomanry, what becomes a yeoman.*
yeme, *govern.*
yend, yender, *yonder.*
yer, *years.*
yerdes, *rods, wands.*
yere, to, vi., 276, *this year.*
yerlie, *earl.*
yerly, *early.*
ye'se, *ye shall* or *will.*
yestreen, *yesterday.*
yever, *ever.*
y-found, *found.*
y-herde, *heard.*
yill, *ale.*
ying, yyng, yynge, *young.*
yirne, *curdle.*
y-knawe, *recognize.*
y-laht, *caught, taken.*
ylk, *each.*
ylke, *same.*
y-nemned, *named.*
Yole, Yule, *Christmas.*
yonder, *under.*
yone, *you.*
yongeth, *goeth.*
yont, *beyond, further off.*
young son, iii., 105, see auld son.
your lane, *alone by yourself.*
y-rode, *rode.*
y-slaw, *slain.*
y-snore, *sworn.*
yth', *in the.*
y-tuht, *drawn.*
y-were, *were.*

zade, zede, *went.*
zare, *readily, quickly.*
zatis, *gates.*
ze, *the.*
ze, *ye;* zour, *your,* etc.
zechins, *sequins.*
zelpe, *boast.*
zemen, *yeoman.*
zet, zit, *yet.*
zete, *eat.*
zeue, *give.*
zield, *yield.*
zone, *yon.*
zong, zonge, zoung, *young,* etc.
zouyn, *given.*
Zule, *Yule, Christmas.*
ȝe, *ye;* ȝede, *went;* ȝit, *yet,* etc.

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